

# Irish Literature





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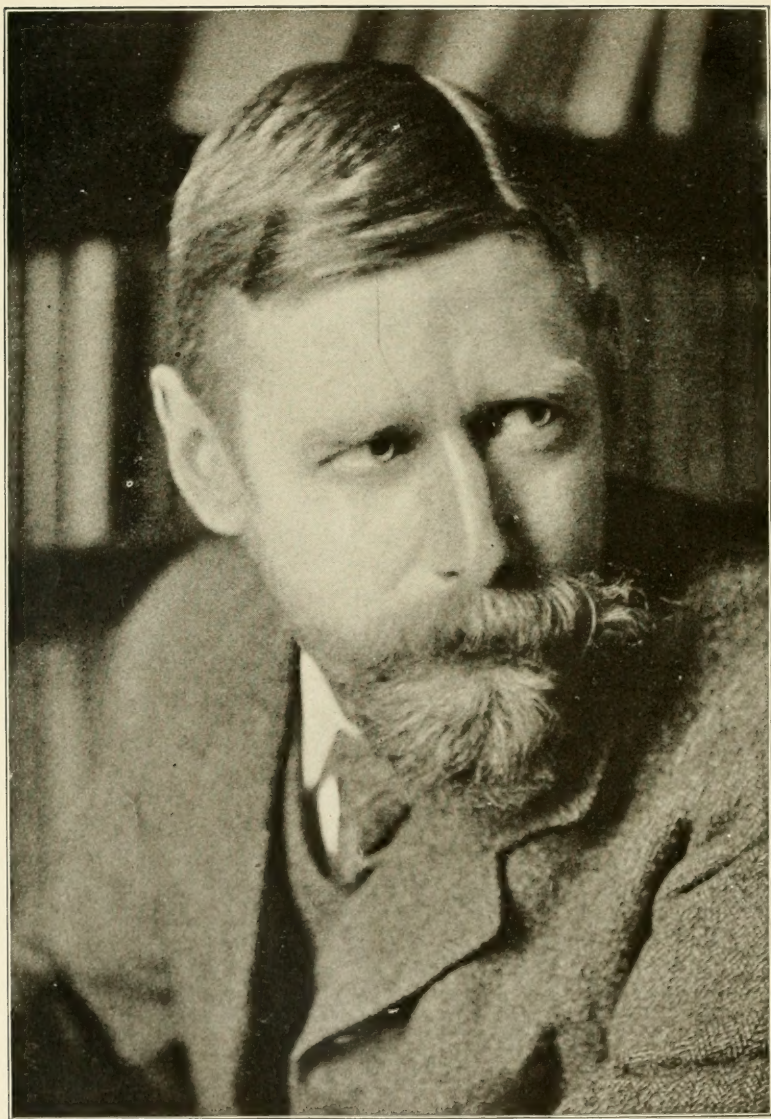
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STEPHEN GWYNN





# Irish Literature

SECTION ONE

Irish Authors and Their  
Writings in Ten  
Volumes

VOLUME X

Gaelic Authors

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## THE IRISH DRAMA.

IN an article in the *Fortnightly Review* for December, 1901, Mr. Stephen Gwynn, the eminent critic, told the story of the Irish Literary Theater. We present here his account of the Irish National Dramatic Society, written in December, 1902. With regard to the first named he says:—

Its work may be summed up in a sentence: It produced in Ireland, with English actors, seven plays written in English on Irish subjects. These were: two by Mr. Yeats, 'The Countess Cathleen' and 'The Land of Heart's Desire'; two by Mr. Martyn, 'The Heather Field' and 'Maevé'; one by Miss Milligan, 'The Last Feast of the Fianna'; one by Mr. Moore, 'The Bending of the Bough'; and one, 'Diarmuid and Grania,' by Mr. Yeats and Mr. Moore in collaboration. At the time when the last was produced by Mr. Benson, a troupe of amateurs played Dr. Hyde's 'Casadh an t-Sugáin,' and the advantage that Irish amateurs had, even over good English professionals, for the purpose in hand was obvious. I suppose that this occurred to Mr. Fay, for it was after this that he and some friends—all of them people earning their bread by daily labor—banded together to devote their leisure to the acting of Irish plays; and the new experiment was inaugurated last Easter, when this company of Irish actors played two Irish plays, "A. E.'s" 'Deirdre' and Mr. Yeats' 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' It was renewed on a much larger scale this Samhain-tide, when in the course of a week some plays (including one short farce in Gaelic) were given; the subjects ranging from poetic handling of the oldest mythology down to contemporary satire on the town corporation. The whole thing was absolutely and entirely uncommercial. Authors and actors alike gave their services for the benefit of Cumann na Gael, under whose auspices the plays were produced, calling themselves the Irish National Dramatic Company.

The more one thinks about it, the plainer one sees that for full enjoyment of drama the auditor must be one of a sympathetic crowd. For instance, a comedy of Mr. Shaw's



played before the Stage Society is infinitely more enjoyable than when it is played in Kennington or Notting Hill. But the Stage Society, which makes an ideal audience for wit, is perhaps too sophisticated for poetry; too much under the domination of modern comedy. In Dublin Mr. Yeats and the rest had a hall full of people not less intelligent but less over-educated, less subservient to the critical faculty; in a word, more natural. This audience had all the local knowledge necessary to give dramatic satire its point (and that is scarcely possible in a place so big as London), and had also a community of certain emotions arising out of distinctive ideas. And, above all, the people composing it came to the theater much as they might have gone to church or to a political meeting, ready to be moved by grave emotions or by serious ideas. Two of the plays could, I think, have held their own with any audience. But without that special audience 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan' and 'The Laying of Foundations' would have been by far less dramatic than they were.

It should be said at once that these plays were for the most part extremely modest in scope. Only one had so many as three acts or required a change of scene; and two or three were at best "curtain raisers." In this class must be put Mr. McGinley's 'Eilis agus an Bhean Déirce' ('Eilish and the Beggar Woman'), which I cannot criticise, as no text was procurable and my Gaelic was not equal to following the dialogue closely. I do not think that a higher rank can be claimed for Mr. Yeats' farce, 'A Pot of Broth,' which, however, afforded Mr. W. G. Fay the chance for a capital piece of broad comic acting. The story is one, common among Irish peasants, of a beggar, who comes to a churlish woman's house, and knowing well that asking will get him neither bite nor sup, plays on her credulity by displaying a wonderful stone which will make the best of broth. All he asks is the use of a pot and water in it, and while the miserly housewife listens to his praise of the saving to be effected by such a stone, he dilates upon its other qualities—its effect on a chicken if you put it in with it, or on a ham-bone or the like—till gradually one eatable after another slips into the pot, and the beggar in a fit of generosity presents the stone to the housewife, taking in return merely the broth and a few unconsidered trifles.

That was all, and it was little enough. But it was interesting to find Mr. Yeats as a purveyor of laughter—for the little piece was genuinely droll, and interesting too—to notice how, for his comedy as for his tragedy, he went to folk lore and the peasant's cottage.<sup>1</sup>

I may dismiss at once Mr. Seumas O'Cuisin, author of two of the plays. His 'Racing Lug' was a little story of sea-faring folk, apparently so cut down as to be barely intelligible. This was in prose; his other production, 'The Sleep of the King,' was simply a poetic tableau, showing how Connla, son of Conn the Hundred-fighter, left a proffered throne to follow after a fairy woman.

"He follows on for ever, when all your chase is done,  
He follows after shadows, the King of Ireland's son."

Mrs. Chesson has put the gist of it into the haunting little poem from which I quote these two lines, and put it much more effectively than Mr. O'Cuisin. Still, his little piece in verse—and very creditable verse—gave the troupe their one opportunity of showing how they spoke what was written in meter. They spoke verse not as actors generally do, but as poets speak it, in a kind of chant, which I confess seems to me the natural and proper manner.

It was just this quality—the absence of all stage mannerisms, the willingness to speak poetry simply as poetry, to speak it for its own sake, and not to show the actor's accomplishments—that rendered possible the production of 'Deirdre;' and it would have been a pity for work so good not to have been produced. Nevertheless I cannot regard 'Deirdre' as a good or successful piece of drama. The author, "A. E.," ranks high in my judgment as a lyrical poet, but even as a lyrical poet his appeal must necessarily be to the few. Mystic in the blood and bone, he stands habitually apart, and moves in ways of thought and emotion where it is difficult to follow him. And yet it was striking to observe how well the audience responded to his interpretation of the famous and beautiful story, and to the thoughts that he wove into its fabric. The first act tells how the sons of Usnach found Deirdre in the secret abode where the High King Conchobar had secluded her

<sup>1</sup> The story is told in Griffin's 'The Collegians,' see Volume IV.

fatal beauty, and how she fled with Naisi, obedient to the voice of a new wonder; and in this act I could see little or nothing to praise. But in the second, which shows Deirdre in the kingdom that Naisi and his brother had won on the shore of Loch Etive, there was work of a very different quality. In a passage of singular beauty the poet—for the play, though written in prose, is sheer poetry—shows Deirdre looking out on a glorious sunset. It is the sunset not of one but of many days, she says, and the stars that had lost each other in the mists and heat of the sun, know again their friends' faces across the firmament. And so, too, she and Naisi, awaking at last from the long swoon of sunshine, see at last into each other's hearts, and she sees in him a regret. It is the regret of pride that he has fled without confronting King Conchobar; the regret of chivalry that he has broken the rules of the Red Branch Order. It is, indeed, for comradeship in the Red Branch that he pines, not knowing it; and on the top of this discourse comes the shout of a man of Erin from his galley in the loch. And Deirdre, who has Cassandra's gift, foreknows the whole; so that when Fergus enters, the dearest of Naisi's friends, with pledge of forgiveness and of restoration to the Red Branch, she has no heart to greet him. She can only implore Naisi to stay, and her sorrow angers him, till her love and her knowledge yield to his pride.

I thought the whole of this act very well planned and full of beauty, and, even when the beauty was recondite, it conveyed itself surprisingly well. Deirdre in her lament says that the Gods have told her her love and happiness are ended, and are yet immortal, for they are destined to live forever as a memory in the minds of the Gael! and one felt that slight stir run through the silent audience which tells of a point gone home. And the spectacular beauty, even on that mean stage, was considerable; the figures moving behind a gauze veil in costumes designed by the author, who is artist as well as poet, and moving no more than was essential for the action. It was a great relief to see actors stand so still, and never to have attention distracted from the person on whom it naturally fell. But the whole thing was too literary, depended too much on the accidental beauties of thought or phrasing, and not enough on a strong central emotion. I do not think that "A. E."



achieved more than to demonstrate the possibility of a drama on an Irish heroic subject which should appeal to an Irish audience. But such a drama would have to be written by a most skillful dramatist.

The other two plays of which I have to speak had their way, as it seemed, made almost absurdly easy for them; so directly did they spring out of the mind of the audience. And yet these things are not quite so easy as they appear, and Mr. Ryan succeeded when Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn had failed. Mr. Moore's 'Bending of the Bough' was a dramatic satire on Irish politicians: so was Mr. Martyn's 'Tale of a Town.' But though Mr. Moore and Mr. Martyn knew well how Ibsen had done that sort of thing, they were not familiar at first-hand with local politics; they did not show that perfect knowledge of local types which gave a value to 'The Laying of Foundations.'

The action of this comedy passes in the house of Mr. O'Loskin, town councilor (and patriot), immediately after a municipal election. To him come his friends, Alderman Farrelly and another, for a discussion of prospects. The alderman and his ally have their own little game to play; to secure for a building syndicate in which they are concerned the contract for erecting a new asylum. Mr. O'Loskin, on his part, desires the post of city architect for his son Michael. There is an obvious fitness in the arrangement by which Mr. O'Loskin will back the one job, while Mr. Farrelly completes the other; indeed, the only obstacle to this and all other good plans lies in one Nolan, the editor of a plaguy print, who has succeeded in capturing one of the wards, and will have a new means of annoyance—as if his *Free Nation*, with his rancorous comment on the private arrangements of public men, were not troublesome enough already. "And the worst of it is," says Alderman Farrelly, with pious indignation, "that I don't believe the fellow can be squared." Needless to say, the *Free Nation* has its counterparts in real life: the *United Irishman*, and another clever paper, *The Leader*, have been for some time back making things very unpleasant for patriot publicans and others. Nor was this all. Even the *obiter dicta* of prominent men found a new publicity given to them on the stage. "This fellow Nolan," says Alderman Farrelly, "is never done putting absurd no-

tions into poor people's heads. He says a working man ought to get twenty-four shillings a week. Twenty-four shillings!" (They all roar with laughter.) "Eighteen shillings is plenty for any laboring man. What would they do with more if they had it? Drink it!" And he slaps his thigh, leans back, and drains his tumbler of monstrously stiff whisky and water. This trait did not lose any of its pungency before an audience which remembered how a certain Lord Mayor had recently fixed eighteen shillings as the highest wage any working man should look for.

After the opening dialogue the action begins to develop. Michael, the future city architect, is an almost incredibly ingenuous youth. He only knows his father as the prominent patriot, the liberal subscriber to charities. And he is vastly overjoyed at the prospect, but he does not see how it is to be accomplished. How exactly is Alderman Farrelly going to secure favors from Alderman Sir John Bull, the leading Unionist? How is he, Michael, going to consent to receive them? Mr. O'Loskin has to explain that Sir John Bull is a large employer of labor, and, no matter what his politics, which is the better patriot, the man who gives the means of livelihood to hundreds, or one of your starveling fellows who goes about making trouble and stirring up ill-will? Michael yields easily, for Michael is engaged, and this will mean marriage; but the young lady, Miss Delia, is not so sanguine. She has been infected with the venom of Nolan, she distrusts Mr. O'Loskin, she warns Michael against a trap. Nevertheless, Michael accepts.

Two months later finds him installed, and coming gradually face to face with facts. Alderman Farrelly is righteously indignant because Michael has pedantically reported that the foundations of the new asylum are being laid with four feet of concrete instead of the stipulated eight. Worse still, Michael has condemned, root and branch, certain slum tenements—not knowing that they are the joint property of Alderman Farrelly and his own father. Here again one may observe that the audience bore in mind how a rickety tenement owned by a prominent and patriotic member of the Corporation had finally collapsed, killing some of the inmates. Michael's eyes are finally opened completely by an interview with Mr. Nolan, and,

Delia backing him, he takes his stand. In vain does Alderman Farrelly inclose a check for £500 as "a wedding present." In vain does Mr. O'Loskin tear his paternal hair. "Michael, I always thought you would take after me. See what comes of giving a boy a good education." (That, I will be bold to say, is a stroke of irony worthy of Swift himself.) Michael is obdurate, and the curtain falls on his righteous protestations.

Up to a certain point, as will be evident, the thing is purely analogous to Ibsen's work—but might have been written by one who had never read a line of that master. Only, if Ibsen had drawn Michael as Mr. Ryan drew him, and as Mr. Kelly represented him, there would certainly have been a third act, showing, in a bitter sequel, Michael's surrender. This is a defect in the art, for Michael is ill-drawn; and Miss Delia is rather a needlessly aggressive young lady. But whatever Mr. O'Loskin and Mr. Farrelly have to say and do is excellent, and the sentence which I have quoted is a fair illustration of the irony which pervades the whole. And a wholly subordinate character, Mrs. Macfadden, wife of the third town councilor, has an admirable scene in which she speaks her mind of Miss Delia and her extraordinary notions and goings on. Nothing could be better played than this was by Miss Honor Lavalley; she was the Dublin Catholic bourgeoisie to the life.

I do not say that the play was a masterpiece. I do say that it was live art; and that here was a new force let loose in Ireland: the clear sword of ridicule, deftly used from the point of greatest vantage, striking home again and again. Here there was no reference to the stranger; here was Ireland occupied with her own affairs, chastising her own corruption. I wish I could have been present on the Saturday night when the programme began with 'The Laying of Foundations' and ended with 'Cathleen ni Hoolihan.' That would have been to see drama pass from its cauterizing the ignoble to its fostering the noble in national life: from the comedy of municipal corruption to the tragedy, brief, indeed, but drawing centuries into its compass of Ireland's struggle for freedom.

It is necessary to explain for English readers that "Cathleen ni Hoolihan" was one of the names which poets in the eighteenth century used to cloak, in the disguise of love.



songs, their forbidden passion for Ireland; that the "Shan Van Vocht," or "Poor Old Woman," was another of these names; and that Killala, near which, in 1798, is laid the scene of Mr. Yeats' play, is the place where Humbert's ill-starred but glorious expedition made its landing. But there was no need to tell all this to the Dublin audience.

The stage shows a peasant's house, window at the back, door on the right, hearth on the left. Three persons are in the cottage, Peter Gillane, his wife Bridget, and their second son Patrick. Outside is heard a distant noise of cheering, and they are wondering what it is all about. Patrick goes to the window and sees nothing but an old woman coming toward the house; but she turns aside. Then on a sudden impulse he faces round and says, "Do you remember what Winnie of the Cross Roads was saying the other day about the strange woman that goes through the country the time there's war or trouble coming?" But the father and mother are too busy with other thoughts to attend to such fancies; for Bridget is spreading out her son Michael's wedding clothes, and Peter is expecting the boy back with the girl's fortune. A hundred pounds, no less. Things have prospered with the Gillanes; and when Michael, the fine young lad, comes in with the bag of guineas he is radiant with thinking of the girl, Delia Cahel, and Bridget is radiant with looking at him, and Peter with handling the gold and planning all that can be done with it. And through it all again and again breaks the sound of distant cheering. Patrick goes off to learn the cause, and Michael goes to the window in his turn. He, too, sees the old woman, but this time she is coming to the house, and her face is seen for a moment, pale like a banshee's, through the thick glass of the window. And Michael shivers a little. "I'd sooner a stranger not to come to the house the night before the wedding." But his mother bids him open the door, and in walks the old wayfarer.

Miss Maud Gonne, as every one knows, is a woman of superb stature and beauty; she is said to be an orator, and she certainly has the gifts of voice and gesture. To the courage and sincerity of her acting I can pay no better tribute than to say that her entrance brought instantly to my mind a half-mad old-wife in Donegal whom I have

always known. She spoke in that sort of keening cadence so frequent with beggars and others in Ireland who lament their state. But for all that, tall and gaunt as she looked under her cloak, she did not look and she was not meant to look like a beggar; and as she took her seat by the fire, the boy watched her curiously from across the stage. The old people question her and she speaks of her travel on the road.

BRIDGET. It is a wonder you are not worn out with so much wandering.

OLD WOMAN. Sometimes my feet are tired and my hands are quiet, but there is no quiet in my heart. When the people see me quiet they think old age has come on me, and that all the stir has gone out of me.

BRIDGET. What was it put you astray?

OLD WOMAN. Too many strangers in the house.

BRIDGET. Indeed, you look as if you had had your share of trouble.

OLD WOMAN. I have had trouble indeed.

BRIDGET. What was it put the trouble on you?

OLD WOMAN. My land that was taken from me.

BRIDGET. Was it much land they took from you?

OLD WOMAN. My four beautiful green fields.

PETER (*aside to Bridget*). Do you think, could she be the Widow Casey that was put out of her holding at Kilglas a while ago?

BRIDGET. She is not. I saw the Widow Casey one time at the market in Ballina, a stout, fresh woman.

PETER (*to Old Woman*). Did you hear a noise of cheering and you coming up the hill?

OLD WOMAN. I thought I heard the noise I used to hear when my friends came to visit me. (*She begins singing half to herself.*)

“ I will go cry with the woman,  
For yellow-haired Donough is dead,  
With a hempen rope for a neck-cloth,  
And a white cloth on his head.”

The sound of her strange chant draws the boy over to her as if by a fascination; and she tells him of the men that had died for love of her.

“ There was a red man of the O'Donnells from the North, and a man of the O'Sullivans from the South, and there was one Brian that lost his life at Clontarf by the sea, and there were a great many in the West, some that died hundreds of years ago, and there are some that will die to-morrow.”

The boy draws nearer to her, and plies her with questions, and the old people talk pityingly of the poor crea-

ture that has lost her wits. They offer her bread and milk, and Peter, under his wife's reproaches, offers her a shilling. But she refuses.

"If any man would give me help he must give me himself, he must give me all."

And Michael starts to go with her, to welcome the friends that are coming to help her. But his mother interposes sharply, with a note of terror, and she reminds him whom it is he has to welcome. Then turning to the stranger—

Maybe you don't know, ma'am, that my son is going to be married to-morrow.

OLD WOMAN. It is not a man going to his marriage that I look for help.

PETER (*to Bridget*). Who is she, do you think, at all?

BRIDGET. You did not tell us your name yet, ma'am.

OLD WOMAN. Some call me the Poor Old Woman, and there are some that call me Cathleen ni Hoolihan.

It sounds flat and cold when you write it down; it did not sound cold when it was spoken. And the audience felt, too, in a flash, all that lay in Peter's comment, "I think I knew some one of that name once. It must have been some one I knew when I was a boy."

The stranger goes out then, chanting an uncanny chant, after she has told them what the service means that she asks of men. "They that had red cheeks will have pale cheeks for my sake; and for all that they will think they are well paid." And she leaves the boy in a kind of trance, from which his mother tries to waken him with talk of his wedding clothes. But as Bridget speaks the door is thrown open, Patrick bursts in with the neighbors: "There are ships in the bay; the French are landing at Killala!"

Delia Cahel may come with him, may cling about Michael; but the chant is heard outside and the bridegroom flings away the bride and rushes out, leaving them all silent. Then old Peter crosses to Patrick and asks, "Did you see an old woman going down the path?" And the lad answers, "I did not; but I saw a young girl and she had the walk of a queen."

The actors played the piece as it was written; that is, they lessened instead of heightening the dialect and the brogue; they left the points unemphasized. But they had



the house thrilling. I have never known altogether what drama might be before. Take a concrete instance. Few things in modern literature seem to me so fine as the third act in 'Herod'; few pieces of acting have pleased me better than Mr. Tree's in that scene. But I have never felt in reading it over that I missed anything by lacking the stage presentment, and I felt obscurely glad to be spared the sense of an audience only half in sympathy. 'Herod' came to the audience from outside; Mr. Yeats put before them in a symbol the thought of their own hearts. He had such a response as is only found in England by the singers of patriotic ditties in the music halls. "Catleen ni Hoolihan" is the Irish equivalent for the "Absent-minded Beggar" or the "Handy Man." It is superfluous to do more than suggest the parallel.

I do not for a moment mean to imply that these Irish plays are worthy the attention of English managers. There is no money in them. They will be played, no doubt, a few times in Dublin, where Mr. Fay and his fellows have taken a small house for occasional performances. They will be played up and down through the country to people paying sixpences and pennies for admission. Some of them will, I hope, be produced by the Irish Literary Society in London for an Irish audience. But wherever they are played they will represent a wholly different order of dramatic art from that which prevails in the English theater; and the difference will lie chiefly in their intention, first, in the fact that they are not designed to make money.

Wherever they are played I hope they may find performers so good as Mr. W. G. or Mr. F. J. Fay, or Mr. Digges—an actor of extraordinary range, who played the parts of Naisi, of Michael Gillane, and of Alderman Farrelly, with equal success. The ladies of the company were hardly equal to the men, but Miss M. Quinn and Miss M. nic Shiubhlaigh both acted with fine intelligence. And the whole company, by their absence of stage tricks, showed the influence of Mr. Yeats, who is President of the company.

Part of the propaganda was an address delivered by him on the scheme which he has so much at heart for establishing a fixed manner by means of notation for speaking verse.

I was unable to be present, but have heard his views before, and have heard Miss Farr speak or chant verse on his method, accompanying herself on a queer stringed instrument.

The important thing is the deliberate attempt to re-establish what has never died out among Irish speakers—a tradition of poetry with a traditional manner of speaking it. Put briefly, it comes to this: Mr. Yeats and many others wanted to write for Ireland, not for England, if only because they believed that any sound art must address itself to an audience which is coherent enough to yield a response. The trouble was that Ireland had lost altogether the desire to read, the desire for any art at all, except, perhaps, that of eloquent speech—and even in that her taste was rapidly degenerating. What the Gaelic League has done is to infuse into Ireland the zeal for a study which, as Dr. Starkie says, “is at heart disinterested.” What Mr. Yeats and his friends have done is to kindle in Ireland the desire for an art which is an art of ideas. No matter in how small a part of Ireland the desire is kindled, nothing spreads so quick as fire.

It is noticeable that Mr. Fay's company has more and more limited its efforts to two types of play—the prose idyll, tragic or comic, of peasant life, and the poetic drama of remote and legendary subjects. In the former kind a new dramatist has revealed himself, Mr. J. M. Synge, whose little masterpiece, ‘Rivers to the Sea,’ was the most successful of five plays produced by the company at the Royalty Theater in London in the spring of 1904. Mr. Synge had not been heard of before, but his work in prose is no less accomplished and complete than that of Mr. Yeats in poetry, in the days of poetic plays. “A. E.'s” ‘Deirdre’ has been succeeded by Mr. Yeats’ Morality ‘The Hornglass,’ written like it in cadenced prose, and this by ‘The King's Threshold’ and ‘The Shadowy Waters.’ In both of these plays we have heard Frank Fay and Maire nic Shiubhaigh speak beautiful and dramatic verse as it is seldom spoken, and in ‘The Shadowy Waters,’ especially, what the piece lacked in dramatic quality was made up by the mounting, which showed how much solemn beauty could be achieved with little cost from common materials handled by an artist.

It is satisfactory to add that a theater has been arranged in Dublin where these players will in future have the advantages of a proper stage, however modest its dimensions.

*John T. Stephen Gwynn*

In September, 1903, we learn from an article by Mr. W. B. Yeats in *Sanhain* that the movement, the beginnings of which Mr. Stephen Gwynn has chronicled in the foregoing, has grown to such an extent that the year's doings could not be described in detail.

Father Dineen, Father O'Leary, P. Colum, and Dr. Hyde produced new plays which, with those by "A. E.," Mr. Cousins, Mr. Ryan, W. B. Yeats, Dr. Hyde, Lady Gregory, etc., were witnessed not only by thousands throughout the length and breadth of Ireland, but by large and appreciative audiences in London as well. The Irish Literary Society of New York also has been active in presenting several of these plays, and the effect of the new-born Irish drama is being strongly felt in this country also.

Let Lady Gregory say the last word on this subject:

"There has always, on the part of the Irish people, been **a** great taste for dramatic dialogue. The 'Arguments of Oisín and Patrick' are repeated by peasants for hours together with the keenest delight and appreciation. Other dramatic 'arguments' appeal to them—the 'Argument of Raftery with Death,' the 'Argument of Raftery with Whisky,' or the argument between a Connaught herd and a Munster herd as to the qualities of the two provinces. These old pieces are recited and followed with excitement, showing how naturally the dramatic sense appeals to the Celtic nature. It is curious, therefore, that only now should Irish drama be finding its full expression, and not at all curious that it has taken such a hold upon the country. The dramatic movement has made really an enduring impression upon the life and intellectual activity of the people."—[C. W.]





FOLK TALES, FOLK SONGS, RANNS,  
sean-sgeulmigeact, sean-abráin, rann,

HISTORICAL SKETCH,

blúire as stair na h-Éireann;

STORIES, POEMS, AND PLAYS,

sgeolta, dánta, agus drama,

BY MODERN IRISH AUTHORS.

le h-úghdaraib an lae inniu.

## an nuad-licriúeact i nḡaeðeilḡ.

Óiḡpimio inran imleabair deiríḡ reo, pomplaidḡ ar ḡnát-ḡaeðeilḡ na nḡaoine, mar do bí rí aca in ran d'á céad bliadán ro do énaíḡ éarraiginn, aḡur mar tá rí aca anoir. Mí' l aet nuad-ḡaeðeilḡ le fáḡail ann ro, 7 caiteirí an leigsteoir a bpreiteammar féin déanam ar an tpean-ḡaeðeilḡ le conḡnam na n-airtḡingad béalra do tḡamair inrna h-imleabair eile. Mí tḡamair an tpean-ḡaeðeilḡ ann ro, oir ip ró deacair a tḡisḡint do don duine nae ndearna ruidéaract rpeirialta innti.

Tá rḡealta, abrain, 7 ráirde na nḡaoine féin, le fáḡail inran leabair ro, 7 tá cuir mór díob ro rḡriobta ríor le rḡoláirí ó béal na pean-ḡaoine i n-éirinn náir tuis a deanga féin do rḡriobad ná do léigead. Aet tá cuir eile dé, aḡur ip obair na rḡriobnoir ip cuirde i obair na rḡriobnoir atá aḡ déanam licriúeacta nuairde do muinntir na h-éireann inoíḡ, mar atá an t-áair peadar O Laoḡaire, Seumar O Dúḡgail, Conán Maol (Mac ui Seagda), Pádraig O Laoḡaire, Tomás O h-Aoda, an t-áair O Duinnín, Una ní fearḡailte, “Tóirna” 7 ḡaoine eile.

Ip an-deacair an ruo é béalra ceart blarḡa do cur ar ḡaeðeilḡ, oir ip é mo baramail nae bpuil don d'á deanga ar éalam na Cúirtḡeacta ip mó dífir eatorra féin 'ná iad. Aḡur ciḡ ḡo bpuilḡ a com fáda rin 'na fearam ar an don oileán, taob le taob, ip ríor-deas an loḡs d'fag ceann aca ar an ḡceann eile, aḡur ip ríor-deasán d'fóḡluim na ḡaoine labair iad ó n-a déile.

Tá rḡoilte na h-éireann, parair! Fá ríúruḡad ḡaoine d'á tḡis an Ríḡaltar Sacranac an ríúruḡad oirra, aḡur bí na ḡaoine reo i ḡcomnuirde i n-aḡair na nḡaeðeal aḡur i n-aḡair teangaḡ na típe. Mí' l eólar aḡ duine ar bit aca uirri aet oiréad le aral no le bulóis. Tá ceatḡar de na ḡaoiníḡ reo 'na mbpreiteamnaíḡ ó cúirteannaíḡ an díḡe, nae bpuil ploc eólar aca ar oideacair, aet ó'r ḡnát-obair leó ḡaoine cionntada do d'aoiríḡ, ḡaorann ríad muinntir na h-éireann, 'ḡá ḡcur fa bpreiteammar áineólar, fá a mbeata, i tḡaob na neite bainear leó féin 7 le na díir. Tá fear eile aca 'na uactarán ar éolairte na Tríonóirde—ip fuat na nḡaeðeal an áit rin—aḡur tá cuir mór

## THE MODERN LITERATURE OF THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

WE shall see in this last volume specimens of the ordinary Irish language of the people, as they have had it for the last couple of hundred years, and as they have it now. There is nothing but modern Irish to be found in this volume, and hence the reader must form his own opinion of the old Irish literature by the help of the English translations that have been given in the other volumes. We give here no old Irish, because it is too difficult to understand for any person who has not made a special study of it.

There are stories, songs and sayings of the people themselves to be found in this book, and a great many of these have been written down by scholars from the mouths of old people in Ireland who did not know how to read and write their own language. But there is another portion of the book which is the work of the cleverest writers, the work of writers who are making a modern literature for the people of Ireland to-day, such as Father Peter O'Leary, James Doyle, Conan Maol (O'Shea), Patrick O'Leary, Thomas Hayes, Father Dinneen, Miss O'Farrelly, Tadhg O'Donoghue, and others.

It is a very difficult thing to put correct tasteful English upon Irish, for it is my opinion that there are no two languages in the lands of Christendom which differ more between themselves than they do. And although they have been so long standing side by side upon one island, very little is the trace that either of them has left upon the other, and it is very little that the people who speak them have learned from one another either.

The schools of Ireland also, are, alas, under the dominance of people to whom the English Government has given the control over them, and these people have always been against the Irish, and against the language of the country. Not one

eile aca na ndaoimib-uairle paróðhe gan don eólar rpeirialta aca ar rgoilcib ná ar rgoilugeaó; agus do coirmeaig ríad Saé-eilg do múnad inna rgoilcib, no do labairt leir na rgoiláib, go dti tu no ceatar de bliadantaib ó roin. Tá aóruaó ann anoir, 7 go, oóruaó Dia óúinn go mbéir ré buan! Ni meapaim go raib don tír eile ar talam na Cúioirugeaóta riam, a raib a leitéir rin de rsgannail le feicrint inni agus do bí i n-Éirinn—máigi-rtirde 7 máigirtreapa rgoile nac raib focal Saé-eilge aca, as “múnad”! páirtirde nac raib focal béarla aca! Ni h-iongnad sup oibreaó amac rriorad na Litirdeacta ar na daoimib, agus sup ruagad arta sad oidear, gliocar, cónaó, agus rtuaim do táinig anuar cuca ó n-a rinnreapaib rompa: aó anoir,—mar geall ar Connrad na Saé-eilge—tá an Saé-eilg, as teaó cuici féin aóir; agus ir roiléir é anoir, do’n domán ar raó, má tá Éire le beir ’na náiriún ar leir, no le beir ’na ruo ar bit aó ’na condae gránna Sacpanaig, (agus i as déanam aóir go raon rann ruar an nóraib na Sacpanaó) go scaitir rí iompóó ar a teangair féin aóir 7 Litirdeact nuasó ceapaó inni.

Agus tá Éire as toóruaó ar rin do déanam ceana féin, agus tá romplairde ar a bfuil rí o’a déanam inna leabhar ro. Ni’l ionnta ro go léir (obair na noeic mbliadán ro cuair tarrainn) aó céad-bláta an earrag. Tá an Samrad le teaó fóir le congnam Dé:

## RÍG AN FÁSAGS Óuibí

Labráir O Fíoinn, ó beul, áé-na-muice (Swinford i mbeurla) o’innir an rgeul ro do fíoinriar O Concúbaí i mb’Uaéluam, ó a bfuair mipe é.

Nuair bí O Concúbaí ’na rí ag Éirinn bí ré ’na cónnuirde i Ráé-cruacáin Connac: Bí don mac amáin aige, aó nuair o’fár ré ruar, bí ré ríadán, agus níor feuo an rí rmac do cúir aóir; mar beirdeó a toir féin aige inr sad uile nio:



of them knows anything about it, more than so many asses or bullocks. Four of these men are judges from the courts of law, who have no particle of knowledge about education; but since their ordinary work is to condemn the guilty, they condemn the people of Ireland, sentencing them to life-long ignorance about the things that concern themselves and their country. Another of them is the Provost of Trinity College, that place that is Fuath na nGaedheal, and a great number more of them are wealthy country gentlemen, without any special knowledge of schools or scholarship; and these men practically forbade the Irish language to be taught in the schools or to be spoken to the scholars until three or four years ago. A change has come now. God grant that it may be a lasting one!

I do not think that there was ever any other country in the lands of Christendom in which such a scandal was to be witnessed as in Ireland—masters and mistresses of schools who did not know a word of Irish, “teaching” (!) children who did not know a word of English! It is no wonder that the spirit of literature was banished out of the people, and that all instruction, intelligence, wisdom and natural ability, that had come down to them from their ancestors before them, were driven out of them. But now—thanks to the Gaelic League—the Irish language is coming to itself again, and it is evident at last to the whole world that if Ireland is to be a nation apart, or anything at all except an ugly English county, (imitating, in a manner lifeless, feeble, and cold, the manners of the English), she *must* turn to her own language again, and create herself a new literature in it.

And Ireland is beginning to do this, even already, and there are specimens of what she is doing in this book. These—the works of the last ten years—are yet nothing but the first spring blossoms. The summer is to come with the help of God.

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### THE KING OF THE BLACK DESERT.

This story was told by one Laurence O'Flynn, from near Swinford, in the County Mayo, to my friend, the late F. O'Connor, of Athlone, from whom I got it in Irish. It is the eleventh story in the “*Sgeuluidhe Gaodhalach*.”—Douglas Hyde.

When O'Connor was king over Ireland, he was living in Rathcroghan of Connacht. He had one son, but he, when he grew up, was wild, and the king could not control him, because he would have his own will in everything.

Don mairdin amāin ċuair ré amac;

Δ κύ le na ċoir  
Δ feabac ari a ċoir  
Δ' r a ċapall bneāg toub o'á iomēar,

aġur o'imtiġ ré ar aġair, aġ sabāil rainn abriāin oó fēin so  
otāinis ré ċom far le rġeatāc mōr to bi aġ fār ar briuāc  
gleanna. Bi pean-duine liat 'na fuidē aġ bun na rġeice, aġur  
toubairt ré: "A mic an ruġ, mā tiġ leat imirt ċom mair a' r  
tiġ leat abriān oó sabāil, bur mair liom cluiċe o'imirt leat."  
Šaol mac an ruġ ġur pean-duine mi-ċéilliċe to bi ann, aġur  
tuirliġ ré, ċait rriān ċar ġeug, aġur fuid rior le tairi an  
tpean-duine liat: Ċarriāis reirean paca ċāroair amac aġur  
o' riārruġ: "An otiġ leat iad ro o'imirt?"

"Tiġ liom," ar ran mac-ruġ.

"Ċreāo imeōriamāoio ar?" ar ran pean-duine liat,

"Niō ar biċ ir mian leat," ar ran mac-ruġ.

"Mair so leōr, mā ġnōtāiġim-re ċaitriō tura niō ar biċ a  
iārrpar mé ōeunām ōam, aġur mā ġnōtāiġeann tura, ċaitriō  
mire niō ar biċ iārrpar tura oim ōeunām ōuitre," ar ran pean-  
duine liat.

"Tā mé fārta," ar ran mac-ruġ:

O'imiri riāo an cluiċe aġur buail an mac ruġ an pean duine  
liat. Ann rin toubairt ré, "Ċreāo to bur mian leat mire to  
ōeunām ōuit, a mic an ruġ?"

"Ni iārrpariō mé oit niō ar biċ to ōeunām ōam," ar ran  
mac-ruġ, "raoiliā nac bfuil tū ionnānn mōriān to ōeunām."

"Nā bac leir rin," ar ran pean duine, "ċaitriō tū iārrpariō  
oim ruō ēiġin to ōeunām, niōr ċaill mé ġeall ariām nār feuo  
mé a ioc."

Mar toubairt mé, řaol an mac ruġ ġur pean duine mi-ċéilliċe  
to bi ann, aġur le na řāruġāo toubairt ré leir.

"Ōam an ceann ōe mo leāriāāāi aġur ċur ceann řabair  
uiri ar řeāo řeāāāāine."

"Ōeunāo rin ōuit," ar ran pean duine liat:

Ċuair an mac ruġ aġ marċuġeāāā ar a ċapall;

Δ κύ le na ċoir  
Δ feabac ari a ċoir,

aġur ċuġ ré a aġair ar āit eile, aġur niōr ċuimniġ ré niōr mō  
ar an pean duine liat, so otāinis ré a-baile.

Fuair ré řāri aġur briōn mōr in ran řeāriāān: O'innir na  
řeāriōřōřāāāo oó so otāinis ōriāōēāōōri ārtēāc 'ran řeōmriā  
'n āit a řaib an řainriōřān aġur ġur ċur ré ceann řabair uiri  
i n-āit a ċinn fēin:

One morning he went out

His hound at his foot,  
And his hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he went forward, singing a verse of a song to himself, until he came as far as a big bush that was growing on the brink of a glen. There was a gray old man sitting at the foot of the bush, and he said, "King's son, if you are able to play as well as you are able to sing songs, I should like to play a game with you." The King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and he alighted, threw bridle over branch, and sat down by the side of the gray old man.

The old man drew out a pack of cards and asked, "Can you play these?"

"I can," said the King's son.

"What shall we play for?" said the gray old man.

"Anything you wish," says the King's son.

"All right; if I win, you must do for me anything I shall ask of you, and if you win I must do for you anything you ask of me," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," says the King's son.

They played the game, and the King's son beat the gray old man. Then he said, "What would you like me to do for you, King's son?"

"I won't ask you to do anything for me," says the King's son, "I think that you are not able to do much."

"Don't mind that," said the old man. "You must ask me to do something. I never lost a bet yet that I wasn't able to pay it."

As I said, the King's son thought that it was a silly old man that was in it, and to satisfy him he said to him—"Take the head of my stepmother and put a goat's head on her for a week."

"I'll do that for you," said the gray old man.

The King's son went a-riding on his horse

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand—

and he faced for another place, and never thought more about the gray old man until he came home.

He found a cry and great grief before him in the castle. The servants told him that an enchanter had come into the room where the Queen was, and had put a goat's head on her in place of her own head.

“Dár mo láim, ír iongantac an nító é rin,” ar ran mac nús; “dá mbeiríonn ‘ran mbaile do bainpinn an ceann dé le mo claid-eam.” Úi brón móir ar an nús agus cúir ré fíor ar cómairleóir cñiona agus o’fiarpuis ré dé an naitb fíor aise cia an éaoi tárla an nító reo do’n bainpíogáin. “Go deimín ní tís liom rin inn-reacé duit,” ar reirean, “ír obairn oíaoirdeacéa é.”

Níor leis an mac nús ar féin go naitb eólar ar bit aise ar an gcúir, acé ar maidin amárac o’iméis ré amac,

A cú le na cóir  
A feabac ar a bóir  
’S a éapall breáś túb o’á iomcár,

agus níor tárrainś ré rrian go o’táinś ré com fáda leir an rseic móir ar bpuac an gileanna. Úi an rean duine liac ‘na fuide ann rin faoi an rseic agus dubairt ré: “A míc an nús, mbéiró cluice agao anóiu?” Cuipling an mac nús agus dubairt: “Béiró.” Leir rin, caic ré an rrian tar geus, agus fuiró fíor le taoib an trean duine. Tárrainś reirean na cárdair amac, agus o’fiarpuis de’n mac nús an bpuair ré an nító do gñócais ré anóe: “Tá rin ceapc go leór,” ar ran mac nús:

“Imeóramaoir ar an ngeall ceudna anóiu,” ar ran rean duine liac.

“Tá mé párcá,” ar ran mac nús:

O’imír riad, agus gñócais an mac nús. “Créao do buó mian leat mire do deunam duit an t-am ro?” ar ran rean duine liac. Smuain an mac nús agus dubairt leir féin, “beupfaió mé obair épuairó oó an t-am ro.” Ann rin dubairt ré: “Tá páirc reacé n-acra ar eúl cairleáin m’atar, bíoró rí lionta ar maidin. amárac le bat (buaib) san don beirt aca do beir ar don bat, ar don áirde, no ar don doir amáin.”

“Béiró rin deunta,” ar ran rean duine liac:

Cuairó an mac nús ag marcuiseacé ar a éapall;

A cú le na cóir  
A feabac ar a bóir,

agus tús agairó a-baile. Úi an nús go brónac i o’taoib na bainpíogna. Úi doctúiró ar h-uile áit i n-éirinn, acé níor feut riad don mait do deunam ói.

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, cuairó maor an nús amac go moc, agus conhairt ré an páirc ar eúl an cairleáin lionta le bat (buaib) agus san don beirt aca de ‘n bat ceudna no de’n doir feudna, no de’n áirde ceudna. O’iméis ré arceac, agus o’innir cé an rseul iongantac do’n nús. “Teirpús agus ciomáin iao amac,” ar ran nús. Fuair an maor fíor, agus cuairó ré leó ag



"By my hand, but that's a wonderful thing," says the King's son. "If I had been at home I'd have whipped the head off him with my sword."

There was great grief on the King, and he sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know how the thing happened to the Queen.

"Indeed, I cannot tell you that," said he, "it's a work of enchantment."

The King's son did not let on that he had any knowledge of the matter, but on the morrow morning he went out

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein until he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was sitting there under the bush and said, "King's son, will you have a game to-day?" The King's son got down and said, "I will." With that he threw bridle over branch and sat down by the side of the old man. He drew out the cards and asked the King's son did he get the thing he had won yesterday.

"That's all right," says the King's son.

"We'll play for the same bet to-day," says the gray old man.

"I'm satisfied," said the King's son.

They played—the King's son won. "What would you like me to do for you this time?" says the gray old man. The King's son thought and said to himself, "I'll give him a hard job this time." Then he said, "there's a field of seven acres at the back of my father's castle, let it be filled to-morrow morning with cows, and no two of them to be of one colour or one height or one age."

"That shall be done," says the gray old man.

The King's son went riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,

and faced for home. The King was sorrowful about the Queen; there were doctors out of every place in Ireland, but they could not do her any good.

On the morning of the next day the King's herd went out early, and he saw the field at the back of the castle filled with cows, and no two of them of the same color, the same age, or the same height. He went in and told the King the wonderful news. "Go and drive them out," says the King. The herd got men, and went with them driving out the cows,

tiomáint na mbó amac, aet ní luaite cuirfeadh ré amac ar don taoib iad 'ná tiuceadh ríad arteac ar an taoib eile. Cuairt an maor do'n riġ arís, agus dubaigh leir nac bpeutadh an méad fear bí i n-Éirinn na bat rin do bí ran bráiric do cup amac. "I' bat 'paoirdeacta iad," ar ran riġ:

Nuair connairic an mac-riġ na bat, dubaigh ré leir féin: "Déir cluice eile agam éir an pean duine liat anóiu." D'imtigh ré amac an máirín rin,

A cú le na coir  
A feabac ar a boir  
A' r a capall bpeáġ dub o'á iomcár,

agus níor tarrainis ré rrian go tóáinís ré com fada leir an rseic móir ar bpuac an ġleanna. Bí an pean duine liat ann rin noime agus o'iarr ré ar an mbeirdeadh cluice cárhoir aise.

"Déir," ar ran mac riġ; "aet tá fíor agao go maít go tóis liom tú bualaó ag imirt cárho." "

"Déir cluice eile agaimn," ar ran pean duine liat: "Ar imir tú liatpóir ariam?"

"D'impear go deimín," ar ran mac riġ; "aet raoilim go bfuil tura ró pean le liatpóir o'imirt, agus cor leir rin ní' l don áit agaimn ann ro le n'imirt."

"Má tá tura úmal le n-imirt, geobair míre áit," ar ran pean duine liat.

"Táim úmal," ar ran mac riġ:

"Lean míre," ar ran pean duine liat:

Lean an mac riġ é trío an ngleann, go tóángaóar go cnoc bpeáġ ġlar. Ann rin, tarrainis ré amac plaitín 'paoirdeacta, agus dubaigh poela náir tuis mac an riġ, agus faoi ceann móimio; o'orġail an cnoc agus cuairt an beirt arteac, agus cuairt ríad trío a lán de nállaib bpeáġa go tóángaóar amac i nġáiróin. Bí ġac uile níó níor bpeáġa 'ná céile in ran nġáiróin rin, agus ag bun an ġáiróin bí áit le liatpóir o'imirt.

Áit ríad píora airġio ruar le feicirint cia aca mbeirdeadh lám-artis aise, 7 fuair an pean duine liat rin:

Torais ríad ann rin, agus níor ríad ar pean duine ġur ġnótaġ ré an cluice: Ní raib fíor ag an mac riġ créad do deunfadh ré: faoi deóir o'fiarruġ ré de'n tpean-duine créad do but maít leir é do deunam oó.

"I' míre Riġ ar an b'fárac Dub, agus caitéir tura mé féin agus m'áit-cómmuioe o'fáġail amac faoi ceann lá agus bliadain; nó geobair míre tura amac agus caillpíó tú do ceann."

Ann rin tuis ré an mac riġ amac an bealac ceutona a nteacair ré arteac: Óruio an cnoc ġlar 'na óiaġ agus o'imtigh an pean duine liat ar amairic:

but no sooner would he put them out on one side than they would come in on the other. The herd went to the King again, and told him that all the men that were in Ireland would not be able to put out these cows that were in the field. "They're enchanted cows," said the King.

When the King's son saw the cows he said to himself, "I'll have another game with the gray man to-day!" That morning he went out,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him,

and he never drew rein till he came as far as the big bush on the brink of the glen. The gray old man was there before him, and asked him would he have a game of cards.

"I will," says the King's son, "but you know well that I can beat you playing cards."

"We'll have another game, then," says the gray old man. "Did you ever play ball?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "but I think that you are too old to play ball, and, besides that, we have no place here to play it."

"If you're contented to play, I'll find a place," says the gray old man.

"I'm contented," says the King's son.

"Follow me," says the gray old man.

The King's son followed him through the glen until he came to a fine green hill. There he drew out a little enchanted rod, spoke some words which the King's son did not understand, and after a moment the hill opened and the two went in, and they passed through a number of splendid halls until they came out into a garden. There was everything finer than another in that garden, and at the bottom of the garden there was a place for playing ball. They threw up a piece of silver to see who would have hand-in, and the gray old man got it.

They began then, and the gray old man never stopped until he won out the game. The King's son did not know what he would do. At last he asked the old man what would he desire him to do for him.

"I am King over the Black Desert, and you must find out myself and my dwelling-place within a year and a day, or I shall find you out and you shall lose your head."

Then he brought the King's son out the same way by which he went in. The green hill closed behind them, and the gray old man disappeared out of sight.

Ċuarò an mac miġ aġ marcuġeacġ ar a ċapall;

Δ εὐ λε να χοιρ,  
Δ ρεαβας αρ α βοιρ,

asur é brónac so leór:

An tráchnóna rin, do bheathnuis an miġ so miab brón asur buairheac mór ar an mac ós, asur nuair ċuarò ré 'na ċóulaò, ċualairò an miġ asur ġac uile òuine do bi in ran ġcairleán tnom-ornaoil asur pámalaíò uairò. Bì an miġ faoi brón ceann ġabair do beic ar an mbainpíogain, acġ buò meara é reacġ n-uairu nuair o'innir an mac do an rġeul, mar tála ó túr so veireacò.

Ċuir ré fíor ar ċómairleóir cñóna, asur o'fíarfuis ré de an miab fíor aise cia an aic a miab an Riġ ar an b'fárac Ōub 'na ċómnuidē:

“Ní'l, so deimín,” ar reirean; “acġ ċóm cinnte a'r tá ruball (earball) ar an ġeac muna b'áġairò an t-oirde ós an o'raoir-eacóir rin amac, caillfíò ré a ceann.”

Bì brón mór i ġcairleán an miġ an lá rin: Bì ceann ġabair ar an mbainpíogain, asur an mac-miġ toul aġ tóruisacġ o'raoir-eacóira, ġan fíor an o'ciuacġ ré ar air so deò.

Tar éir reacġmáine [do] bainead an ceann ġabair de'n bainpíogain, asur cuireac a ceann péin uirri. Nuair ċualairò rí an ċaoi ar cuireac an ceann ġabair uirri, táinis fuac mór uirri anaġairò an mic miġ, asur duairc rí: “Náí taġairò ré ar air beò ná marb.”

Ar maroin, Dia luain, o'fás ré a beannaacġ aġ a áair asur aġ a ġaol, bí a mála-ríúbail ceanġailte ar a o'ruim, asur o'imicis ré,

Δ εὐ λε να χοιρ  
Δ ρεαβας αρ α βοιρ  
Δ'ρ α ċapall b'ieáġ ōub o'á iomēari.

Śiúbail ré an lá rin so miab an ġrian imicisġe faoi rġáile na ġenoc, asur so miab o'orċacar na n-oirde aġ teacġ, ġan fíor aise cia'n aic a b'ruisġeac ré lóirtín. Bheathnuis ré coill mór ar taoib a láime clé, asur ċarraigis ré uirri ċóm tara asur o'feuo ré, le rúil an oirde do caiteam faoi farrġac na ġerann. Śuiró ré ríor faoi bun cñainn móir o'arac, o'forġail ré a mála-ríúbail le biaò ġ deoc do caiteam, nuair ċonnairc ré iolar mór aġ teacġ ċuise.

“Ná bioò faicéior o'it pómam-ra, a mic miġ. Aicnisim tú, ir tú mac li Ċoncubair miġ Éireann: Ir capairó mé, asur má ċuġann tú do ċapall oam-ra le tabairc le n'ite do ċeitre éanlaic o'raċa



The King's son went home, riding on his horse,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,

and he sorrowful enough.

That evening the King observed that there was grief and great trouble on his young son, and when he went to sleep the King and every person that was in the castle heard heavy sighing and ravings from him. The King was in grief—a goat's head to be on the Queen; but he was seven times worse when they told him the (whole) story how it happened from beginning to end.

He sent for a wise councillor and asked him did he know where the King of the Black Desert was living.

"I do not, indeed," said he, "but as sure as there's a tail on a cat, unless the young heir finds out that enchanter he will lose his head."

There was great grief that day in the castle of the King. There was a goat's head on the Queen, and the King's son was going searching for an enchanter, without knowing whether he would ever come back.

After a week the goat's head was taken off the Queen, and her own head was put upon her. When she heard of how the goat's head was put upon her, a great hate came upon her against the King's son, and she said, "That he may never come back alive or dead!"

Of a Monday morning he left his blessing with his father and his kindred, his traveling bag was bound upon his shoulder, and he went,

His hound at his foot,  
His hawk on his hand,  
And his fine black horse to bear him.

He walked that day until the sun was gone beneath the shadow of the hills and till the darkness of the night was coming, without knowing where he could get lodgings. He noticed a large wood on his left-hand side, and he drew towards it as quickly as he could, hoping to spend the night under the shelter of the trees. He sat down at the foot of a large oak tree, and opened his traveling bag to take some food and drink, when he saw a great eagle coming towards him.

"Do not be afraid of me, King's son; I know you, you are the son of O'Connor, King of Ireland. I am a friend, and if you grant me your horse to give to eat to four hungry birds

atá aśam, béarparó mipe níor fuidé 'ná do béarparó do éapall tú, aśur b'éidíor go gcuirfinn tú ar loíś an té atá tú 'tóruiś-eaé.

"Tis leat an capall do beít aśao aśur fáilte," ar ran mac níś, "cíó ſur bpónac mé aś rśaraimaint leir."

"Tá go maít, béiró mipe ann ro ar maidín amárac le h-éiríge na ſnéine." Ann rin d'fórśail rí a ſob móir, ruś ſneim ar an ſcapall, buail a dá tíoib anaśaró a céile, leaénuíś a rśiatán; aśur d'iméíś ar amáric:

D'it aśur d'ól an mac níś a fáit; éuir an mála-ríúbail faoi na éeann, aśur níor bpada go raib ré 'na éoílaó, aśur níor dúiríś ré go d'táiníś an t-iolar aśur ſur dúbairt: "Tá ré i n-am dúinn beít 'ś iméaé, tá airtearí faoa pómainn, beir ſneim ar do mála aśur léim ruar ar mo d'puim."

"Aé, mo bpón!" ar peirean, "caitéiró mé rśaraimaint le mo éú aśur le mo feabac."

"Ná bíóó bpón ort," ar rípe; "béiró ríao ann ro pómaó nuair éiuéar tú ar air."

Ann rin léim ré ruar ar a d'puim, ſlac rípe rśiatán, aśur ar go bpát léite 'ran aéir. Éuś rí é éar énoaíb aśur ſleanntaíb; éar muiir móir aśur éar éoilltib, ſur faoil ré go raib ré aś d'eipeaó an domáin. Nuair bí an ſpian aś d'ul faoi rśáile na ſenoc, táiníś rí go talam i lár fáraíś móir, aśur dúbairt leir: "Lean an capán ar tíoib do láime veire, aśur béarparó ré tú go teaé capao. Caitéiró mipe fílleaó ar air le poláéar do m'éantairé."

Lean peirean an capán, aśur níor bpada go d'táiníś ré go d'ui an teaé, aśur éuaró ré arteaé. Bí pean-duine liaé 'na fuidé 'ran ſcoirneull; d'éiríś ré 7 dúbairt, "Ceo míte fáilte pómaó, a míc Riś ar Rát-Éruaéan Éonnaé."

"Ní'l eólar aśam-ra ort," ar ran mac níś:

"Bí aítne aśam-ra ar do fean-aéair," ar ran pean duine liaé; "ruiró ríor; ir d'óíś go bfuil tairt aśur ocupar ort."

"Ní'l mé raor uaéa," ar ran mac níś. Buail an pean duine a d'á voir anaśaró a céile, aśur táiníś beirt feirbireaé, aśur leaś-aóar boíó le maírt-feóil, caoir-feóil, muic-feóil aśur le neairt aráin i láéair an míc níś, aśur dúbairt an pean duine leir: "Ít aśur ól do fáit, b'éidíor go mbur faoa go bpuíſiró tú a leitéiró airí." D'it aśur d'ól ré oipeao aśur buró mian leir, aśur éuś buiréaéar ar a fon.

Ann rin dúbairt an pean duine, "tá tú d'ul aś tóruiśeaé Riś an fÁraíś Dúib; teiríś aś coílaó anoir, aśur raéaró mipe tpe mo leabpaíb le feucaint an d'íś liom áit-éóinnuiré an níś

that I have, I shall bear you farther than your horse would bear you, and, perhaps, I would put you on the track of him you are looking for."

"You can have the horse, and welcome," says the King's son, "although I am sorrowful at parting from him."

"All right, I shall be here to-morrow at sunrise." With that she opened her great gob, caught hold of the horse, struck in his two sides against one another, took wing, and disappeared out of sight.

The King's son ate and drank his enough, put his traveling bag under his head, and it was not long till he was asleep, and he never woke until the eagle came and said, "It is time for us to be going. there is a long journey before us; take hold of your bag and leap up upon my back."

"But my grief!" says he, "I must part from my hound and my hawk."

"Do not be grieved," says she, "they will be here before you when you come back."

Then he leaped up on her back; she took wing, and off and away with her through the air. She brought him across hills and hollows, over a great sea, and over woods, till he thought that he was at the end of the world. When the sun was going under the shadow of the hills she came to earth in the midst of a great desert, and said to him, "Follow the path on your right-hand side, and it will bring you to the house of a friend. I must return again to provide for my birds."

He followed the path, and it was not long till he came to the house, he went in. There was a gray old man sitting in the corner. He rose and said, "A hundred thousand welcomes to you, King's son, from Rathcroghan of Connacht."

"I have no knowledge of you," said the King's son.

"I was acquainted with your grandfather," said the gray old man. "Sit down; no doubt there is hunger and thirst on you."

"I am not free from them," said the King's son.

The old man then smote his two palms against one another, and two servants came and laid a board with beef, mutton, pork, and plenty of bread before the King's son, and the old man said to him, "Eat and drink your enough. Perhaps it may be a long time before you get the like again."

He ate and drank as much as he desired, and thanked him for it.

Then the old man said, "You are going seeking for the King of the Black Desert; go to sleep now, and I will go

rin o' f'āḡail amac." Ann rin, buail ré a bora; ēāimig reibiread, aḡur dubairt ré leir "Tabair an mac riḡ ḡo o'ci a reomra;" Ċuḡ ré ḡo reomra breāḡ ē, aḡur nior b'raḡa ḡuri tuit ré 'na cōḡlaḡo:

Ari maiḡin, lā ari na mārac, ēāimig an rean ōuine aḡur dubairt: "Ēiriḡ, tā airtear f'raḡa riḡmāḡo: Caiḡriḡo tū cūiḡ ceuḡ mile ōeunam riḡim meāḡon-lae."

"Ni feurpāinn ē ōo ōeunam," ari ran mac riḡ:

"Mā'r marcāc maiḡ tū, bēarpariḡ mire capall tuit bēarpar tū an t-airtear."

"Ōeunfao mar bēarpar tura," ari ran mac riḡ:

Ċuḡ an rean ōuine neart le n'ite aḡur le n'ōi ōḡ; aḡur nuair bi ré pācāc, ċuḡ re ḡearpān beaḡ bān ōḡ, aḡur dubairt: "Tabair ceāḡ a cinn ōo'n ḡearpān, aḡur nuair rtoppar ré, fēāc ruar 'ran aēr aḡur feicriḡo tū tri ealairde cōm ḡeal le rneācāc: Ir iāḡ rin tri inḡeana Riġ an f'Ħaraiġ Ōuib: Bēiḡo naiḡicīn ḡlar i mbeul eala aca, rin i an inḡean ir ōiḡe, aḡur ni'l neāc beḡ o'feurpāḡo tū ōo tabairt ḡo ciḡ Riġ an f'Ħaraiġ Ōuib aēt i: Nuair rtoppar an ḡearpān, bēiḡo tū i nḡar ōo loē; tiucpariḡ na tri ealairde ḡo talam ari b'ruāc an loēa rin, aḡur ōeunfao triūp mna (ban) ōḡ ōiḡo fēin, aḡur riācāḡo riāḡo arteāc 'ran loē aḡ riḡmāḡ aḡur aḡ riḡnc. Congbaḡ ōo riḡil ari an naiḡicīn ḡlar aḡur nuair ḡeōbar tū na mna ōḡa 'ran loē, teiriḡ aḡur fāḡ an naiḡicīn aḡur nā rḡar leir. Teiriḡ i b'polaē faoi ēpann aḡur nuair tiucpariḡ na mna ōḡa amāc, ōeunfao beirḡ aca ealairde ōiḡo fēin aḡur imēōcāḡo riāḡo 'ran aēr: Ann rin, bēarpariḡ an inḡean ir ōiḡe, "Ōeunfao mē niḡo ari biḡ ōo'n tē bēarpar mo naiḡicīn ōam." Tar i lāḡair ann rin, aḡur tabair an naiḡicīn ōi, 7 abair naē b'puiḡ niḡo ari biḡ aḡ teartāl uait, aēt ōo tabairt ḡo ciḡ a h-aḡar, aḡur innir ōi ḡuri mac riḡ tū ari tri cūmācācāḡ."

Rinne an mac riḡ ḡāc niḡo mar dubairt an rean ōuine leir, aḡur nuair ċuḡ ré an naiḡicīn ō'inḡin Riġ an f'Ħaraiġ Ōuib, dubairt ré: "Ir mire mac ūi cōcēubair, Riġ cōnnaēc: Tabair mē ḡo ōci ō'aḡair: f'raḡa mē ō'a tōriḡḡeāc."

"Nār b'earpar ōuit mē niḡo ēiḡin eile ōo ōeunam ōuit?" ari riḡe.

"Ni'l don niḡo eile aḡ teartāl uaim;" ari reiḡean:

"Ma taiḡbēanam an teāc ōuit naē mbēiḡo tū fārta?" ari riḡe:

"Bēiḡeāḡo," ari reiḡean.

"Anoir," ari riḡe, "ari ō'anam nā h-innir ōo m' aḡair ḡuri mire ōo ċuḡ cūm a cūḡe-rean tū, aḡur bēiḡo mire mo cāpaiḡo maiḡ ōuit; aḡur leiḡ orḡ fēin," ari riḡe, "ḡo b'puiḡ mōri-cūmācēt ōraoiḡeācēt aḡāḡo."

"Ōeunfao mar ōeir tū," ari reiḡean:



through my books to see if I can find out the dwelling-place of that King." Then he smote his palms (together), and a servant came, and he told him, "Take the King's son to his chamber." He took him to a fine chamber, and it was not long till he fell asleep.

On the morning of the next day the old man came and said, "Rise up, there is a long journey before you. You must do five hundred miles before midday."

"I could not do it," said the King's son.

"If you are a good rider I will give you a horse that will bring you over the journey."

"I will do as you say," said the King's son.

The old man gave him plenty to eat and to drink and, when he was satisfied, he gave him a little white garran and said, "Give the garran his head, and when he stops look up into the air, and you will see three swans as white as snow. Those are the three daughters of the King of the Black Desert. There will be a green napkin in the mouth of one of them, that is the youngest daughter, and there is not anyone alive except her who could bring you to the house of the King of the Black Desert. When the garran stops you will be near a lake, the three swans will come to land on the brink of that lake, and they will make three young women of themselves, and they will go into the lake swimming and dancing. Keep your eye on the green napkin, and when you get the young women in the lake go and get the napkin, and do not part with it. Go into hiding under a tree, and when the young women will come out two of them will make swans of themselves, and will go away in the air. Then the youngest daughter will say, 'I will do anything for him who will give me my napkin.' Come forward then and give her the napkin, and say that there is nothing you want but to bring you to her father's house, and tell her that you are a king's son from a powerful country."

The King's son did everything as the old man desired him, and when he gave the napkin to the daughter of the King of the Black Desert he said, "I am the son of O'Conor, King of Connacht. Bring me to your father. Long am I seeking him."

"Would not it be better for me to do something else for you?" said she.

"I do not want anything else," said he.

"If I show you the house will you not be satisfied?" said she.

Ann rin sinne ní eala dí féin agus dubhairt: “Léim ruar ar mo muin, agus cuir do lámha faoi mo muineál, agus congbaíis spreim cnuair.”

Rinne pé amháid, agus éirí sí a ríadána; 7 ar go bpiáit léite éar énocaib a’r éar gleanncaib, éar muir agus éar íléibitib, go dtáinig sí go talamh mar do bí an sruan as dul faoi: Ann rin dubhairt sí leir: “An bfeiceann tú an teac mór rin éall? Sin teac m’ácar. Slán leat. Am ar bíit b’éidear daoibh oir, bíod m’ire le do éadib.” Ann rin o’iméig sí uair:

Cuair an mac nís cum an tige, cuair arteaé, agus cia o’feiceaé pé ann rin ’na fuidé i gcaéaoir óir, áct an rean duine liat o’imí na cárdair agus an liatpóir leir:

“Feicim, a mhic nís,” ar reiréan, “go bfuair tú mé amac poim lá agus bliadain: Cá fáo ó o’fás tú an baile?”

“Ar maidin anóid, nuair bí mé as éirge ar mo leabair, éonnaic mé tuas-ceata, sinne mé léim, ríar mé mo dá éoir aih, agus íleamnaig mé éom fáda leir reo.”

“Dá mo lám, ír mór an gairgídeáct do sinne tú,” ar ran rean nís.

“O’feudpáinn ruo níor iongantaige ’ná rin do deunam, dá n-óspódaín,” ar ran mac nís:

“Tá trí neite agam duit le deunam,” ar ran rean nís, “7 má’r féidir leat iad do deunam, bíod roga mo tpiúir ingean agao mar mnaoi, agus muna dtis leat iad do deunam, cailliré tú do éeann mar éall curó mair de dáoinib óga pómda.”

Ann rin dubhairt pé, “Ní bíonn ite ná ól in mo tíg-pe, áct don uair amáin ’ran tpeadéamain, agus bí pé agáinn ar maidin anóid.”

“Ír cuma liom-ra,” ar ran mac nís; “tis liom tiorgaé do deunam ar fead míora dá mberdeá cnuairós oim.”

“Ír dóig go dtis leat dul gan éolad mar an sceudna?” ar ran rean nís.

“Tis liom gan ampar,” ar ran mac nís:

“Bíod leabair cnuair agao anoét mar rin,” ar ran rean nís; “éar liom go dtairbéanfaid mé duit é.” Tus pé amac ann rin é, 7 tairbéan pé do éann mór agus gablóis aih, 7 dubhairt: “Teirig ruar ann rin agus éodail in ran ngablóis, agus bí féid le n-éirge na spreine.”

Cuair pé ruar in ran ngablóis, áct éom luat agus bí an rean nís ’na éolad, táinig an ingean ós agus tus arteaé go reompa bpeás é, agus congbaíis sí ann rin é go raib an rean nís ar tí éirge: Ann rin cuir sí é amac a’ir i ngablóis an érainn.

Le n-éirge na spreine, táinig an rean nís éirge agus dubhairt:

"I will be satisfied," said he.

"Now," said she, "upon your life do not tell my father that it was I who brought you to his house, and I shall be a good friend to you, but let on," said she, "that you have great powers of enchantment."

"I will do as you say," says he.

Then she made a swan of herself and said, "Leap up on my back and put your hands under my neck, and keep a hard hold."

He did so, and she shook her wings, and off and away with her over hills and over glens, over sea and over mountains, until she came to earth as the sun was going under. Then she said to him, "Do you see that great house yonder? That is my father's house. Farewell. Any time you are in danger I shall be at your side." Then she went from him.

The King's son came to the house and went in, and whom should he see sitting in a golden chair but the gray old man who had played the cards and the ball with him.

"King's son," said he, "I see that you found me out before the day and the year. How long since you left home?"

"This morning when I was rising out of my bed I saw a rainbow; I gave a leap, spread my two legs on it and slid as far as this."

"By my hand, it was a great feat you performed," said the old King.

"I could do a more wonderful thing than that if I chose," said the King's son.

"I have three things for you to do," says the old King, "and if you are able to do them you shall have the choice of my three daughters for wife, and unless you are able to do them you shall lose your head, as a good many other young men have lost it before you."

Then he said, "there be's neither eating nor drinking in my house except once in the week, and we had it this morning."

"It's all one to me," said the King's son, "I could fast for a month if I were on a pinch."

"No doubt you can go without sleep also," says the old King.

"I can, without doubt," said the King's son.

"You shall have a hard bed to-night, then," says the old King. "Come with me till I show it to you." He brought him out then and showed him a great tree with a fork in it, and said, "Get up there and sleep in the fork, and be ready with the rise of the sun."

“Tà anuair anoir, ⁊ tà liom-ra go tairbéanfaid mé òuit an nìò a’ a’ a’ le òeunam anòiu.”

Èus ré an mac muigh go bhuac loca ⁊ tairbéan ré òò rean-èair-leán, agus dubairt leir, “Cait gac uile clòc ’ran gcairleán rin amac ’ran loc, ⁊ bhoò ré òeunta a’ a’ real m’ a’ tairbéann an grian faoi, tairbéanna.” D’innis ré uair ann rin:

Tòraig an mac muigh a’ obair, a’c b’ na clòca greamuighe o’ a’ cèile com cruaidh rin, nàir feut ré don clòc aca do tógbail, agus o’ a’ mberdear ré a’ obair go t’i an l’ a’ po, n’ b’ berdear clòc a’ an gcairleán. Suir ré rìor ann rin a’ rmuainea’ c’ a’ do buò còir òò òeunam, agus nìor b’ a’ do go t’ a’ in’ g’ an t’ rean-muigh c’ uighe, ⁊ dubairt, “Cao é p’ a’ do b’ oin ?” D’innis ré òi an obair do b’ a’ le òeunam: “Na cuir a’ rin b’ oin oir ; òeun-fa’ m’ ipe é,” a’ rìpe. Ann rin èus r’ a’ an, mairt’ f’ o’ il ⁊ f’ ion o’ o’, tairpains amac p’ a’ t’ in t’ a’ oir’ dea’ c’ a’, buail buille a’ an t’ rean-èairleán, agus faoi ceann m’ oim’ m’ o’ b’ i gac uile clòc o’ a’ a’ bun an loca: “Anoir,” a’ rìpe, “nà h-innir do m’ a’ tair g’ ur m’ ipe do rinne an obair òuit.”

Nuair b’ an grian a’ d’ ul faoi, tairbéanna; t’ a’ in’ g’ an rean muigh agus dubairt: “Feicim go b’ uil o’ obair l’ a’ òeunta a’ a’ o’.”

“Tà,” a’ ran mac muigh, “t’ i liom obair a’ b’ o’ òeunam.”

Saoril an rean muigh anoir go p’ a’ b’ c’ uim’ a’c m’ o’ t’ a’ oir’ dea’ c’ a’ a’ an mac muigh, agus dubairt leir, “Sé o’ obair l’ a’ am’ a’ na clòca do tógbail a’ an loc, agus an cairleán do c’ ur a’ bun mar b’ i c’ a’ na.”

Èus ré an mac muigh a’ b’ aile agus dubairt leir, “Teirig do c’ o’ l’ a’ o’ ran a’ it a’ p’ a’ b’ t’ u an oir’ o’ c’ a’ r’ eip.”

Nuair c’ uair an rean-muigh ’na c’ o’ l’ a’ o’ t’ a’ in’ g’ an in’ g’ an o’ s agus èus a’ r’ t’ eac é cum a’ reom’ a’ p’ ein, agus c’ ong’ b’ a’ g’ ann rin é go p’ a’ b’ an rean muigh a’ t’ i éir’ g’ e a’ mair’ oin ; ann rin c’ ur r’ i amac a’ r’ ipe é i n’ a’ b’ l’ ois an c’ a’ in’ n’.”

Le h-éir’ g’ e na g’ r’ eine, t’ a’ in’ g’ an rean muigh ⁊ dubairt: “Tà ré i n’ am òuit d’ ul g’ c’ ionn o’ oir’ b’ e.”

“N’ l’ t’ eir’ ipe a’ b’ o’ oim,” a’ ran mac muigh, “mar t’ a’ rìor a’ gam go t’ o’ t’ i liom m’ obair l’ a’ òeunam go p’ eir’ o’.”

Cuair ré go bhuac an loca ann rin, a’c nìor feut ré clòc o’ p’ eiceal, b’ an t’ uir’ g’ e com’ d’ u’ rin. Suir ré rìor a’ c’ a’ p’ a’ g’ ; agus nìor b’ a’ do go t’ a’ in’ g’ f’ ionn’ g’ uata, buò h-é rin ainm in’ g’ ine an t’ rean muigh, c’ uighe, agus dubairt: “Cao t’ a’ a’ a’ le òeunam anòiu ?” D’innis ré òi, agus dubairt r’ i: “Nà b’ o’ b’ o’ oir’ oir ; t’ i liom-ra an obair rin òeunam òuit.” Ann rin èus r’ i o’ o’ a’ an, mairt’ f’ o’ il, agus c’ a’ oir’ f’ o’ il agus f’ ionn. Ann rin tairpains r’ i amac an t’ r’ a’ t’ in t’ a’ oir’ dea’ c’ a’, buail uir’ g’ e an loca l’ eir’ e, agus



He went up into the fork, but as soon as the old King was asleep the young daughter came and brought him into a fine room and kept him there until the old King was about to rise. Then she put him out again into the fork of the tree.

With the rise of the sun the old King came to him and said, "Come down now, and come with me until I show you the thing that you have to do to-day."

He brought the King's son to the brink of a lake and showed him an old castle, and said to him, "Throw every stone in that castle out into the loch, and let you have it done before the sun goes down in the evening." He went away from him then.

The King's son began working, but the stones were stuck to one another so fast that he was not able to raise one of them, and if he were to be working until this day, there would not be one stone out of the castle. He sat down then, thinking what he ought to do, and it was not long until the daughter of the old King came to him and said, "What is the cause of your grief?" He told her the work which he had to do. "Let that put no grief on you, I will do it," said she. Then she gave him bread, meat, and wine, pulled out a little enchanted rod, struck a blow on the old castle, and in a moment every stone of it was at the bottom of the lake. "Now," said she, "do not tell my father that it was I who did the work for you."

When the sun was going down in the evening, the old King came and said, "I see that you have your day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son; "I can do any work at all."

The old King thought now that the King's son had great powers of enchantment, and he said to him, "Your day's work for to-morrow is to lift the stones out of the loch, and to set up the castle again as it was before."

He brought the King's son home and said to him, "Go to sleep in the place where you were last night."

When the old King went to sleep the young daughter came and brought him into her own chamber and kept him there till the old King was about to rise in the morning. Then she put him out again in the fork of the tree.

At sunrise the old King came and said, "It's time for you to get to work."

"There's no hurry on me at all," says the King's son, "because I know I can readily do my day's work."

He went then to the brink of the lake, but he was not able to see a stone, the water was that black. He sat down on a rock, and it was not long until Finnuala—that was the name

paol ċeann mōimio bi an pean-ċairleān ar bun mar bi ré an lā noimē: Ann rin dubairt ri leir: “Ar d'anam, nā h-innir do m'ātair zo ndearndar mife an obair peo duit, nō zo bfuil eblar ar bit aḡad oim.”

Trātnōna an lāé rin, tāniz an pean riḡ aḡur dubairt, “Feicim zo bfuil obair an lāé deunta aḡad.”

“Tā,” ar ran mac riḡ, “obair fōi-deunta i rin!”

Ann rin faoil an pean riḡ zo riāb nior mō cūmāct dpaor-deāct aḡ an mac riḡ 'nā do bi aige fēin, aḡur dubairt ré: “Ni' l āct don ruo eile aḡad le deunam.” Tuz ré a-baile ann rin é, 7 ċuir ré é le cotlāo i nḡablōis an ċrainn, āct tāniz fionnḡuala 7 ċuir ri in a peompa fēin é, aḡur ar maidin, ċuir ri amāc arir ar an ḡerann é. Le h-ēirḡe na ḡrēine, tāniz an pean riḡ ċuiḡe aḡur dubairt leir: “Tar liom zo dtairbēanfar mē duit d'obair lāé.”

Tuz ré an mac riḡ zo ḡleann mōr, aḡur ċairbēan dō tobar, 7 dubairt: “Ċaill mo mātair-mōr fāinne in ran tobar rin, aḡur fāḡ dām é real mā dteirō an ḡruan paol, trātnōna.”

Anoir bi an tobar po ceud tpois ar dōimne aḡur fide tpois timcioll, aḡur bi ré lionta le h-uirḡe, aḡur bi arim ar ipmionn aḡ fairē an fāinne.

Nuair d'imtiḡ an pean riḡ, tāniz fionnḡuala aḡur d'fīarfuis, “Ċao tā aḡad le deunam anoiū?” D'innir ré dī, aḡur dubairt ri, “Ir deacair an obair i rin, āct deunfar mē mo dīctioll le do beāta do fābāil.” An rin tuz ri dō mairtfeōil, arān, aḡur fion. Rinne ri riweāc \* dī fēin aḡur ċuair rior 'ran tobar. Nior bpaḡa zo bpaċar ré deātaċ aḡur cinnteaċ aḡ teāct amāc ar an tobar, aḡur toran ann mar toirneāc ārō, aḡur duine ar bit do beirdeā dḡ ēirteaċ leir an toran rin faoilfeāo ré zo riāb arim iprinn aḡ tpoirō.

Paol ċeann tamail, d'imtiḡ an deātaċ, ċoirḡ an cinnteaċ aḡur an toirneāc, aḡur tāniz fionnḡuala anior leir an bāinne: Seāċar ri an fāinne do māc an riḡ, aḡur dubairt ri: “ḡnōtais mē an cat, 7 tā do beāta fābāil, āct feuc, tā lairhēcin mo lāime weirē bpirte. āct b'ēirir ḡur ādāmāil an nīd ḡur bpirteāo é: Nuair tiucfar m'ātair, nā tabair an fāinne dō, āct baḡair é zo ċruairō. Deārfar ré tū ann rin le do bean do toḡaḡ, aḡur feo an ċaoi deunfar tū do poḡa. Bēir mife aḡur mo deirbpirpāċa i peompa, bēir poll ar an tobar, 7 ċuirpimio uile ar lāmā amāc mar ċruimirḡin. Ċuirpō tupa do lām tpiō an bpoll, aḡur an lām ċongbōċar tū ḡrēim uirri nuair fōrḡōlāir

\* Riweāc nō riweāc = “Ċrotaċ marb,” rōit ēin uirḡe.

of the old King's daughter—came to him and said, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "Let there be no grief on you. I can do that work for you." Then she gave him bread, beef, mutton, and wine. After that she drew out the little enchanted rod, smote the water of the lake with it, and in a moment the old castle was set up as it had been the day before. Then she said to him—"On your life, don't tell my father that I did this work for you, or that you have any knowledge of me at all."

On the evening of that day the old King came and said, "I see that you have the day's work done."

"I have," said the King's son, "that was an easy-done job."

Then the old King thought that the King's son had more power of enchantment than he had himself, and he said, "You have only one other thing to do." He brought him home then, and put him to sleep in the fork of the tree, but Finnualla came and put him in her own chamber, and in the morning she sent him out again into the tree. At sunrise the old King came to him and said: "Come with me till I show you your day's work."

He brought the King's son to a great glen, and showed him a well, and said, "My grandmother lost a ring in that well, and do you get it for me before the sun goes under this morning."

Now, this well was one hundred feet deep and twenty feet round about, and it was filled with water, and there was an army out of hell watching the ring.

When the old King went away Finnualla came and asked, "What have you to do to-day?" He told her, and she said, "That is a difficult task, but I shall do my best to save your life." Then she gave him beef, bread, and wine. Then she made a sea-bird of herself, and went down into the well. It was not long till he saw smoke and lightning coming up out of the well, and (he heard) a sound like loud thunder, and anyone who would be listening to that noise he would think that the army of hell was fighting.

At the end of a while the smoke went away, the lightning and thunder ceased, and Finnualla came up with the ring. She handed the ring to the King's son, and said, "I won the battle, and your life is saved. But, look, the little finger of my right hand is broken; but perhaps it is a lucky thing that it was broken. When my father comes do not give him the ring, but threaten him stoutly. He will bring you then to choose your wife, and this is how you shall make your choice. I and my sisters will be in a room, there will be a

m'atair an doimhne, is í sin lámh an té beirtear aghaidh marbhnaidh!  
Tis leat mire d'áitne ar mo laithneáin bhríche."

"Tis liom, agus shábh mo éiríde tú, a fionnghuala," ar rian mac rígh:

Tábhóidh an lae sin, táinig an fear-rígh agus d'fuarraigh: "An bhfuair tú páinne mo máthar móire?"

"Fuarraigh go deimhin," ar rian mac rígh; "bí arim 'gá cúlúad ar isionn, áit buail mire iad, agus buailfinn a fearc n-oiread; nac bhfuil fíor aghaidh suph Connacáid mé?"

"Tabair damh an páinne," ar rian fear rígh:

"Go deimhin, ní tiubraod," ar fear rian; "éiríde mé go cruaidh ar a fionn; áit tabair damh-ra mo bean. Teartaigh uaim beir aghaidh."

Tus an fear rígh arcead é, agus dubhairt, "Tá mo éiríde ingean 'ran fear rian sin d'áitne. Tá lámh gáid doimhne aca fionn amad, agus an té cionghóidh tú shéim uiríu go bhfionnghuala mire an doimhne, sin í do bean."

Cuir an mac rígh a lámh trídh an bpoill do bí ar an doimhne, agus fuair pé shéim ar lámh an laithneáin bhríche, agus cionghóidh shéim cruaidh air, suph fionnghuala an fear rígh doimhne an fear rian.

"S í pé doimhne," ar rian mac rígh; "tabair damh anoir rígh d'ingine."

"Ní'l de rígh áit le fionnghuala áit caoil-ead donn le rígh do tabhairt ábairt, agus nár ábairt rígh ar air, beo ná marbh, go beo!"

Cruaidh an mac rígh 7 fionnghuala ar marcuigeadh ar an gcaoil-ead donn; agus níor bhíodh go dtábhóidh go dtí an éiríde 'n ar fionn an mac rígh a cú agus a fearad: Bí rígh ann sin fionn, mar doimhne le na capall bhrígh dubh. Cuir pé an fearad caoil donn ar air ann sin. Cuir pé fionnghuala aghaidh marcuigeadh ar a capall, agus léim fuair, é féin,

A cú le n-a éiríde  
A fearad ar a bhrí,

agus níor fionn pé go dtábhóidh pé go Rát Cruaidh:

Bí fáilte móir fionn ann sin, agus níor bhíodh suph póirídh é féin agus fionnghuala. Cait rígh beatha fionn fear rian,—áit is beag má tá loigh an fearan-cáirleáin le fionnghuala anoir 1 Rát-Cruaidh-áin Connacáid:



hole in the door, and we shall all put our hands out in a cluster. You will put your hand through the hole, and the hand that you will keep hold of when my father will open the door that is the hand of her you shall have for wife. You can know me by my broken little finger."

"I can; and the love of my heart you are, Finnuala," says the King's son.

On the evening of that day the old King came and asked, "Did you get my grandmother's ring?"

"I did, indeed," says the King's son; "there was an army out of hell guarding it, but I beat them; and I would beat seven times as many. Don't you know I'm a Connachtman?"

"Give me the ring," says the old King.

"Indeed I won't give it," says he; "I fought hard for it; but do you give me my wife, I want to be going."

The old King brought him in and said, "My three daughters are in that room before you. The hand of each of them is stretched out, and she on whom you will keep your hold until I open the door, that one is your wife."

The King's son thrust his hand through the hole that was in the door, and caught hold of the hand with the broken little finger, and kept a tight hold of it until the old King opened the door of the room.

"This is my wife," said the King's son. "Give me now your daughter's fortune."

"She has no fortune to get, but the brown slender steed to bring you home, and that ye may never come back, alive or dead!"

The King's son and Finnuala went riding on the brown slender steed, and it was not long till they came to the wood where the King's son left his hound and his hawk. They were there before him, together with his fine black horse. He sent the brown slender steed back then. He set Finnuala riding on his horse, and leaped up himself.

His hound at his heel,  
His hawk on his hand,

and he never stopped till he came to Rathcroghan.

There was great welcome before him there, and it was not long till himself and Finnuala were married. They spent a long prosperous life; but it is scarcely that (even) the track of this old castle is to be found to-day in Rathcroghan of Connacht.

# A ÓSÁNAIS AN CÚIL CEANGAILTE.

A ósánaig an cúil ceangailte  
 Le a maib mé real i n-éimpeáct,  
 Cuairt tu 'réir, an bealaí ro,  
 'S ní táinig tu do m'feudaint:  
 Saoil mé naí n-deunfaide doáir duit  
 Dá dtiucfá, a'p mé o' iarraid,  
 'S sup b'i do póigín tabairfead pólar  
 Dá mbeidinn i lár an fiabhair:

Dá mbeidead maoin aham-ra  
 Agus aigead ann mo póca  
 Deunfainn bóitpín aít-giorrac  
 So doáir tige mo ptoipín,  
 Mar fúil le Dia go s-cluinnfinn-re  
 Tóranh binn a bpoige,  
 'S ip fad an lá ó corail mé  
 Aét as fúil le blar do póige:

A'p faoil me a ptoipín  
 So mbuó gealaí agus spian tu;  
 A'p faoil mé 'nna diais rin  
 So mbuó pneacta ar an trliab tu;  
 A'p faoil mé 'nn a diais rin  
 So mbuó lócpánn o Dia tu,  
 No sup ab tu an feult-cólar  
 As dul pónmam a'p mo diais tu:

Seall tu píoda 'p paicín dam  
 Callaíde 'p bpóga ápda,  
 A'p seall tu tap éir rin  
 So leantá trío an trháim mé:  
 Ní mar rin atá mé  
 Aét mo pgead i mbeul beapna;  
 Sae nóin a'p sae maróin  
 As feudaint tige m' atáir.

# RINGLETED YOUTH OF MY LOVE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

Ringleted youth of my love,  
     With thy locks bound loosely behind thee,  
 You passed by the road above,  
     But you never came in to find me ;  
 Where were the harm for you  
     If you came for a little to see me ;  
 Your kiss is a wakening dew  
     Were I ever so ill or so dreamy.

If I had golden store  
     I would make a nice little boreen  
 To lead straight up to his door,  
     The door of the house of my storeen ;  
 Hoping to God not to miss  
     The sound of his footfall in it,  
 I have waited so long for his kiss  
     That for days I have slept not a minute.

I thought, O my love ! you were so—  
     As the moon is, or sun on a fountain,  
 And I thought after that you were snow,  
     The cold snow on top of the mountain ;  
 And I thought after that you were more  
     Like God's lamp shining to find me,  
 Or the bright star of knowledge before,  
     And the star of knowledge behind me.

You promised me high-heeled shoes,  
     And satin and silk, my storeen,  
 And to follow me, never to lose,  
     Though the ocean were round us roaring ;  
 Like a bush in a gap in a wall  
     I am now left lonely without thee,  
 And this house, I grow dead of, is all  
     That I see around or about me.

## COIRNÍN NA h-AITINNE.\*

A b'fao ó foin; in ran t-Sean-Aimhir, bí baintreabac d'ar<sup>1</sup> ainm b'páirí na h-ádhaid, 'na cónnuide i gConrad na Sallime: Bí don mac amháin aici d'ar b'ainm Tadhg: Rugaó é mí tar éir báir a d'ar i lár coille bige aitinne do bí ag fáir ar éaoib énuic i ngar do'n tigh: Ar an dódar rin, fág na daoine Coirnín na h-Aitinne mar leat-ainm ari: Táinig tinnear obann ar an mnaoi boict nuair bí sí ag feolaó na mbó ruar ar éaoib an énuic:

Nuair rugaó Tadhg bí sé 'na naoi-deanán b'ead; agus méadais sé go maic go raib sé ceitire bliadhna d'aoir, aet ó'n am rin amac níor fáir sé oíolaó go raib sé trí bliadhna deus, no níor cuir sé cor faoi le coirceim do fíubal; aet d'feutrad sé imteact go tapa go leór ar a d'á láim agus ar a éaoib fíar, agus d'á gcluinfead sé don duine ag teact cum an tigh, do buailfead sé a d'á láim faoi, agus do fadaó sé d'áon léim amháin ó'n teine go dtí an doras; agus do cuirfead ceo mile fáilte noim an té táinig. Bí sean móir ag aoir óis an baile ari, mar do geirbead ríad speann móir ar, gac uile oíde: Ó'n am bí sé feact mbliadhna d'aoir, bí sé dearlámac agus úrdeac d'á mátair, agus d'á mátair-móir do bí 'na cónnuide i n-aon tigh leir. In ran b'pógmar, téirbead sé ar a lámhaib agus ar a éaoib-fíar ruar ar éaoib an énuic, 7 bíod ag ite bláe na h-aitinne mar gábar: Bí abann beag ann, roir an teac agus an cnoc, agus do fadaó sé de léim éar an abainn com h-áreac le geirfíad:

Buó Sean-gogairde an mátair-móir. Bí sí boóar agus beag-nae baib, agus b'iomda troir do bíod aici féin agus ag Tadhg:

Don lá amháin, duairt an mátair le Tadhg, "Caitiré mé, a Táirgín, tóin leatair cuir ar do b'páir; tá mé r'giorra ag ceannac b'péirín, agus nuair b'éirdear sé deunta agam caitiré tú dul go táillíir le ceir d'pógluim."

"Dor m'pocal," ar ra Tadhg, "ní h-é rin an ceir b'éirdear agam: Ní'l in ran táillíir aet an naomad cuir d'fear: Má t'ugann tú ceir ar bíe dam, deun píobair d'iom—tá r'péir móir agam in ran gceól."

"Bíod mar rin," ar ran mátair:

An lá 'na diais rin, cuair sí cum an baile móir leir an leatair d'páir; agus nuair fuair buacailir beaga an baile go raib an mátair iméighe; fuairadar poc gábar do bí ag páirín bacac O Ceallais, agus cuir ríad Coirnín ag marcuigeact ari: Ar go

\* Ó p'póiriar O Connéubair do fuair mé an r'géal ro.



## COIRNIN OF THE FURZE

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

LONG ago, in the olden time, there was a widow, whose name was Bridget O'Grady, living in the County Galway. She had an only son, whose name was Teig. He was born a month after his father's death in a little wood of furze that was growing on the side of a hill near the house. For that reason the people called him "Coirnin\* of the Furze" as a nickname. The poor woman was suddenly taken ill as she was driving the cows up the side of the hill.

When Teig was born he was a fine infant, and grew well till he was four years of age, but from that time on he did not grow an inch until he was thirteen, nor did he put a foot under him to walk a step, but he was able to go quickly enough on his two hands and his back, and if he would hear anyone coming to the house he would strike his two hands under him, and would go of a single leap from the fire to the door, and he would put a hundred thousand welcomes before whoever came. The youth of the village liked him greatly, for they used to get great amusement out of him every night. From the time he was seven years of age he was handy and useful to his mother, and to his grandmother who was living in the one house with him. In the harvest time he used to go on his hands and his back up the side of the hill, and he used to be eating the furze blossoms like a goat. There was a little river on it there, between the house and the hill, and he used to go over the river of a leap, as airy as a hare.

The grandmother was a silly old woman; she was deaf and almost dumb, and many was the fight herself and Teig used to have.

One day the mother said to Teig. "Teigeen, I must put a leather seat on your breeches: I'm destroyed buying frieze, and as soon as I have it done, you must go to a tailor to learn a trade."

"By my word," says Teig, "that is not the trade I'll have. A tailor is only the ninth part of a man. If you give me a trade at all, make a piper of me. I've a great liking for the music."

"Let it be so," says the mother. The day after that she went to the town to get the leather, and when the little lads of

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\* Pronounced "Curneen."

briát leir an bpoc, as meigilt dom h-áirí agus o'fheo ré, 7 Coirpnín ar a muin as rígeadaoil mar dúine ar a céil, le faicéor go dtuitfeadh ré, agus buacailliú an baile 'na diais. Tus an poc tgaró ar bóthán páirín, agus nuair éonnaire páirín an poc 7 a marcad as teacht. faoil ré gur b'é an pean-buacail do bi as deacht 'na coinne: níor fíúbaíl páirín coircéim le peacht mbliadó-anaib roime rin, áct, nuair éonnaire ré an poc as teacht ardeac ar an doir, éuair ré o'don léim amac ar an bfuinneois, agus fáir ré ar na cómarpannaib é do fábaíl o'n diabal do bi 'na diais.

Bí na buacailliú as fáiríde 7 as rígeadaó bor gur éuir ríad an poc ar mipe, agus amac aír leir ar an teac. Nuair éonnaire páirín é as teacht an doir uair, ar go briát leir, agus an poc agus Coirpnín ar a muin 'na diais: Bí adarca fada ar an bpoc, agus bí gheim an fíir báirde as Coirpnín orra: Tus páirín aghair ar fállim, agus an poc o'a leanamaint: O'éirí an fáir agus táinig doime na mbailte ar gac taoib de'n bótar amac, agus a leitéir de fártaoil ní faib ariam i gconrad na fállime. Níor ríad páirín go ndeacair ré ardeac i gcair na fállime agus an poc 7 a marcad le na fálaib: Buo lá margaró é agus bí na ríaróeanna lionta le doaimib: Toraí páirín as glaothac agus as fártaoil ar na doaimib é do fábaíl agus bí ríad-ran as deunam magair faoi: Éuair ré ruar ríaró agus anuair ríaró eile agus bí as mteacht go faib an fíian as dul faoi 'ran tráchnóna.

Connaire Coirpnín úbla breága ar élar, agus pean-bean anaice leó, agus táinig dúil móir, ari, cuir de na n-úblaib do beir aige: Sgaol ré a gheim ar adarcaibán puic agus éuair ré de léim ar élar na n-úball: Ar go briát leir an t-pean-bean agus o'fás rí na n-úbla 'na diais, óir bí rí leat-marb leir an ríannraó.

Níor bpaóa bí Coirpnín as íte na n-úball nuair táinig a mátar i látar, agus nuair éonnaire rí Coirpnín, gearr rí loir na croire uiríu féin, 7 dubairt, "i n-ainm Dé, a Coirpnín, cad do tug ann ro tú?"

"Fíapuis rin de páirín O Ceallaig agus o'a poc gabair; tá an t-ao ort, a mátar, nac bfuil mo muneul burt."

Éuir rí Coirpnín ardeac in a ppáirge agus tug aghair ar an mbailte:

Áct ir ardeac an nío tárla do páirín O Ceallaig. Nuair rígar Coirpnín leir an bpoc, lean ré páirín amac ar an mbótar móir, táinig ruar leir, éuir a o'a adarce faoi, éair ar a óruim é, agus níor fear go dtáinig ré a-baile. Tuirling páirín as an doir, agus éuit an poc marb ar an cairríg. Éuair páirín 'na éolaib; óir bí ré leat-marb agus bí ré mall 'ran oíde, agus

the village found that the mother was gone, they got a buck goat that belonged to lame Paddy Kelly, and they put Coirnin riding on it. Off and away with the buck, bleating as loud as he could, and Coirnin on his back screeching like a person out of his senses, with fear lest he should fall, and the boys of the village after him. The buck faced for Paddy's cottage; and when Paddy saw the buck and his rider coming he thought that it was the old boy that was coming for him. Paddy had not walked a step for seven years before that, but when he saw the buck coming in at the door he went of a single leap out through the window, and called on the neighbors to save him from the devil that was after him.

The boys were laughing and clapping their hands till they set the buck mad, and off again with him, out of the house. When Paddy saw him coming the second time, off and away with him, and the buck with Coirnin on his back after him. There were long horns on the buck, and Coirnin had the "drowning man's grip" on them. Paddy faced for Galway, with the buck following him. The cry rose, and the people of the villages on each side of the road came out, and such shouting there never was before in the County Galway. Paddy never stopped till he came into the City of Galway, and the buck and his rider at his heels. It was a market day, and the streets were filled with people. Paddy began crying and yelling on the people to save him, and they were making a mock of him. He went up one street and down another street, and he was going until the sun was setting in the evening.

Coirnin saw fine apples on a board, and an old woman near them, and there came a great wish on him to have a share of the apples. He loosed his grasp on the buck's horns, and went with a leap on the board of apples. Away for ever with the old woman, and she left the apples behind her, for she was half dead with the fright.

It was not long that Coirnin was eating the apples, when his mother came by, and when she saw Coirnin she cut the sign of the Cross on herself, and she said—"In the name of God, Coirnin, what brought you here?"

"Ask that of Paddy Kelly and his buck goat; there's luck on you, mother, that my neck is not broken."

She put Coirnin into her apron and faced for home.

But it's curious the thing that happened to Paddy Kelly. When Coirnin parted with the buck, the animal followed Paddy out on the high road, came up with him, put his two horns under him, threw Paddy upon his own back, and never stood still.

nuaire d'éiríú ré ar maidin, ní raib an poc le págail beo ná marb; agus dubairt na daoine uile go mbuó poc d'raoiúeacta do bí ann. Ar éaoi ar bít éus ré coiríúeact do páiróin O Ceallais; iuto nac raib aise le peact mbliadnais noime rin:

Cuaird an rgeul trío an tír, go scuallair gac uile fear, bean, 7 páirde 1 gconóae na Sallim é; agus ir ionda cup-ríor do bí air, noim trádnóna an laé rin. Dubairt cuir sup poc d'raoiúeacta do bí i bpoc páiróin, 7 go raib ré pannpáirteac leir; dubairt cuir eile go mbuó fear ríde Coirínín; agus go mbuó éoir a dógad:

An oirde rin; d'innir Coirínín h-uile nio 1 d'raoiú na caoi do éus an poc go Sallim é, 7 táinis na buacailiú go teac úrígo ní Spádaig, agus bí speann mói aca ag éirteact le Coirínín ag innir 1 d'raoiú na marcuígeacta do bí aise go Sallim ar muin puic páiróin Uí Ceallais; agus gac nio tápla leir ar fear an laé:

An oirde rin; nuair cuaird Coirínín ar a leaburó, táinis brón éigin air, agus i n-ait covalta tórais ré ag reitpil: D'éirpuiú a mátair d'é créad do bí air: Dubairt reirpan nac raib fíor aise. "Ní't oir aet rearpóir," ar ríre; "rtop do cuir reitpil; 7 leis dáinn covala." Aet níor rtop ré go maidin:

Ar maidin níor feur ré greim d'íde, agus dubairt ré le na mátair, "Racáo amac; go bpeicrú mé an nveunfáir an t-aér maíe dam." "D'éirpui go nveunfáir," ar ríre:

Leir rin, buail ré a dā láim faoi; agus cuaird d'aon leim amáin go d'ci an tópar, agus amac leir: Éus ré aúair ar na h-aicean-naib, 7 níor rtao go nveacáir ré arteac 'na mearg: Sín ré é féin ioir dā rgeac agus níor úrao go raib ré 'na covala. Bí brionglóir aise go raib an poc le n-a éoiú, ag iarpáir caint do cup air: Dúirig ré, aet i n-ait an puic bí fear breag spuasac taob leir, 7 dubairt ré, "A Coirínín; ná bío eagra oir nóam-ra. Ir capair mé, 7 tá mé ann po le cómairle do leara do tabairt duit, má glacann tú uaim í: Tá tú do élaipinead ó iusad éú, 7 do éur-magair ag buacailiú an baile: Ir mire an poc gabair do éus go Sallim éú, aet tá mé aepuigee anoir go d'ci an puot in a bpeiceann tú mé: Ní feurpáinn an t-aepuigad d'págail go d'cuspáinn an marcuígeact rin duit, agus anoir tá cūmaet mói agam: D'feurpáinn do learpuag ar bail, aet véarpáir na cómapranna go raib tú pann-páirteac leir na ríde, agus ní feurpá an bapamail rin baint díob: Tá tú do fúirde anoir go díreac in ran áit ar iusad éú, 7 tá pota óir i bpoisreac tpoisge doo' éoiú-fíar, aet ní't tú le baint leir go fóil, mar ní feurpá úráir maíe do véunam d'e: Teirig a-baile anoir agus ar maidin amárac, abair le do mátair go raib brionglóir breag



till he came home. Paddy came off at the door, and the buck fell dead at the threshold. Paddy went to sleep, for he was half dead and it was late in the night, and when he arose in the morning the buck was not to be got alive or dead; and all the people said that it was an enchanted buck that was in it. Anyway it gave power to walk to Paddy Kelly, a thing he had not had for seven years before that.

The story went through the country till every man, woman, and child in the County of Galway heard it, and many was the version that was on it before the evening of that day. Some said it was an enchanted buck that Paddy had, and that he was in league with it; others said that Coirnin was a fairy man, and that it would be right to burn him.

That night Coirnin told everything about the way the buck took him to Galway, and the boys came to Bridget O'Grady's house, and they had great fun listening to Coirnin telling about the ride that he had to Galway on the back of Paddy Kelly's buck, and everything that happened him throughout the day.

That night when Coirnin went to bed some sorrow came over him, and instead of sleeping he began sighing. His mother asked him what was on him. He said that he did not know.

"There's nothing on you but nonsense," says she. "Stop that sighing and let us sleep." But he did not stop till morning.

In the morning he was not able to eat a morsel, and he said to his mother—

"I'll go out till I see if the air will do me good."

"Maybe it would," says she.

With that he struck his hands under him and went of one leap to the door, and out with him. He faced for the furze, and he did not stop till he came in amongst it. He stretched himself between two bushes, and it was not long till he was asleep. He had a dream that the buck was beside him trying to make him talk. He awoke, but instead of the buck there was a fine wizard man beside him, and he said, "Coirnin, don't be afraid of me; I'm a friend, and I'm here to give you profitable counsel if you will take it from me. You are a cripple since you were born, and a laughing-stock to the boys of the village; I am the buck goat that took you to Galway, but I am changed now to the form in which you see me. I was not able to get the change till I should have given you that ride, and now I have great power. I would have cured you on the spot, but the neighbors would have said that you were in

asao go raib luid as fár le coir na h-aibne do bheirpao riúbal asur lút duit; abair an fuo ceirna léi trí maidoin anndaig a céile, asur eirioiríó pí go bfuil pé fíor. Nuair iacáir tú as córuigeaét na luidhe geobair tú i as fár taob-fíor de'n éloic móir nigeaéáin atá as bhuac na h-aibne; tabair leat i asur bhuic í, asur ól an rúg, asur beir tú ionnán pára do píe anaéar bueaill ar bit in ran bparpáirte. Beir iongantap ar na daoimíó i otopac, aét ní maipiríó rin a-bpaó: Beir tú trí bliadna deas an lá rin. Tap 'ran oirde cum na h-aite reo; beir an pota óir cógta asam-ra, aét ar do beata congbaig d'innninn asao féin, asur ná h-innir do duine ar bit go bpaicair tú mipe: Imcis anoip: Slán leat."

Seall Coirnin go ndéunpao pé gac níó dubairt an ghuasac beas léir, 7 táinig pé a-baile, lútgáiréac go leór. Bpeatnais an mátair nac raib pé com ghuamac asur bí pé pul má ndeacair pé amac, asur dubairt pí, "Saoilim, a mic, go ndearpnaíó an t-aér maic duit."

"Rinne go deimín," ar reirean, "asur tabair fuo le n'ite dam anoip."

An oirde rin, i n-aic do beir as reirpíl, córaíl pé go bpeas, asur ar maidoin dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí bpionglóiró bpeas asam aréir, a mátair."

"Ná tabair don áiríó ar bpionglóiró," ar ran mátair; "Ir contráilta tuiteann ríao amac."

Cait Coirnin an lá as rmuáinead ar an gcómháó do bí aige leir an nghuasac beas, 7 ar an raibbhear móir do bí le págaíl aige: Ar maidoin, lá ar na márac, dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpionglóiró bpeas rin asam aréir aríó."

"Go méadaigíó Dia an maic, 7 go laigdaigíó Sé an t-olc," ar ran mátair; "éualair mé go minic dá mbeiréad an bpionglóiró céarona as duine trí oirde anndaig a céile, go mbeiréad pí fíor."

An tríoimáó maidoin, d'éirig Coirnin go moé asur dubairt pé le n-a mátair, "Bí an bpionglóiró bpeas rin asam aréir aríó, asur, ó tápla go otáinig pé eugam trí oirde anndaig a céile, iacair mé le feucaint bfuil don fípininn innit: Connairc mé luid in mo bpionglóiró do bdearpao mo riúbal asur mo lút dam."

"An bpaicair tú in ran mbpionglóiró cá raib an luid as fár?" ar ran mátair.

"Connairc go deimín," ar reirean; "tá pí as fár taob leir an gclóic móir nigeaéáin atá ar bhuac na h-aibne."

"Go deimín, ní'l don luid as fár anaice leir an gclóic nigeaéáin," ar ran mátair; "Bí mé 'ran aic rin go minic, asur ní feurpao pí beir ann a-gan-fíor dam."

league with the fairies, and you would not have been able to take that opinion from them. You are seated now in exactly the same spot you were born in, and there is a pot of gold within a foot of your back, but you are not to touch it yet, because you would not be able to make a good use of it. Go home now, and to-morrow morning tell your mother that you had a fine dream, that there was a herb growing beside the river that would bring walk and activity to you. Tell the same thing to her three mornings after each other, and she will believe that it is true. When you go seeking the herb, you will find it growing down from the big washing stone that is on the edge of the river. Take it with you, and boil it, and drink the juice, and you will be able to run a race against any boy in the parish. There will be wonder on the people at first, but that won't last long. You will be thirteen years old that day. Come in the night to this place. I will have the pot of gold lifted, but for your life keep your intentions to yourself, and don't tell any person at all that you saw me. Go now; farewell."

Coirnin promised that he would do everything the little wizard man told him, and he came home joyous enough. The mother observed that he was not so gloomy as he was before he went out, and she said—

"I think, son, the air did you good."

"It did, indeed," says he, "and give me something to eat now."

That night, instead of being sighing, he slept finely, and in the morning he said to his mother—"I had a fine dream last night, mother."

"Don't give any importance to a dream," says the mother, "it's contrary they fall out."

"Coirnin spent the day thinking on the discourse he had with the little wizard man and of the great riches he was to get. In the morning the next day he said to his mother—"I had that fine dream again last night."

"May God increase the good and may He decrease the bad," says his mother. "I often heard that if a person had the same dream three nights after other, it would be true."

The third morning Coirnin got up early and said to his mother, "I had that fine dream again last night, and since it chanced that it came to me three nights after other I'll go to see if there is any truth in it. I saw an herb in my dream that would give my walk and my activity to me."

“B'éiríonn sup fáir rí ann ó foin,” arsa Coirínín, “asur macaib mipe dá córaigeaé.”

Buail ré a dá láim faoi, asur cuairt d'aon léim amáin go dtí an doiar, asur amac leir. Níor b'fada go raib ré as an gcloic nigeaéain, asur fuair ré an luib. Cúg ré léimeanna mar fiaó a mbeirdear gádar 'gá leanamaint, as teacé a-baile le teann-lútgáire:

“A mátair,” ar reiréan, “b'fíor d'am mo b'pionglóir: fuair mé an luib. Cuir ríor d'am an pota asur bhuicé d'am é.”

Cuir an mátair an luib 'ran b'pota, asur timéilí cápta uirge leir, asur nuair bí rí bhuicéte asur an rúg fuair, d'ól Coirínín é. Ní raib ré móimíro in a bolg nuair fear ré fuar ar a córaib asur córaib ré as rí fuar asur anuar: bí iongantar mór ar a mátair. Córaib rí as tabairt míle glóir asur altugad do 'Dia; ann rin gáir rí ar na cómarannais asur d'innir dóir b'pionglóir Coirínín, asur an éar a b'fuair ré úráir a cór. Bí lútgáire mór orra uile, mar bí b'píro ní g'rádaib 'na cómarrair maic asur bí mear aca uile uirri:

An oirde rin, éruinnig buaéallíó an baile arteaé le lútgáire do deunaim le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair: Nuair bíodar uile as cómpad cia ríubalpaó arteaé acé páirín O Ceallaig: Bí ríar uile as caint faoi an gcaoi a b'fuair Coirínín a ríubal asur lúg a énam.

“Go deimín ir d'am-ra buó cóir d'ó beir buirdeá; 'ré an crataó do cúg mo poc-gabair-re d'ó do rinne an obair, asur tá fíor as h-uile duine go dtug an marcuigeaé do rinne ré, úráir mó cór ar air d'am péin. Oé, mo b'píro! go b'fuair mo poc b'péag b'píro!”

“Cúg tú h-éiteaé,” ar Coirínín, “rí an luib do léigearaib mé: Rinne mé b'pionglóir trí oirde anraib a céile go leigreócaó an luib mé, asur cis le mo mátair a érotaó go raib mé mo élaip-íneaé tar éir mo teacé' ó g'ailm, sup ól mé rúg na luibe.”

“D'f'eupáinn mo mionna tabairt go b'fuil mo mac as innriné na rípinne glaine,” ar ran mátair:

Ann rin córaib eacé as deunaim magair faoi páirín, sup m'cúg ré amac.

Cuairt gac uile níó go maic le Coirínín asur le n-a mátair 'na raib réó. Aon oirde amáin nuair cuairt an mátair asur na cómaranna 'na gcólaó, cuairt Coirínín cum na h-aitinne. Bí a éaraó, an g'ruasac beag, ann rin poime, asur bí an pota óir ríró d'ó.

“Seó duit anoir an pota óir; cuir i d'airge é i n-ait ar bíó ir toil leat. Tá an oirdeó ann asur deunfar duit fao do beata.”



"Did you see in your dream where the herb was growing?" says the mother.

"I did, indeed," says he; "it's growing beside the big washing stone that's at the edge of the river."

"Indeed there's no herb growing near the washing stone," says his mother. "I was in that place often, and it could not be in it unbeknownst to me."

"Maybe it grew in it since," says Coirnin, "and I'll go to look for it."

He struck his two hands under him, and went at one leap to the door, and out with him. It was not long till he was at the washing stone, and he found the herb. He gave leaps like a deer that a hound would be following, coming home with excessive joy.

"Mother," says he, "my dream was true for me. I got the herb. Put down the pot for me, and boil it for me."

The mother put the herb in the pot and about a quart of water with it, and when it was boiled and the juice cold, Coirnin drank it. It was not a moment inside him when he stood upon his feet and began running up and down. There was great astonishment on his mother. She began giving a thousand glories and praises to God. Then she called the neighbors and told them Coirnin's dream and how he got the use of his feet. There was great joy on them all, for Bridget O'Grady was a good neighbor, and they all had a regard for her.

That night the boys of the village gathered in to make rejoicing with Coirnin and his mother. When they were all discoursing who should walk in but Paddy Kelly! They were all talking of how Coirnin got his walk, and the activity of his bones.

"Indeed, it's to myself he has a right to be thankful; it's the jolting my buck goat gave him that did the work, and everyone knows that the ride he took gave me back the use of my feet again. Och! my grief that my fine buck died!"

"You lie!" says Coirnin: "it's the herb that cured me. I had a dream three nights after other that the herb would cure me, and my mother can prove it that I was a cripple after coming from Galway till I drank the juice of the herb."

"I'd take my oath that my son is telling the clean truth," says his mother. Then each of the people began mocking Paddy, till he went out.

Everything went well with Coirnin and his mother after that. One night, when his mother and the neighbors went

“Saoilim go bpáirfáir mé é in ran bpoll a raið ré ann,” arí ra Coirinnín “áct béarrfáir mé poinn dé a-baile liom.”

“Ná tabair leat fóir é, áct bíod bpionglóir eile aSao mar bí aSao ceana, aSao, ’na diais rín, tís leat poinn dé do tabairt leat: Ceannais an talaí ro aSao cuir teac ar bun in ran mball ar iugad tú, aSao ní feicfir tú féin ná don duine i n-aon tís leat, lá boct fad do beata: Slán leat anoir—ní feicfir tú mé níor mó.”

Cuir Coirinnín an pota ríor in ran bpoll; aSao créafós or a éionn, aSao táimis ré a-baile:

Arí maroin, dubairt ré le n-a mátair: “Bí bpionglóir eile aSao aréir arí,” 7 an tpeap maroin, dubairt ré léi, “Tá mo bpionglóir ríor anoir san amrair, bí rí aSao aréir go díreac mar bí rí aSao an dá uair eile; rín tpi uaire anóir a céile, aSao tís liom é reó innreac duit nac bfeicfir tú lá boct fad do beata; áct ní tís liom don puo eile do fáo leat o’a taob.”

An oirde rín, cuairt ré cum an pota óir; 7 eus lán rporáin dé a-baile leir; aSao arí maroin eus ré do’n mátair é: “Tá níor mó,” aoiri ré, “in ran áit a otaimis rín ar, aSao geobair mé duit é nuair bérdear ré aS teartál uair, áct ná cuir don éirir oim o’a taob.”

Níor bfaa ’na diais reo; sup ceannais bpióir ní fíadais bó bainne 7 cuir arí feurae í: Cuairt rí féin aSao Coirinnín arí aSao go maí, aSao nuair bí ré píce bliadan o’aoir, ceannais ré sab-áit ar móir talíhan timcioll na h-aitinne, aSao cuir teac bpeas ar bun ar an mball ar iugad é. Seal gearr ’na diais rín fóir ré bean. Bí muirgin móir aise, aSao nuair fuair ré báp le rean-aoir, o’fás ré óir aSao aipioir aS a éionn, aSao ní fácair don duine do éóimais in ran tís rín lá boct auaí:

to sleep, Coirnin went to the furze. His friend the little wizard was there before him, and the pot of gold was ready for him. "Here now is the pot of gold for you, stow it away in any place you like; there's as much in it as will do you throughout your life."

"I think I'll leave it in the hole where it was," says Coirnin, "but I'll bring a share of it home with me."

"Don't take it with you yet, but have another dream like the one you had already, and after that you can take a share with you. Buy this ground and set up a house on the spot where you were born, and neither you yourself nor anyone in the same house with you will ever see a day's poverty during your life. Farewell to you now; you shall see me no more."

Coirnin put the pot down in the hole and clay on the top of it, and came home.

In the morning he said to his mother—"I had another dream last night, but I won't tell it to you till I see if I will have it again three nights after other."

"The second morning he said—"I had the dream again last night;" and the third morning he said to her—"My dream is true now without doubt. I had it last night just as I had it the two other times, that's three times after one another, and I can tell you this—that you won't see a poor day during your life, but I cannot tell you anything else about it."

That night he went to the pot of gold, and brought the full of a purse of it home with him, and in the morning he gave it to his mother. "I have more," says he, "in the place where that came from, and I'll get it for you when you'll be wanting it, but ask no question of me about it."

It was not long after this till Bridget O'Grady bought a milch cow and put her on grass. She herself and Coirnin went on well, and when he was twenty years of age he bought a large holding of land round the furze, and set up a fine house on the spot where he was born. A short time after that he married a wife. He had a large family, and when he died of old age he left gold and silver to his children, and not a person who lived in that house saw a poor day ever.

# bean an fíor Ruair:

Tá riad o'á riad  
 Sur tu páilin rocair i mbrióis;  
 Tá riad o'á riad  
 Sur tu béilin tana na bpós.  
 Tá riad o'á riad  
 A míle shiáó go dtug tu dam cúl;  
 Cíó go bfuil fear le págail  
 'S leir an táilliúr bean an fíor Ruair:

Do tugar naoi mí  
 I bpríorún, ceangailte cruair,  
 Voltair ar mo éolair  
 Agus míle glar ar rúo ruar,  
 Tabairfaimm-re rióe  
 Mar tabairfá eala coir cuain;  
 Le fonn do beir pinte  
 Síor le bean an fíor Ruair.

Saoil mire a ceo-fearc  
 Go mbeir' don tigeir iom mé 'r tu  
 Saoil mé 'nna déirg-rin  
 Go mbreugfá mo leanú ar do glúin;  
 Mallaét Riú Neime  
 Ar an té rin bain díom-ra mo éil;  
 Sin, agus uile go léir  
 Luét bréige cuir iom mé 'r tu.

Tá crann ann ran ngláirín  
 Air a bfarann tuitleabair a'r bláé buide;  
 An uair leasaim mo lám air  
 I r láirín nac mbuireann mo éirde;  
 'S é rólár go bár  
 A'r é o'págail o flaitear anuar  
 Don bóirín amán,  
 A'r é o'págail o bean an fíor Ruair:

Aét go dtis lá an traoisail  
 'Nna reubfear chuic agus cuain;  
 Tiocfáir rmut ar an ngláirín  
 'S beir na neultá com dub leir an ngláir;  
 Beir an fairge tirm  
 A'r tiocfáir na brónta 'r na truaig'  
 'S beir an táilliúr as rseadac  
 An lá rin faoi bean an fíor Ruair:



## THE RED MAN'S WIFE.

[Translated by Douglas Hyde in "Love Songs of Connacht."]

'Tis what they say,  
 Thy little heel fits in a shoe,  
 'Tis what they say,  
 Thy little mouth kisses well, too.  
 'Tis what they say,  
 Thousand loves that you leave me to rue;  
 That the tailor went the way  
 That the wife of the Red man knew.  
 Nine months did I spend  
 In a prison closed tightly and bound;  
 Bolts on my smalls\*  
 And a thousand locks frowning around;  
 But o'er the tide  
 I would leap with the leap of a swan,  
 Could I once set my side  
 By the bride of the Red-haired man.  
 I thought, O my life,  
 That one house between us love would be;  
 And I thought I would find  
 You once coaxing my child on your knee;  
 But now the curse of the High One  
 On him let it be,  
 And on all of the band of the liars  
 Who put silence between you and me.  
 There grows a tree in the garden  
 With blossoms that tremble and shake,  
 I lay my hand on its bark  
 And I feel that my heart must break.  
 On one wish alone  
 My soul through the long months ran,  
 One little kiss  
 From the wife of the Red-haired man.  
 But the day of doom shall come,  
 And hills and harbors be rent;  
 A mist shall fall on the sun  
 From the dark clouds heavily sent;  
 The sea shall be dry,  
 And earth under mourning and ban;  
 Then loud shall he cry  
 For the wife of the Red-haired man.

\* There are three "smalls," the wrists, elbows, and ankles. In Irish romantic literature we often meet mention of men being bound "with the binding of the three smalls."

## RÍOIRE NA SCLEAS.\*

Bí feilméar [no duine-uapal] ann ran t'ar agur ní iarb aise  
 aet don mac aináin. Táinig ré reó [Ríoire na sclear] éise  
 arcead traidhóna oirde, agur d'iarri ré lóirtein do féin agur  
 do'n d'á-r'eus do bí i n-éinfeact leir.

"Suapac liom mar tá ré agam le t'agair," ar ran feilméar;  
 "aet tiúbparó mé duit é agur do d' d'á-r'eus." Fuit ruipéar  
 péiró d'óib com maic d'r bí ré aise, agur nuair bí an ruipéar  
 caite, d'iarri an Ríoire ar an d'á-r'eus ro éirise ruar agur  
 píora gairgídeacta do d'eunam do'n fear ro, as tairbeant na  
 ngníomairca bí aca:

D'éirig an d'á-r'eus agur pinneadar gairgídeacta d'ó, agur  
 ní fáca an duine reo ariam píora gairgídeacta mar iad rin;  
 "mairead," d'oiri an duine-uapal, fear an t'ise, "níor b'earr  
 liom an oiread ro [de f'airb'ear] 'ná d'á mbeirdeó mo mac  
 ionnán pin [do] d'eunam."

"Leis liom-ra é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "go ceann lá agur  
 bliadain, agur beir ré com maic le ceactar de na bliacailib  
 reó atá agam."

"Leisfead," ar ran duine-uapal, "aet go d'tiúbparó tu ar air  
 éugam é i gceann na bliadna."

"O tiúbparó," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar air éugad é."

Fuit b'earrart ar maroin, lá ar na márac, d'óib, nuair bíodar  
 as d'ol as imteact, agur leis an duine-uapal an mac leó, agur  
 d'fan riad amuis lá agur bliadain:

I gceann d' lá agur bliadain táinig riad arir a-baile éise;  
 agur a mac féin i n-éinfeact leó. Bí ré [as] f'aire oppa, agur  
 bí fáilte rompa aise, agur bí oirde maic aca: Nuair bíodar  
 taréir a ruipéir, d'ubairt Ríoire na sclear leir an d'á-r'eus  
 éirise ruar arir agur gairgídeact do d'eunam do'n duine-uapal  
 do bí tabairt an t'ruipéir d'óib. Anoir bí a mac féin ann, f'heirin,  
 agur bí ré i ngar do beir com maic le ceactar aca: "Ní'l ré  
 'na gairgídeac f'or com maic le mo éirí-re fear, aet leis liom-ra  
 é," ar Ríoire na sclear, "ar fear lá agur bliadain eile."

"Leisfead," ar f'eiréan, "aet go d'tiúbparó tu ar air éugam  
 é i gceann an lá agur bliadain." D'ubairt ré go d'tiúbparó.

D'iméig riad leó, an lá ar na márac 'féir bíó ná marone, agur  
 d'fanadar amuis lá agur bliadain eile: Agur i gceann an lá  
 agur bliadain éinnair an duine-uapal an comliadar as teact

\* Tá an p'seul ro focal ar focal go d'ipead mar do f'airéar agur mar do  
 f'airéar ríor é ó beul márcain Ruair bí g'olláimac (f'oroe mbeirle), i  
 gconae na gailithe.

## THE KNIGHT OF THE TRICKS.

Written down word for word by me from the dictation of Martin Rua O Gillarna, or "Forde," near Monivea, Co. Galway (a small farmer, about 50 years old, Irish-speaking only).—DOUGLAS HYDE.

THERE was a farmer [*read* gentleman] in the country, and he had only one son. And this man [the Knight of the Tricks] came in to see him, on the evening of a night, and asked lodgings for himself and the twelve who were along with him.

"I think it miserable how I have it for you," said the gentleman, "but I'll give it to you and to your twelve." Supper was got ready for them, as good as he had it, and when the supper was eaten, the knight asked these twelve to rise up and perform a piece of exercise for this man, showing the deeds [accomplishments] they had.

The twelve rose up and performed feats for him, and this man had never seen any feat like them. "Musha," says the gentleman, the man of the house, "I wouldn't sooner [own] all this much riches, than that my son should be able to do that."

"Leave him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "till the end of a year and a day, and he will be as good as any of these boys that I have."

"I will," says the gentleman, "but [on condition] that you must bring him back to me at the end of the year."

"Oh, I will bring him back to you," said the Knight of the Tricks.

Breakfast was got for them in the morning, of the next day when they were going a-departing, and the gentleman let the son with them, and they remained away a day and a year.

At the end of the day and the year, they came home again to him, and his own son along with them. He was watching for them, and had a welcome for them, and they had a good night. When they were after their supper, the Knight of the Tricks told the twelve to rise up and perform feats for the gentleman who was giving them the supper. Now his own son was there also, and he was near to being as good as any of them.

"He is not yet a champion as good as my men are, but let him with me," said the Knight of the Tricks, "for another day and a year."

"I will," said he, "but that you will bring him back to me at the end of the day and a year." He said he would bring him.

cuige ariú. Tug ré fáilte agus ruipéar doib, le lúcháiríe iad do beir ar ariú ariú agus a mac leó.

Cáiteadair an ruipéar, agus nuair bíodair 'péir a ruipéir, dubhairt ré le n-a cúro fear éiríge ruar agus píora gairgídeacta do deunam do'n duine-uairal do bí tabhairt na gnaomúileact (?) doib. D'éiríge riad ruar, trí rir deus, agus ba é a mac an fear do b'fear de'n méad rin. Ní raib fear ar bí ionnán ceart do baint de aet Ríoripe na gcleap féin.

Deir an duine-uairal, "níl fear ar bí aca ionnán gairgídeact do deunam le mo mac féin."

"Níl, go deimín," ar Ríoripe na gcleap "don fear ionnán a deunam aet mipe; agus má leigean tu dam-ra é lá agus bliadain eile, bíod ré 'na gairgídeact dom maí liom féin."

"Mairead, leigead," ar an duine-uairal, "leigfid mé leat é," a deir ré.

Aniós, níor iarr ré ari, an t-am ro, a tabhairt ar ariú ariú, mar sinne ré na h-amanta eile, agus níor cuir ré ann a gearaib é.

I gceann an lá agus bliadain, bí an duine-uairal ag panamaint agus ag rúil le n-a mac, aet ní táinig an mac ná Ríoripe na gcleap: bí an t-áir, ann rin, faoi imníde móir nae raib an mac ag teact a-baile cuige, agus dubhairt ré: "ré b'é aet de'n doimán a bfuil ré, caiteod mé a fágaíl amac."

D'iméig ré ann rin agus bí ré ag iméact gur éiré ré trí oirde agus trí lá ag rúbal: táinig ann rin arteaé i n-áit a raib áruir bpeáig, agus amuis anagair an doirir móir bí trí rir deus ag bualaó báire ann; agus fear ré ag feucaint ar na trí fearaib deus d'á bualaó, agus bí don fear amáin d'á bualaó le d'á-r-'eug aca. Táinig ré 'ran áit a rabadair arteaé ann a mearf ann rin, agus 'ré a mac féin bí ag bualaó an báire leir an d'á-r-'eug eile.

Cuir ré fáilte roim an áir ann rin: "O! a áir," a deir ré, "níl don fágaíl asat oim. Ní sinne tura," a deir ré, "do gnaa (gnó) ceart; nuair bí tu [ag] deunam maraí leir an níor iarr tu ari; mipe [do] tabhairt ar ariú eugad."

"Ir píor rin," a deir an t-áir

"Aniós," a deir an mac, "ní bfuigfid tu feucaint oim anocht, aet deunam trí colaim deus d'inn agus caiteodair gnaa coirce ar an uplár agus deirfad Ríoripe na gcleap má aicnígeann tu do mac oim rin [= ann a mearf-ran] go bfuigfid tú é. Ní bíod mipe ag íce don gnaí agus bíod na cinn eile ag íce. Bíod mipe dul anonn 'r anall 'r ag bualaó píoca ann ran-gcuir eile



They went away with themselves the next day, after their morning's meal. and they remained away for another day and a year. And at the end of the day and a year the gentleman saw the company coming to him again. He gave them a welcome and a supper, for joy them to be back again and his son with them.

They ate their supper, and when they were after their supper he said to the men to rise up and perform some feats for the gentleman who was showing them this kindness. They rose up, thirteen men, and his son was the best man of all the lot. There was no man at all able to take the right from him [overcome him] but the Knight of the Tricks himself.

Says the gentleman then, "There's not a man of them able to perform feats with my own son."

"There is not indeed one man," says the Knight of the Tricks, "able to do it but me, and if you leave him to me for another day and a year he will be a champion as good as myself."

"Musha, then I will," says the gentleman, "I'll let him with you," says he.

Now this time he did not ask him to take him back, as he had done the other times, and he did not put it in his conditions.

At the end of the day and the year the gentleman was waiting and hoping for his son. but neither the son nor the Knight of the Tricks came. The father was then in great anxiety lest his son was not coming home at all to him, and he said, "whatever place in the world he is in, I must find him out."

He departed then, and he was going until he spent three days and three nights traveling. He then came into a place where there was a fine dwelling, and outside of it, over against the great door, there were thirteen men playing hurley, and he stood looking at the thirteen men playing, and there was a single man hurling against twelve of them. He came in amongst them then, to the place where they were, and it was his own son that was playing against the other twelve.

He welcomed his father then. "Oh, father," says he, "you have no getting of me, you did not do," says he, "your business right: when you were making your bargain with him you did not ask him to bring me back to you."

"That is true," says the father.

"Now," said the son, "you won't get a sight of me to-night, but thirteen pigeons will be made of us, and grains of oats thrown on the floor, and the Knight of the Tricks will say that

de na colamaib: Seobair tu do roshan agus d'éaspair tu leir gur b'é mé d'óspar tu: Sin é an comairte beirim duit, i moct go n-aičneodair tu mire amearg na scolaim eile, agus ma d'ógann tu go ceart, beir mé agad an uair rin."

D'pás an mac é ann rin, agus éainis ré arthead ann pan tead; agus cuir Ríoripe na gceolair fáilte poime. Dubhairt an duine-uapal go dtáinig ré as iarrair a mic nuair nac dtug an Ríoripe ar air leir é i gceann na bliadna: "Níor cuir tu rin ann pan maraó," ar pan Ríoripe; "aé ó éainis tu com fada rin d'a iarrair, cairpíó ré beir agad, má 'r péirip leat a d'ógad amac." Rug ré arthead ann rin é go reompa a raib trí colaim deus ann; agus dubhairt ré leir, a roga colaim do d'ógad amac, agus dá mbuó h-é a mac féin do d'óspar ré go dtuicpar leir a congáil: Bí na colaim uile as piocaó na ngrána coirce de'n uilár, aé don ceann amáin do bí gabail éar agus as bualaó ppuoca ann pan gcuir eile aca. Do d'óg an duine-uapal an ceann rin. "Tá do mac gnótaighe agad," ar pan Ríoripe:

Cait ríad an oróce rin buil (?) a céile, agus d'iméig an duine-uapal agus a mac an lá ar na máraé agus d'pásgadar Ríoripe na gceolair. Nuair bí ríad as dul a-baile ann rin, éainis ríad go baile-móir, agus bí donac ann, agus nuair bíodar dul arthead ann pan donac d'iarr an mac ar a d'air ppeang do ceannac agus do deunam adartair dó. "Deunpar mire rtail díom féin," aoir ré, "agus díolpar tu mé ar an donac ro. Tuicpar Ríoripe na gceolair eusad ar an donac—tá ré do d' leanamaint anoir—agus ceannodair ré mire uait: Nuair beirdear tu 's am' díol, ná tabair an t-adartair uait aé congáig eusad féin é, agus [ir] péirip liom-ra tead ar air eusad—aé an t-adartair do congáil."

Rinn an mac rtail d'é féin ann rin, agus fuair an t-adartair agus cuir ré air é. Tairpang ré fuar ann rin ar an donac é, agus ir gearr do bí ré 'na fearaim ann rin, nuair éainis Ríoripe na gceolair eusad agus d'iarr ré cia méad do beirdear ar an rtail aise. "Trí ceo púnta" oir an duine-uapal. "Tiúbpair mire rin duit," oir Ríoripe na gceolair—tiúbpair ré pur an bí d'ó as rúil go bpuigpar ré an mac ar air. mar bí pior aise go maí gur b'é do bí ann pan rtail. "Tiúbpair mire duit é ar an amsió rin," ar pan duine-uapal, "aé ní tiúbpair mé an t-adartair." "Buó ceart an t-adartair do tabairt," ar pan Ríoripe.

D'iméig an Ríoripe ann rin agus an rtail leir, agus d'iméig an duine-uapal ar a bealaé féin as dul a-baile. aé ní raib ré aé amuig ar an donac 'pan am a dtáinig an mac fuar leir air:

if you recognise your son amongst those, you shall get him. I will not be eating my grain, but the others will be eating. I will be going back and forwards and picking at the rest of the pigeons. You shall get your choice, and you will tell him that it is I you will take. That is the sign I give you now, so that you may know me amongst the other pigeons, and if you choose right you will have me then."

The son left him after that, and he came into the house, and the Knight of the Tricks bade him welcome. The gentleman said that he was come looking for his son, since the Knight did not bring him back with him at the end of the year. "You did not put that in the bargain," said the Knight, "but since you are come so far to look for him you must have him if you can choose him out." He brought him in then to the room where the thirteen pigeons were, and told him to choose out his choice pigeon, and if it was his own son he should choose that he might keep him. The other pigeons were picking grains of oats off the floor, all but one, who was going round and picking at the others. The gentleman chose that one. "You have your son gained," said the Knight.

They spent that night together, and the gentleman and his son departed next day and left the Knight of the Tricks. When they were going home then, they came to a town, and there was a fair in it, and when they were going into the fair the son asked the father to buy a rope and make a halter for him. "I'll make a stallion of myself," said he, "and you will sell me at this fair. The Knight of the Tricks will come up to you on the fair—he is following you now—and he will buy me from you. When you will be selling me don't give away the halter, but keep it for yourself, and I can come back to you—only you to keep the halter."

The son made a stallion of himself then, and the father got the halter and put it on him. He drew him up after that on the fair, and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him, and asked him how much would he be wanting for the stallion. "Three hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," said the Knight of Tricks—he would give him anything at all hoping that he might get the son back, for he knew well that it was he that was in the stallion. "I'll give him to you at that money," said the gentleman, "but I won't give the halter." "It were right to give the halter," said the Knight.

The Knight went away then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman departed on his own road going home, but he

“A ádair,” a deir pé, “tá mé ar págail an tóidí agha, aet tá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’áit amárac asur iadamaoio ar teac ann.”

An lá ar na márac, nuair bíodair as dul ar teac ann ran donac eile, duhairt an mac: “Deunparí mé rtail díom péin asur tiucparí Ríoripe na gcleap arís dom’ ceannac: Tiúbpairí pé aighio ar bí oim a iarrpar tu, aet cuir ann ran margaó nac d’tiúbpairí tura an t-adartar dó.” Tarraingeadair ruar ar an donac ann rin, asur pinne pé rtail d’é péin asur cuir an t-adair adartar air asur ir gearr d’ó bí pé ann, ’na fearam, nuair táinig Ríoripe na gcleap cuise asur d’fiarruiis pé d’é cia méad do beitead ar an rtail aise. “Sé ceud púnta,” ar ran duine-uapal: “Tiúbpairí mire rin duit,” a deir pé. “Aet ní tiúbpairí mé an t-adartar duit.” “Búd ceart an t-adartar tabairt ar teac ran margaó,” ar an Ríoripe, aet ní bfuair pé é.

D’iméig Ríoripe na gcleap ann rin asur an rtail leir, asur d’iméig an duine-uapal ar a bealac as dul a-baile, aet ní raib pé i mbearna a’ coptuim as dul amac ar an donac am [nuair] a dtáinig an mac arís ruar leir:

“Tá go maic, ádair” a deir pé, “tá an uair reo gnótaighe agaim, aet ní l’ fíor agam cheud deunpar an lá-amárac linna tá donac ann a leiteirí reo d’áit amárac asur tarraingamaoio ann.”

Cuadair mar rin ar an donac an lá ar n-a márac, asur pinne an mac rtail d’é péin, asur cuir an t-adair adartar air, asur ir gearr d’ó bí pé ’na fearam ar an donac i n-am táinig Ríoripe na gcleap arís cuise: D’fiarruiis an Ríoripe cia méad do beitead pé as iarrparí ar an rtail bpeas rin d’ó bí aise ann ran adartar: “Naol gceud púnta tá mire as iarrparí air,” ar ran duine-uapal: Níor faoil pé go d’tiúbpairí pé rin d’ó. Aet ní consbóeas aighio ar bí an rtail ó’n Ríoripe. “Tiúbpairí mé rin duit,” a deir pé: Cuir pé a lám ann a póca asur tug pé an naol gceud púnta d’ó; asur ruas pé ar an rtail leir an lám eile, asur d’iméig pé leir com luac rin sur dearmad an duine-uapal é do cup ann ran margaó an t-adartar tabairt ar air d’ó.

D’fan pé as rúil go bfuiltead an mac, aet níor fill pé. Tug pé ruar é ann rin asur duhairt pé nac raib don maic d’ó trupón (?) [beite as rúil] go brát leir, ná le n-a teac ar air arís go brát.

Tug Ríoripe na gcleap ann rin an mac leir, asur bí pé tabairt ’é uile fóirt pionnúr asur d’noc-upáide d’ó, asur ní leigfead pé é ar bop le don duine as ite a beata, aet bí pé ann rin ceangailte, asur an lá leigfead pé na gairgíois eile amac, ní leigfead



was only just out of the fair when the son came up to him again. "Father," says he, "you have got me to-day, but there is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we'll go to it."

The next day when they were going into the other fair, the son said, "I will make a stallion of myself, and the Knight of the Tricks will come again to buy me. He'll give you any money that you may ask for me, but put it in the bargain that you will not give him the halter." They drew up on the fair then, and he made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him: and it was short he was standing there when the Knight of the Tricks came to him and asked him how much he'd be wanting for the stallion. "Six hundred pounds," says the gentleman. "I'll give you that," says he; "but I won't give you the halter," said the gentleman. "It were only right to give the halter into the bargain," said the Knight, but he did not get it.

The Knight of the Tricks departed then, and the stallion with him, and the gentleman went on his way, going home; but he was not as far as the custom-gap, going out of the fair, when the son came up with him again.

"It is well, father," says he, "we have gained this time, but I don't know what will to-morrow do with us. There is a fair in such-and-such a place to-morrow, and we will go down to it."

They went to the fair accordingly next day, and the son made a stallion of himself, and the father put a halter on him, and it was short he was standing on the fair when the Knight of the Tricks came up to him again. The Knight asked how much he would be wanting for that fine stallion that he had there by the halter. "Nine hundred pounds I'm asking for him," says the gentleman. He never thought he would give him that. But no money would keep the stallion from the Knight. "I'll give you that," says he. He put his hand in his pocket and gave him the nine hundred pounds, and with the other hand he seized the stallion and went off with him so quick that the gentleman forgot to put it into his bargain that he should give him back the halter.

He waited, hoping the son would return, but he did not. He gave him up then, and said that there was no good for him to be expecting him for ever, or expecting him to ever come back again.

The Knight of the Tricks then took away the son with him, and was giving him all sorts of punishment and bad usage, and would not let him [sit down] at table with anyone to eat

pé eipean leó: Bí pé real fada mar rin; agus Ríoripe na gcleap as curi d'íoc-mear air agus as tabairt uile dóirte pionnúr dó:

Tuit pé amac gur iméig Ríoripe na gcleap an lá ro ar baile; agus d'fásbair pé eipean ann ran bfuinneóis ip áiríoe 'ran teac; 'n áit nac faib ruo ar bit le fásail aige; agus é ceangailte ann rin, ruar i n-áiríoe: Agus nuair bí 'é uile duine iméigíte ann rin, agus san ar an t-ríad aet é féin agus an cailín, d'iarr pé deó uirge i n-ainm Dé, ar an gcailin: Dubairt an cailín go mbeirdeó faicéior uirri dá b'fásad a máigirtir amac í, go mar-bócaó pé í:

"Ní éloirpíó duine ar bit go deó é," aoir pé, "ná bíod faicéior ar bit oir, ní mire innreócar [= inneópar] dó é." Cug rí ruar an deó uirge éirge ann rin, agus nuair éir pé a éloir-ionn ann ran uirge, as ól an uirge, rinne pé earcon de féin agus éir pé ríor ann ran roiteac: Bí ríotán beas uirge taob amuir de 'n doirp bí [as] rit go n'beacáir pé arteac ann ran abainn, agus éir rí amac ann ran ríotán sac a faib d'fuirgleac 'ran roiteac aici: Bí seirpean as imteac ann rin agus é 'na earcuin ann ran abainn; as carraingt a-baile:

Nuair éir uirge Ríoripe na gcleap a-baile, éir pé ruar go bfeir-pead pé an fear d'fás pé ceangailte, agus ní bfuair pé é ríome ann. D'fíarrpúis pé de 'n cailín ar airis rí é as imteac: Dubairt an cailín náir airis; aet go ríor rí féin b'raon uirge ruar éirge:

"Agus cá 'r éir tu an fuirgleac do bí asat?" aoir pé:

"Éir mé 'ran ríotán amac é," ar rípe.

"Tá pé iméigíte 'na earcuin ann ran abainn," aoir pé, "gleur-aigíó ruar," aoir pé; leir an dá-'r-'eug gairirdeac, "go leanfamaoio é:"

Rinneadar dá m'adair deug uirge díob féin agus leanadar ann ran abainn é; agus nuair bíodar as teac ruar leir ann ran abainn d'éirp pé 'na eun ar an abainn ann ran aéir:

Nuair fuair ríad rin amac gur iméig pé ar an abainn, rinneadar dá feabac deug díob féin agus d'iméigeadar anoiris an éin—uiréis do rinne pé de féin—agus bíodar as teac ruar leir:

Nuair fuair pé iad as teannaó leir, agus nac faib pé ionnánnt out uata, bí faicéior móir air: Bí bean as cácaó amuir ar páirce báin: Cuirp pé 'nuar ar an aéir, ó beir 'na eun; i ngar do'n coirce, agus rinne pé gána coirce de féin.

Cuirp ríad féin 'na díais agus rinneadar dá éaric-ríancac

his food, but he was there tied, and the day he would let the other champions out he would not let him out with them. He was like this for a long time and the Knight of the Tricks putting dishonor on him, and giving him every kind of punishment.

It fell out that on this day [of which we are going to tell] the Knight of the Tricks went from home, and left him at the window that was highest in the house, where he had nothing at all to get, and him tied there, up on high. And then when everybody was gone away and nobody left on the street (*i.e.*, about the place) but himself and a servant-girl, he asked the girl, in the name of God, for a drink of water. The girl said that if her master were to find it out he would kill her.

"Nobody shall ever hear it," says he: "don't be a bit afraid, it's not I who'll tell him." She brought up the drink of water to him then, and when he put his head into the water, drinking the water, he made an eel of himself, and he went down into the vessel. There was a little streamlet of water beside the door, that was running until it went into the river, and she cast out into the little stream all the remains that she had in the vessel. He kept going, then, and he an eel, in the river, drawing towards home.

When the Knight of the Tricks came home, he went up to see the man he had left bound, and he did not find him there before him. He asked the girl if she felt [perceived] him going, or if she perceived anything that gave him leave to go. The girl said that she perceived nothing, but that she herself brought a drop of water up to him.

"And where did you put the leavings that you had?" says he.

"I threw it out into the little stream," says she.

"He's gone as an eel into the river," says he. "Prepare yourselves," says he to the twelve champions, "till we follow him."

They made twelve water-dogs of themselves, and they followed him in the river, and when they were coming up with him in the river, he rose up as a bird, out of the river into the air.

When they found this out, that he had gone out of the river, they made twelve hawks of themselves, and pursued after the bird—it was a lark he made of himself—and they were coming up to him.

When he found them closing on him, and that he was not able to escape from them, there was great terror on him.

deus díob fém, [agus bí an Ríoripe 'na coileac-francaic]: Tóraig-eadaib ag ite an coirce ann rin agus faoil riad é beit itte aca, aet ní faib: Bí riad ag ite an coirce go faib riad i ngar do beit pátaic:

Nuair mear peircean go faib a páit itte aca, agus nac rabadaib ionnán mórán eile do deunam, o'éirig ré ruar agus rinne ré rionnac de fém, agus bain ré an cloigíonn de'n dá francaic deus agus de'n coileac:

Bí cead aige dul a-baile o'á acaib ann rin nuair bíodab uile marb aige. Agus rin deirpe Ríoripe na gcleap: '.



There was a woman winnowing [oats] out in a bare field. He descended out of the air from being a bird, near to the oats, and he made a grain of oats of himself.

They themselves descended after him, and made twelve turkeys of themselves, and the Knight was the turkey cock. They began eating the oats, and they thought that they had him eaten, but they had not. They were eating the oats until they were near to being satiated.

When he considered that they had enough eaten and that they were not able to do much more, he rose up and made a fox of himself, and took the heads off the twelve turkeys and turkey cock.

He had leave to go home to his father then, when he had them all killed And that is the end of the Knight of Tricks

mo bhrón air an bfairrge.

Mo bhrón air an bfairrge  
 Ir é tá mór,  
 Ir é sabbail roir mé  
 'S mo míle rctor.

O'fágað 'ran mbaile mé  
 Deunam bhrón,  
 San don trúil tap ráile liom  
 Coróce ná go deó.

Mo léun nac bfuil mipe  
 'Sur mo múirín bán  
 I g-cúige laigean  
 No i g-conradé an Chláir.

Mo bhrón nac bfuil mipe  
 'Sur mo míle spád  
 Air boird loingse  
 Truall go 'meicé.

Leaburó luadra  
 Úi fúm aréir,  
 Agus caic mé amac é  
 Le tear an laé.

Táinig mo spád-ra  
 Le mo taeb  
 Suala air sualain  
 Agus beul ar beul.

## MY GRIEF ON THE SEA.\*

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

My grief on the sea,  
 How the waves of it roll!  
 For they heave between me  
 And the love of my soul!

Abandoned, forsaken,  
 To grief and to care,  
 Will the sea ever waken  
 Relief from despair?

My grief and my trouble!  
 Would he and I were  
 In the province of Leinster  
 Or county of Clare.

Were I and my darling—  
 Oh, heart-bitter wound!—  
 On board of the ship  
 For America bound.

On a green bed of rushes  
 All last night I lay,  
 And I flung it abroad  
 With the heat of the day.

And my love came behind me—  
 He came from the South;  
 His breast to my bosom.  
 His mouth to my mouth.

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\* *Literally*: My grief on the sea, It is it that is big. It is it that is going between me And my thousand treasures. I was left at home Making grief, Without any hope of (going) over sea with me, For ever and aye. My grief that I am not, And my white moorneen, In the province of Leinster Or County of Clare. My sorrow I am not, And my thousand loves On board of a ship Voyaging to America. A bed of rushes Was under me last night And I threw it out With the heat of the day. My love came To my side, Shoulder to shoulder And mouth on mouth. ["Love Songs of Connacht."]

## AN BUACAILL DO BÍ A BFAO AN A MÁTAR.\*

A bfao ó foir bí lánamain póirta dar b' ainm páorais agus Nuata ní Ciapacáin: Bideadar bliadain agus ríde póirta san don élaan do beir aca; agus bí brón mór orra; mar nac paid don oirde aca le na geir paidbair d' fásbáil aige: bí dá acra talman, bó, agus péire gabar aca, agus bí tuairim aca so gabadar paidbair.

Don oirde amáin, bí páorais teacé a-baile o teacé tuine muinntirís, agus nuair táinig ré com fada leir an poitís maolt; táinig rean tuine liat amac agus dubairt: "So mbeannaisíó Dia duit." "So mbeannaisíó Dia 'sur Muire duit," ar páorais. "Cad atá as cup brón ort?" ar ran rean tuine. "Níl morán so deimhin," ar páorais, "ní beiré mé a bfao beó, agus ní'l mac 'ná ingean le caoinead mo diais nuair geobar mé bár." "b' éirir nac mbeirdeá mar rin," ar ran rean-tuine. "Parapar! beirdead," ar páorais, "táim bliadain agus ríde póirta, agus ní'l don coramlacé fór." "Slac m'focal-ra so mbeiré mac ós as do mnaoi, trí páite ó'n oirde anoét." Cuair páorais a-baile; lútáirdeac so leór, agus d'innir an rgeul do Nuata. "Ara! ní paid ann ran trean tuine acé sogaille, a bí as deunam mag-aíó ort," ar Nuata. "Ír maít an rgeuluir an ainirir," ar páorais:

Bí so maít agus ní paid so h-olc; real má (pul) nveacáir leir-bliadain éar, connairc páorais so paid Nuata dul oirde do tabairt dó, agus bí brón mór air: Coruis ré as cup na feilme i n-orougad, agus as fásbáil sac nio péir le h-áiré an oirde óis: An lá táinig tinnear cloinne ar Nuata, bí páorais as cup eirinn óis a látarí doirir an tige: Nuair táinig an rgeul cuige so paid mac ós as Nuata, bí an oirde rin lútáirde air sur duit ré marb le tinnear eiride:

Bí brón mór air Nuata, agus dubairt rí leir an naoirdeanán:

"Ní coirgeiré mé tu óm' éic so mbeiré tu ionánn an eirann do bí d' áirir as cup nuair fuair ré bár do éarrais ar na fréamab:"

Soirdead páirín ar an naoirdeanán, agus eus an mátarí eicé dó so paid ré reacé mbliadna d'áir: Ann rin eus rí amac é le feucamc an paid ré ionánn an eirann do éarrais, acé ní paid: Níor euir rin don oroc-meirneac ar an mátarí, eus rí arteac é;

\* O fear dar b'ainm bláca, i n-aice le baile-an-íóba, gCondae mhuis-eó.



## THE BOY WHO WAS LONG ON HIS MOTHER.

(Translated by Douglas Hyde.)

THERE was long ago a married couple of the name of Patrick and Nuala O'Keerahan. They were a year and twenty married, without having any children, and there was great grief on them because they had no heir to leave their share of riches to. They had two acres of land, a cow, and a pair of goats, and they supposed that they were rich.

One night Patrick was coming home from a friend's house, and when he was come as far as the ruined churchyard, there came out a gray old man and said, "God save you."

"God and Mary save you," says Patrick.

"- What's putting grief on you?" says the old man.

"There isn't much indeed putting grief on me," says Patrick, "but I won't be long alive, and I have neither son nor daughter to keen after me when I find death."

"Perhaps you won't be so," says the old man.

"Alas! I will," says Patrick, "I'm a year and twenty married, and there's no sign yet."

"Take my word that your wife will have a young son three-quarters of a year from this very night."

Patrick went home, joyous enough, and told the story to Nuala.

"Arrah, there was nothing in the old man but a dotard who was making a mock of you," says Nuala.

"Well, 'time is a good story-teller,'" said Patrick.

It was well, and it was not ill. Before half a year went by Patrick saw that Nuala was going to give him an heir, and there was great pride on him. He began putting the farm in order and leaving everything ready for the young heir. The day that sickness came on Nuala, Patrick was planting a young tree before the door of the house. When the news came to him that Nuala had a young son, there was that much joy on him that he fell dead with heart-disease.

There was great grief on Nuala, and she said to the infant, "I will not wean you from my breast until you will be able to pull up out of the roots the tree that your father was planting when he died."

The infant was called Paudyeen, or little Pat, and the mother nursed him at her breast until he was seven years old. Then she brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not. That put no discouragement on the mother; she brought him in, and nursed him for seven years

asur tug cíoð fearc mbliaðna eile d'ó, asur ní raib don buacail ann ran tír ionánn fearc ruar leir i n-obair:

faoi ceann deirid na ceit're bliaðna deus tug a mátair amac é, le feuchaint an raib ré ionánn an crann do earraing, aet ní raib, mar bí an crann i n-éirí máit, asur as fáir go móir: Níor cuir rin don b'poc-mirneac ar an mátair:

Tug sí cíoð fearc mbliaðna eile d'ó, asur faoi ceann deirid an ama rin, bí ré com móir asur com láidir le fáca:

Tug an mátair amac é asur tuidair: "Mur (muna) b'fuit tu ionánn an crann rin to earraing anoir, ní tiúbair mé don b'raon eile cice duit." Cuir páirín rmuairle ar a lámair, asur fuair speim ar bun an crainn: An ceud-iarrair do tug ré, érait ré an talam fearc b'éirre ar gac taoib d'é, asur leir an dara iarrair d'ós ré an crann ar na f'éairair, asur timcioll fice tonna de é'páirís leir: "Gáid mo é'páirís tu," ar ran mátair, "ir ríú cice b'liadair asur fice tu." "A mátair," ar páirín, "d'oirp'is tu go cruair le biað asur deoc do tabairt dam-ra ó ruar mé, asur tá ré i n-am dam anoir ruo éisín do deunam duit-re, ann do fear-laetib: Ir é reo an ceud-crann do earraing mé asur deunair mé maide láime dam féin d'é." Ann rin fuair ré ráb asur tuas, asur gearr an crann, as fásbail timcioll fice trois de 'n bun, asur bí enar air, com móir le túr de na túraib cuinne do bídeat i n-éirinn an t-am rin: Bí or cionn tonna meadacain ann ran maide láime nuair bí ré gleurta as páirín.

Ar maoin, lá ar na márac, fuair páirín speim ar a maide, d'fás a beannaet as a mátair, asur d'iméis as córuigeac reir-bire. Bí ré as ríubal go d'áinís ré go cairleán nís laigean. D'farrp'is an nís d'é cao do bí ré 'iarrair: "As iarrair oirre, má ré do toil," ar páirín: "B'fuit don deirid asat?" ar ran nís. "Ní'l," ar páirín, "aet tís liom obair ar bit d'adeunair fearr ariam deunam." "Deunair mé marasat leat," ar ran nís, "má tís leat h-uile n'ó a oirp'car mire duit a deunam ar fearc ré mí, beunair mé do meadacain féin d'ór duit, asur m'ingean mar m'naoi-pórt, aet muna d'is leat gac n'ó do deunam, caillp'is tu do ceann." "Táim fáirta leir an marasat rin," ar páirín: "Téid ardeac 'ran r'gioból, asur bí as buairt coirce do na ba (buaib) go mbéid do ceud-pronn réir."

Cuair páirín ardeac, asur fuair an ríurte, aet ní raib an ríurcín aet mar é'páirín i lám páirís, asur tuidair ré leir féin," ir fearr mo maide-lám' 'nā an gleur rin." Córuis ré as buairt leir an maide-lám' asur níor b'fao go raib an méad

more, and there was not a lad in the country who was able to keep up with him in his work.

At the end of fourteen years his mother brought him out to see was he able to pull up the tree, but he was not, for the tree was in good soil, and growing greatly. That put no discouragement on the mother.

She nursed him for seven more years, and at the end of that time he was as large and as strong as a giant.

His mother brought him out then and said, "Unless you are able to pull up that tree now, I will never nurse you again."

Paudyeen spat on his hands, and got a hold of the bottom of the tree, and the first effort he made he shook the ground for seven perches on each side of it, and at the second effort he lifted the tree from the roots, and about twenty ton of clay along with it.

"The love of my heart you are," said the mother, "you're worth nursing for one and twenty years."

"Mother," says Paudyeen, "you worked hard to give me food and drink since I was born, and it is time now for me to do something for you in your old days. This is the first tree I ever pulled up, and I'll make myself a hand-stick of it. Then he got a saw and axe, and cut the tree, leaving about twenty feet of the bottom, and there was a knob on it as big as a round tower of the round towers that used to be in Erin at that time. There was above a ton weight in the hand-stick when Paudyeen had it dressed.

On the morning of the next day, Paudyeen caught a hold of his stick, left his blessing with his mother, and went away in search of service. He was traveling till he came to the castle of the King of Leinster. The king asked him what he was looking for. "Looking for work, if you please," says Paudyeen.

"Have you e'er a trade?" says the king.

"No," says Paudyeen, "but I can do any work in life that ever man did."

"I'll make a bargain with you," says the king; "if you can do everything that I'll order you to do during six months, I'll give you your own weight in gold, and my daughter as your married wife; but if you are not able to do each thing you shall lose your head."

"I'm satisfied with that bargain," says Paudyeen.

"Go into the barn, and be threshing oats for the cows till your breakfast is ready."

Paudyeen went in and got the flail, and the *flaileen* was

do bí ann ran ríobóil buailte aige: Ann rin éuaíó ré amac ann ran ngaróda agus coruig as bualaó na rtaó coirce agus cruicneaceta, gur éuir ré cíteanna gráin ar fead na tíre: Táinig an níg amac agus dubairt, “Coirg do lám, adeim, no ríuorfaíó tu mé: Téir agus beir cúpla buiceuo uirge cum na rearb-fósganta ar an loó úo ríor, agus béir an leite fuar go leór nuair éiucair tu ar air.” O’feuc páirín éart, agus éonnaic ré dá báirille móir folam, le coir balla: Fuair ré gneim oipa, ceann aca ann gac lám, éuaíó cum an loó; agus éus iao líonta go cúl doirair an éairleáin: Bí iongantar ar an níg nuair éonnaic ré páorais as teacé, agus dubairt ré leir: “Téir arteaé, tá an leite réiró duit.” Éuaíó páirín arteaé, agus éuaíó an níg cum Dail glic do bí aige, agus o’innir ré dó an margaó do minne ré le páirín, agus o’fiarraig ré dé, éreuo do buó cóir do éabairt le deunam do páirín: “Abair leir dul ríor agus an loó do éaómad, agus é do beir deunta aige, real má o’éiró an grian faoi, an traéóna ro.”

Śair an níg ar páirín agus dubairt leir: “Éaóim an loó rin ríor agus bíó ré deunta aśaó real má o’éiró an grian faoi an traéóna ro.” “Maíó go leór,” ar páirín, “acé cia an áit a éuirfeair mé an t-uirge?” “Éuir ann ran ngleann móir acá i ngar do’n loó é,” ar ran níg: Ní raib íoir an gleann agus an loó acé ríonra, agus bíóeao na daoine as deunam bótair-coire dé. Fuair páirín buiceuo, picóro agus láirde, agus éuaíó cum an loó: Bí bun an gleanna coiríom le bun an loó. Éuaíó páirín arteaé ’ran ngleann agus minne poll arteaé go bun an loó. Ann rin éuir ré a beul ar an úpoll, éarraing anál faóda, agus níor fás ré úraon uirge, iarś, ná báó, ann ran loó, nár éarraing ré amac leir an anál rin, agus nár éuir ré arteaé ’ra’ ngleann: Ann rin óún ré ruar an poll:

Nuair o’feuc an níg ríor, éonnaic ré an loó com tíim le boir do láime, agus níor éfaó go o’éáinig páirín éuige agus dubairt: “Tá an obair rin éríóénuigé, eao deunpar mé duit anoir?” “Ní’l don ruo eile le deunam aśaó anoir, acé béir neart aśaó le deunam amárac.” An oirde rin, éuir an níg ríor ar ar nDail glic, agus o’innir dó an éaoi ar éaóim páirín an loó, agus nac raib ríor aige éreuo do ééarfaó ré dó le deunam: “Tá ríor aśam-ra an nio nac mbéiró ré ionánn a deunam, ar maroin amárac, tabair ríuíbinn dó cum do éearbárac i nŚailim, abair leir dá fíeio tonna cruicneaceta do éabairt éuao, agus a beir ar air ann ró faoi éeann ceirre uaire ar fíeio. Tabair an trean-láir agus a cáirt dó, agus tíg leat beir cinnte nac o’iucparó ré ar air.” Ar maroin, lá ar na márac, Śair an níg



only like a *traneen* in Paudyeen's hand, and he said to himself, "My hand-stick is better than that contrivance." He began threshing with the hand-stick, and it was not long till he had all that was in the barn threshed. Then he went out into the garden and began threshing the stacks of oats and wheat, so that he sent showers of grain throughout the country.

The king came out and said, "Hold your hand, or you'll destroy me. Go and bring a couple of buckets of water to the servants out of that loch down there, and the stirabout will be sufficiently cool when you come back."

Paudyeen looked round, and he saw two great empty barrels beside the wall. He caught hold of them, one in each hand, went to the lake, and brought them filled to the back of the castle door. There was wonder on the king when he saw Paudyeen arriving, and he said to him, "Go in, the stirabout's ready for you."

Paudyeen went in, but the king went to a Dall Glic, or cunning blind man that he had, and told him the bargain that he made with Paudyeen, and asked him what he ought to give Paudyeen to do.

"Tell him to go down and teem [bail out] that lake, and him to have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

The king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Teem that lake down there, and let you have it done before the sun goes under this evening."

"Very well," says Paudyeen, "but where shall I put the water."

"Put it into the great glen that is near the lake," says the king.

There was nothing but a sounce [ditch-bank] between the glen and the lake, and the people used to make a foot-road of it.

Paudyeen got a bucket, a pickaxe, and a loy [narrow spade], and he went to the lake. The bottom of the glen was even with the bottom of the lake. Paudyeen went into the glen and made a hole in the bottom of the lake. Then he put his mouth to the hole, drew a long breath, and never left boat, fish, or drop of water in the lake that he did not draw out through his body, and cast into the glen. Then he closed up the hole.

When the king looked down he saw the lake as dry as the palm of your hand, and it was not long till Paudyeen came to him and said, "That work is finished, what shall I do now?"

"You have nothing else to do to-day, but you shall have plenty to do to-morrow."

páirín, agus tug an rghibinn dó, agus dubhairt leir, “fás an láir agus an cáirt agus céir go Sallim: Tabair an rghibinn seo dom’ dearbhrátair, agus abair leir dá fícríonna tonna cruinneachta do tabhairt duit, agus bí ar air ann go faoi ceann ceithre uaire ar fícrí.”

Fuair páirín an láir agus an cáirt, agus cuairt ar an mbótar: ní raib an láir ionánn níor mó ná ceithre míle ran uair do fícrí: Ceangail páirín an láir ar an gcairt, cuir ar a shalain é, agus ar go bráit leir, tar cnocai agus gleanncaib, go n'oeaíar ré go Sallim. Tug ré an lictir do dearbhrátair an níg, fuair an cruinneacht agus cuir ar an gcairt é. Nuair cuir ré an láir faoi an gcairt, rinnead dá leir d’á d’uim: Cuir páirín an cruinneacht ann ran rghiból: Nuair cuairt muinntir an cáirtleáin ‘na scoola, cuairt páirín cum an cuairt, agus níor fás ré rlabra ar an loingear náir tug ré leir: Ann rin nómair ré faoi an rghiból, ceangail na rlabraí timéirle air, agus ar go bráit leir, agus an rghiból agus gac a raib ann ar a d’uim: Cuairt ré tar cnocai agus gleanncaib, agus níor rtor gur fás ré an rghiból i látair cáirtleáin an níg: Bí lacháin, ceapca, agus géir-eaca ann ran rghiból: Ar maróin go moé, d’feud an níg amad ar a feomra agus creud d’feicfead ré aet rghiból a dearbhrátair.

“m’ anam ó’n diabhal,” ar ran níg “ré rin an fear ir iongantaisge ‘ran domán.” Táinig ré anuar agus fuair páirín le na maide ann a láim, ‘na fearam le coir an rghiból:

“An dtug tu an cruinneacht eugam?” ar ran níg:

“Tugar,” ar páirín, “aet tá an trean-láir marb.” Ann rin d’innir ré do’n níg gac ní d’á n’earnaíar ré ó d’iméir ré go dtáinig ré ar air:

Ní raib fíor as an níg creud do deunrad ré, agus d’iméir ré cum an Dail Shic, agus dubhairt leir, “mur (muna) n-innirgeann tu dam ní na mbéir an fear rin ionnán a deunam, bainprí mé an ceann díot.”

Smuain an Dail Shic tamall agus dubhairt, “abair leir go bfuil do dearbhrátair i n-irpionn, agus go mbuó maí leat amarc do beir asad air, agus abair leir é do tabhairt eugad, go mbéir amarc asad air; nuair a geobar ríad in n-irpionn é, ní leirfí ríad do teacht ar air.”

Šáir an níg páirín agus dubhairt leir, “tá dearbhrátair dam i n-irpionn agus tabair eugam é, go mbéir amarc asad air.” “Cia an éad aicneóad mé do dearbhrátair ó na daoimib eile atá ‘ran áit rin?” ar páirín:

That night the king sent for the Dall Glic, and told him the way that Paudyeen feemed out the lake, and [said] that he did not know what to give him to do.

"I know the thing that he won't be able to do. To-morrow morning give him a writing to your brother in Galway, and tell him to bring you forty tons of wheat, and to be back here in twenty-four hours. Give him the old mare and the cart, and you may be sure he won't come back."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen and gave him the writing and said to him, "Get the mare and the cart, and go to Galway. Give the writing to my brother, and tell him to give you twenty tons of wheat, and be back here in twenty-four hours."

Paudyeen got the mare and the cart, and went on the road. The mare was not able to travel more than four miles in the hour. Paudyeen tied the mare to the cart, put it on his shoulder, and off and away with him over hills and hollows, till he came to Galway. He gave the letter to the king's brother, got the wheat, and put it on the cart. When he put the mare under the cart, there were two halves made of its back [the load was so heavy]. Then Paudyeen put the wheat back into the barn. When the people of the castle went to sleep, Paudyeen went to the harbor, and he never left a chain on the shipping that he did not take with him. Then he dug under the barn [slipped the chains under] and tied them round it, and off and away with him, and the barn with all that was in it on his back. He went over hills and glens, and never stopped till he left the barn in front of the king's castle. There were ducks, hens, and geese in the barn. Early in the morning the king looked out of his room, and what should he see but his brother's barn.

"My soul from the devil," said the king, "but that's the most wonderful man in the world." He came down and found Paudyeen with his stick in his hand standing beside the barn.

"Did you bring me the wheat?" says the king.

"I brought it," says Paudyeen, "but the old mare is dead." Then he told the king everything he had done from the time he went away till he came back.

The king did not know what he should do, and he went to the Dall Glic, and said to him, "Unless you tell me a thing which that man will not be able to do, I will strike the head off you."

The Dall Glic thought for a while and said, "Tell him that your brother is in hell, and that you would like to have a sight of him; and to bring him to you, until you have a

“Tá fiacail fada i gceart-lár a cáirbaid uachtaraí,” ar ran nís:

Cuir páirín rmuzaíle ar a máire, buail an bótar, agus níor b'as go dtáinig ré go geata ínninn: Buail ré buille ar an ngeata do cuir arteac amearg na n-iaibál é, agus fiúbail ré féin arteac 'na diais. Nuair connairc Deiribúib é as teact, táinig faicéor air, agus o'riarruig ré de creud do bí a' teactál uair:

“Dearbhrádaí nís laigean atá a' teactál uaim,” ar páirín:

“Píoc amac é,” ar Deiribúib:

O'feuc páirín eart; a'c fuair ré níor mó ná d'á fícto fear a n-iaib fiacail fada i gceart-lár a gceirbaid uachtaraí aca:

“Ar faicéor nac mbeirdeas an fear ceart a'gam,” ar páirín; “tiománpaid mé an tiomlán aca liom, agus tís leir an nís a dearbhrádaí píocad arta.”

Tiomáin ré d'á fícto aca amac noime, agus níor r'op go dtáinig ré i látaí cáirleáin an nís: Ann rin gáir ré ar an nís agus dubairt leir, “píoc amac do dearbhrádaí ar na rín (fearaib) reo.”

Nuair o'feuc an nís agus connairc ré na diaibál le h-atharcaib oíra, bí faicéor air, r'gneas ré ar páirín agus dubairt, “tabair ar air iad.”

O'oruig páirín 'gá mbualad le na máire, gur cuir ré ar air go h-ínninn iad:

Cuair an nís cum an Dail glic, agus o'innir d'ó an nio do rinne páirín, agus dubairt leir, “ní tís leat innirint dam don nio nac b'uil ré ionánn a deunam, agus cailirí tu do ceann ar maidin amárac.”

“Tabair iarraid eile dam,” ar ran Dail Glic, “agus ní b'eo an Connactac a b'as beo: Ar maidin amárac, abair leir, an tobair atá i látaí an cáirleáin do taob-mad; bíod rín réir a'as, agus nuair a geobar tu ríor ann ran tobair é, abair leir na rín (fearaib), an éloc muilinn atá le coir an balla do cáiteam ríor 'na muillac, agus marbócaí rín é.”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, gáir an nís páirín agus dubairt leir: “téir agus taobm an tobair rín tá i látaí an cáirleáin, agus nuair a b'írear ré deunta a'as, beirpáid mé naca nuad duit, ir fuairac an cáibín é rín atá oir.”

Bí na rín réir a'as an nís le páirín boet do marbad, d'á b'euofad ríad é:

Cuair páirín go b'ruac an tobair, luir ríor air a beul faois



look at him. But when they get him in hell, they won't let him come back."

The king called Paudyeen and said to him, "I have a brother in hell, and bring him to me until I have a look at him."

"How shall I know your brother from the other people that are in that place?" said Paudyeen.

"He had a long tooth in the very middle of his upper gum," says the king.

Paudyeen spat on his stick, struck the road, and it was not long till he came to the gate of hell. He struck a blow upon the gate which drove it in amongst the devils, and he himself walked in after it. When Belzibub saw him coming there came a fear on him, and he asked him what he was wanting.

"A brother of the King of Leinster is what I am wanting," says he.

"Well, pick him out," says Belzibub.

Paudyeen looked round him, but he found more than forty men who had a long tooth in the very middle of their upper gums.

"For fear I shouldn't have the right man," said Paudyeen, "I'll drive the whole lot of them with me, and the king can pick his brother out from among them."

He drove forty of them out before him, and never stopped till he came to the king's castle. Then he called the king and said to him, "Pick out your brother from these men."

When the king looked and saw the devils with horns on them, there was fear on him. He screamed to Paudyeen, and said, "Bring them back."

Paudyeen began beating them with his stick, till he sent them back to hell.

The king went to the Dall Glic and told him the thing Paudyeen did, and said to him, "You cannot tell me anything that he is not able to do, and you shall lose your head to-morrow morning."

"Give me another trial," says the Dall Glic, "and the Connachtman won't be long alive. Tell him to-morrow morning to teem the well that is before the castle. Let you have men ready, and when you get him down in the well, tell the men to throw down the millstone that is beside the wall on top of him, and that will kill him."

On the morning of the next day the king called Paudyeen, and said to him, "Go and teem that well in front of the castle, and as soon as you have that done I'll give you a new hat; that's a miserable old caubeen that's on you."

agus coruis as tarrainis an uirge arteaó ann a beul; agus dá r'gáirtaó amad uairt arís go raib an tobair ionnann agus tirm aige; bí roinn beas i mbun an tobair naé raib taoimta; agus éuaib páorais ríor le na tirmiuáth. Táimis na rir leir an gclóic móir mhuilinn agus éiteadair ríor ar mullaó páirín é. Bí an poll do bí i lár na cloice go díreacó com móir le ceann páirín, agus faoil ré gur b' é an hata nuad do éait an ríis ríor éirge, agus glaoó ré ruar: "táim buirdeac díot, a máigirtir, ar ron an hata nuad." Ann rin táimis ré ruar leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann: Bí bróó móir aige ar an hata nuad: Bí iongantair ar an ríis agus ar h-uile duine eile, nuair éannaire ríad páirín leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann:

Bí ríor as an ríis naé raib don maic dó don nío eile do tabairt do páirín le deunam, agus dubairt ré leir, "ir tu an fearb-fóganra ir fearir do bí asam amam; ní'l don nío eile asam duit le deunam, agus tar liom-ra, go dtugair mé do éuarparat duit: Ní'l m' ingean rean go leóir le pórad, acé nuair a beirdear rí bliadain agus ríce d'aoir, tis leat í do beir asad."

"Ní'l d'ingean a' teartál uaim," ar páirín:

Tus an ríis é cum an éirte, an áit a raib go leóir óir, agus dubairt leir: "bain díot do hata nuad, agus téir arteaó 'ra' r'gála."

"Go deimin, ní bainrío mé mo hata díom, b'ionn tura orm é," ar páirín, "beirdeac ré com maic duit mo b'irte do bainc díom."

Ní raib an oiréad óir agus a meadóóad hata páirín, acé focruis an ríis leir as tabairt dó dá mála óir: Cuir páirín ceann aca faoi gac arcall, ruair gheim air a máide, an hata nuad ar a ceann, agus ar go brát leir, tar cnocaib agus gleanntaib, go dtáimis ré a-baile.

Nuair éannaire daoine an baile páirín as teacé leir an gclóic mhuilinn ar a ceann, bí iongantair móir oppa; acé nuair éannaire an mátaí an dá mála óir, buó beas náir éuit rí marb le lúe-gáine: Coruis páirín, agus cuir ré teacé b'ead ar bun dó féin, agus d'á mátaí: Rinne ré ceirpe leit (leatanna) de 'n hata nuad, agus pinne cloca cúinne díob do 'n teacé: Congruis ré a mátaí mar mnaoi uarail go b'ruair rí bár le rean-aoir; agus éait ré féin beata maic i ngráó Dé agus na g-comárran:

The king had the men ready to kill poor Paudyeen if they were able.

Paudyeen came to the brink of the well, and lay down with his mouth under, and began drawing the water into his mouth and spouting it out behind him until he had the well all as one as dry. There was a little quantity of water on the bottom of the well that was not teemed, and Paudyeen went down to dry it. The men came then with the great millstone, and threw it down on the top of Paudyeen. The hole that was in the middle of the stone was just as big as Paudyeen's head, and he thought it was the new hat the king had thrown down to him, and called up and said, "I'm thankful to you, master, for the new hat." Then he came up with the millstone on his head. He had great pride out of the new hat. There was wonder on the king and on every one else when they saw the millstone on his head.

The king knew that it was no use for him to give Paudyeen anything else to do, so he said to him, "You're the best servant that ever I had. I've nothing else for you to do, but come with me till I give you your wages. My daughter is not old enough to marry, but when she is one and twenty years of age you can have her."

"I do not want your daughter," said Paudyeen.

The king brought him then to the treasury, where there was plenty of gold, and said, "Take off your new hat and get into the scales."

"Indeed I won't take off my new hat; you gave it to me," said Paudyeen; "you might as well take off my breeches."

There was not as much gold as would weigh Paudyeen's hat, but the king settled with him by giving him two bags of gold. Paudyeen put one of them under each oxter [arm-pit], got hold of his stick—his new hat on his head—and off and away with him over hills and hollows till he came home.

When the people of the village saw Paudyeen coming with the millstone on his head, there was great wonder on them; but when the mother saw the two bags of gold, it was little but she fell dead with joy.

Paudyeen began working, and set up a fine house for himself and his mother. He made four parts of the new hat, and made corner-stones of them for the house. He kept his mother like a lady, until she died of old age; and he spent a good life himself, in the love of God and of the neighbors.

## mála néirín:

Dá mbéirínn-re aip mála néirín  
 'S mo ceud-ghrád le mo daoib;  
 I r lágac coirdeólamaoir i n-éinfeadú  
 Mar an t-éinín aip an g-craoib;  
 'Sé do béilín binn bhuatrac  
 Do meudais aip mo pian,  
 Agus corlaó ciúin ní feudaim;  
 So n-éusfad, faraoir!

Dá mbéirínn-re aip na cuantaib  
 Mar buó dual dam, geobainn rópórt;  
 Mo cáirde uile faoi buairbreas  
 Agus spuaim oppa gac ló;  
 Fíor-ríad na nspuasgac  
 Fuair buair a' r clú annr gac gleó,  
 'S gur b'é mo éiríde-rtis cá 'nna gual dub.  
 Agus bean mo éruaisge ní'l beó.

Naó doibínn do na h-éinínib  
 A éirígear so h-áir;  
 'S a coirleirgear i n-éinfeadú  
 Aip don éraoibín amáin;  
 Ní mar rin dam féin  
 A' r do m' ceud míle ghraó;  
 I r fada ó na céile oppainn  
 Éirígear gac lá:

Cao é do bheathnugad aip na rpeartuib  
 Trac tis tear aip an lá,  
 Na aip an lán-mara ag éiríge  
 Le h-eudán an cloirde áir?  
 Mar rúo bíor an té úo  
 A beir an-toil do 'n ghraó  
 Mar éirínn aip mála pléibe  
 Do éirígear a blá.



## THE BROW OF NEFIN.

(TRANSLATED BY DOUGLAS HYDE.)

[“ Love Songs of Connacht.”]

Did I stand on the bald top of Néfin  
 And my hundred-times loved one with me,  
 We should nestle together as safe in  
 Its shade as the birds on a tree.  
 From your lips such a music is shaken,  
 When you speak it awakens my pain,  
 And my eyelids by sleep are forsaken,  
 And I seek for my slumber in vain.

But were I on the fields of the ocean  
 I should sport on its infinite room,  
 I should plow through the billows' commotion  
 Though my friends should look dark at my doom.  
 For the flower of all maidens of magic  
 Is beside me where'er I may be,  
 And my heart like a coal is extinguished,  
 Not a woman takes pity on me.

How well for the birds in all weather,  
 They rise up on high in the air,  
 And then sleep upon one bough together  
 Without sorrow or trouble or care;  
 But so it is not in this world  
 For myself and my thousand-times fair,  
 For, away, far apart from each other,  
 Each day rises barren and bare.

Say, what dost thou think of the heavens  
 When the heat overmasters the day,  
 Or what when the steam of the tide  
 Rises up in the face of the bay?  
 Even so is the man who has given  
 An inordinate love-gift away,  
 Like a tree on a mountain all riven  
 Without blossom or leaflet or spray.

## AN LACHA DHEARG.

Sgríobh mé an sgeul so, focal ar fhocal, o bheul sean-mhná de mhuintir Bhriain ag Cill-Aodáin, anaise le Coillte-mach i gcondaé Mhuigh-Eó.

An Cpaobhín.

Bhí rígh i n-Eirinn, fad ó shoin, agus bhí dá 'r 'éag mac aige. Agus ghabh sé amach lá ag siúbhal anaise le loch, agus chonnaire sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe. Bhí sí [ag] bualadh an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi, agus ag congfháil aoin cheann déag léithe féin.

Agus tháinig an rígh a-bhaile chuig a bhean féin, agus dubhairt sé léithe go bhfacaidh sé iongnadh mór andhiú, go bhfacaidh sé lacha agus dhá cheann déag d' éanachaibh léithe, agus go raibh sí ag díbirt an dómhadh ceann déag uaithi. Agus dubhairt an bhean leis, “ní de thír ná de thalamh thú, nach bhfuil fhios agad gur gheall sí ceann do'n *Deachmhaidh* agus go raibh sí chomh cineálta agus go dtug sí amach an dá cheann déag.”

“Ní de thír ná de thalamh thú,” ar seisean, “tá dhá cheann déag de mhacaibh agam-sa, agus caithfidh ceann dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní h-ionnann na daoine agus eánacha na gcnoc le chéile,” [ar sise].

Ghabh sé síos ann sin chuig an Sean-Dall Glic, agus dubhairt an Sean-Dall Glic nach ionnann daoine agus eánacha na gcnoc le chéile. Dubhairt an rígh go gcaithfidh ceann aca dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, “agus cad é an ceann,” ar seisean, “bhéarfais mé chuig an *Deachmhaidh*?”

“Tá do dhá-déag cloinne ag dul chum sgoile, agus abair léó lámh thabhairt i lámh a-chéile, dul chum sgoile, agus an chéad fhear aca bhéidheas 'san mbaile agad go dtiúbhraidh tú dinéar maith dhó, agus cuir an fear deiridh chum bealaigh ann sin.”

Rinne sé sin. An t-oidhre do bhí ar deireadh, agus níor fhéad sé an t-oidhre chur chum bealaigh.

Chuir sé amach ag tiomáint ann sin fad, seisean ar gach taoibh agus an taobh do bhí ag gnóthughadh, bhí sé ag tarraing fear [fir] uaithi, agus d'a thabhairt do'n taoibh do bhí ag cailleadh. Faol dheireadh bhain aon fhear amháin an liathróid de'n aon fhear déag. Dubhairt an t-athair leis, ann sin, “a mhic,” ar seisean, “caithfidh tú dul chuig an *Deachmhaidh*.”

“Ní rachaidh mise chuig an *Deachmhaidh*, a athair,” ar seisean

## THE RED DUCK.

[Written down in Irish by Douglas Hyde at the dictation of an old woman in County Mayo, and translated from the French of G. Dottin by Charles Welsh.]

ONCE upon a time in Ireland, and a long time ago at that, there was a king who had twelve sons. He went one day to walk by the borders of a lake, and there he saw a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven of them she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

The King went home and told his wife that he had seen a very wonderful thing that day; that he had seen a female duck with twelve little ones. Eleven she kept close by her side, but with the twelfth she would have nothing to do, and was always chasing it away.

His wife said, "You're neither of people or land. Do you know that she has promised one of her brood to the Deachmhaidh, and that the duck is of such a fine breed that she has hatched out twelve."

"You're neither of people or land," he replied. "I have twelve sons, and one of them must certainly go to the Deachmhaidh."

His wife answered him, "People and birds of the hillside are not the same thing."

Then he went to find the old blind diviner, and the old blind diviner told him that the people and the birds of the hillside were not the same.

The King told the old blind diviner that one out of his children must go to the Deachmhaidh. "And what I want to know," said he, "is which one shall I send to the Deachmhaidh."

"Your children are now going to school. Tell them to walk hand-in-hand as they go to school, and that you will give to him who shall be first in the house again a good dinner; and it will be the last one that you will be sending away."

He did so, but it was his son and heir who was the last one, and he couldn't think of sending his son and heir away. He then sent them to play a hurling match—six on one side and six on the other—and from the side which won he took one away and gave it to the side which lost. At last, a single one swept away the ball from the eleven others. Then he said to that one, "My son, it is you that will be going to the Deachmhaidh."

“tabhair dham costas, agus rachaidh mé ag féacháin m’ fhortúin.”

D’imthigh sé ar maidin, agus bhí sé ag slúbhal go dtáinig an oidhche, agus casadh asteach i dteach beag é nach raibh ann acht sean-fhear, agus chuir sé failte roimh Réalandar mac rígh Eireann. “Níl mall ort” [ar seisean leis an mac rígh] “do shaidhbheas do dheunamh amárach má tá aon mhaith ionnat id’ fowl-éiridh, [seilgire]. Ta ínghean rígh an Domhain-Shoir ag tigheacht chuig an loch beag sin shíos, amárach, agus níor tháinig sí le seacht mbliadhnaibh roimhe; agus béidh da cheann déag de mhnáibh-coimhdeacht léithe: Teirigh i bhfolach ann san tseisg go gcaithfidh siad a dá cheann déag de cochaill díobh: Leagfaidh sise a cohall féin leith-thaobh, mar tá [an oiread sin] d’ onóir innti, agus nuair gheobhas tusa amuigh ann san tsnámh iad, éirigh agus beir ar an gcohall: Fillfidh sise, asteach ar ais, agus déarfaidh sí, “a mhic rígh Eireann tabhair dham mo chochall.” Agus déarfaidh tusa nach dtiubhraidh [tú]. Agus déarfaidh sise leat, “muna dtugann tú ded’ dheóin go dtiubhraidh tú ded’ ailmhdheóin é.” Abair léithe nach dtiubhraidh tú ded’ dheóin, na de d’ ailmhdheóin dí é [muna ngeallann sí do phósadh]. Déarfaidh sí, ann sin, nach bhfuil sin le fághail agad mur [=muna] n-aithnigheann tú í arís. Geóbhaidh siad amach uait ann san tsnámh arís, agus déanfaidh siad trí easconna déag díobh féin: Béidh sise ‘na rubailín [ear, bailín] suarach ar uachtar; ní thíg léithe bheith ar deireadh-mar tá onóir innti, agus béidh sí ag caint leat: Aithneóchaidh tú air sin í, agus abair go dtógfaidh tú í féin i gcómhnuídhe, an ceann a bhéidheas ag caint leat. Déarfaidh sise ann sin, “Caillte an sgeul, an fear thug a athair do’n Deachmhaidh aréir, geallamhain pósta ag ínghín Rígh an Domhain-Shoir andhiú air!”

[Dubhairt an mac rígh leis an sean-fhear go ndéanfadh sé gach rud mar dubhairt sé leis. Chuaidh sé amach ar maidin chuig an loch agus thárla h-uile shórt go díreach mar dubhairt an sean-fhear.

Nuair bhí an bhean gnóthaighthe aige] d’imthigh an dá-r’eug cailín a-bhaile: Tharraing sise amach slaitín draoidheachta, agus bhuail sí ar dhá bhuachallán buidhe í, agus rinne sí dá chapall marcúighachta dhíobh:

Bhí siad ag slúbhal ann sin; go dtáinig an oidhche; agus bhí sí ag teach *oncaíl* dí, ar dtuitim na h-oidhche: Agus dubhairt sí le mac rígh Eireann eochair rúma na séad d’ iarraidh ar an *oncal*, agus go bhfuighfeadh sé í féin astigh ann san rúma roimhe. [Ní raibh fhios ag an *oncal* go raibh sise ann, chor ar bith, agus shaoil sé gur ag iarraidh a ínghíne féin tháinig mac rígh Eireann chuige.]



"I will not be going to the Deachmhaidh," said he. "Give me some money and I will go and make my fortune." He started off the next morning, and walked until it was night, and came to a little house where there was nobody but an old man, who welcomed Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland.

"It will be no delay of you," said he, to the son of the King, "to make your fortune to-morrow morning, if you are any good as a hunter of birds. The daughter of the King of the Eastern World is coming to the little lake you see down there to-morrow morning. She will have twelve women attendants with her. Hide yourself in the rushes until they throw down their twelve hoods and cloaks. The daughter of the King will throw her hood and cloak in a separate place from the rest; and when you see them go in to swim, jump up and take her hood and cloak. The Princess will come to the edge of the lake, and she will say, "Son of the King of Ireland, give me my hood and cloak." And you will tell her then that you will not; and she will say to you, "If you don't give it to me with a good will, you will give it to me with a bad will." Tell her that you will neither give it to her with a good will or a bad will, unless she will promise to marry you. She will then say, that you shall not have her, unless you can recognise her again.

Then she and her attendants will swim away, and they will be changed into thirteen eels. She will be the smallest and the meanest one, but she will lead, because she is a person of honor, and could not follow her train, and she will speak to you. You will recognize her again by this, and you will say that you will marry the eel who has spoken to you. Then she will say, "Oh, unhappy story, he whose father sent him to the Deachmhaidh last night, has to-day received a promise of marriage from the daughter of the King of the Eastern World."

The King's son told the wise old man that he would do all that he told him to do. The next morning he went to the lake, and everything happened as the wise old man had said.

When he had gained the daughter of the King of the Eastern World, the twelve attendants started for home. The Princess drew a magic wand and struck two tufts of yellow ragwort with it, and they were at once turned into two saddle-horses. They travelled on until night was coming, and when night came, they found themselves at the home of an uncle of hers. She told the son of the King of Ireland to ask her uncle for the key of the treasure chamber, and that he would find her in that chamber. The uncle did not know that

Fuair sé an eochair ó'n oncal, agus chuaidh sé asteach, agus fuair sé mar bean bhreágh astigh ann san rúma í. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir. D'iarr sí air, a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd. Rinne sé sin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann go maidin. Nuair tharraing sí amach an biorán ar maidin, dhúisigh sé, agus dubhairt sí leis go raibh fathach mór le marbhadh aige ar son íngine a h-oncail.

Ghabh sé amach chum na coille [ag iarraidh an fhathaigh]. "Fud, fad, féasog!" ar san fathach, "mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhréagaigh bhradaigh."

"Nár ba soirmid (?) bidh ná digh ort, a fhathaigh bhróich!"

"Cad é [is] fearr leat-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga no gabhail de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?"

"Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, 'n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spága mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar."

Rug an dias gaisgidheach ar a chéile, agus dá dtéidhfídh ag amharc ar ghaísge ar bith ná ar chruadh-chómhrac, is orra rachá d'amharc. Dhéanfadh siad cruadhán de 'n bhogán agus bogán den chruadhán, agus tharróingadh siad toibreacha fíor-uisge tre lár na gclóch glas. [Bhí siad ag troid mar sin] gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Eireann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shinte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do'n fhathach do chuir go dtí na glúna é, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an básta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go meall a bhrághaid go doimhin:

"Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!"

"Is fíor sin; seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna bhéarfas mé dhult; acht spóráil m'anam dam."

"Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!" "Bhéarfaidh mé cloidh-eamh solais a bhfuil faobhar an ghearrtha agus faobhar an bhearrtha [air agus] treas faobhar, teine 'na chúl, agus ceol ann a mhaide."

"Cia [chaoi] bhféachaidh mé mianach do chloídhimh?"

"Sin thall sean-smotán maide [ata ann sín] le bliadhain agus seacht gcéad bliadhan."

"Ní fheicim aon smota 'san gcoill is mó chuir gráin orm 'na do shean-cheann féin." Bhuaíl sé i gcómhgar a chinn a bhínn agus a mhuinéill é. Bhaín sé an ceann dé, gan meísge gan mearbhat. Chaith sé naoi n-íomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é:

she was there at all, but he thought it was in search of his own daughter the son of the King of Ireland had come.

He got the key from the uncle; he went in and found her in the chamber in the form of a beautiful woman. They talked together until supper time. She asked him to rest his head on her bosom; he did so, and she trust the pin of sleep into his head, until morning.

When she took out the pin he woke up, and she told him that he had a giant to kill because of her uncle's daughter.

He went out into the woods to seek the giant. "Fud fod fesòg," said the giant, "I smell the smell of a lying Irish rascal."

"May you be without the food and without the drink, you dirty giant."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, and where your heavy, ill-built hoofs shall be going to the bottom."

The two warriors then attacked each other, and if you would go to see the brave and the fierce fighting, it is there that you would go to see it. They made a hard place of a soft place and a soft place of a hard place, and they made wells of fresh water run over the gray flagstones. And so they went on fighting until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that he had no one who would keene over him if he died, nor who would lay him out or wake him.

Thereupon he gave the giant a terrible grip, and buried him into the ground up to his knees, and then another which buried him up to his waist, and then another which buried him deep up as far as the lump of the throat. "Now for a green turf over your head, giant."

"It is true. The treasures of the sons of the kings and lords I will give them to you, but spare my life."

"The treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you the sword of life, which has an edge to cut and an edge to raze, and a third edge of fire in the back, and music in the handle."

"How shall I try the temper of your sword?"

"There is an old block of wood which has been there for seven hundred years."

"I see no block in the wood which is more frightful than your head." He smote it at the point where the head joins the

“Is fíor sin,” ar san ceann, “da dtéidhinn suas ar an gcolainn arís, a raibh i n-Eirinn ní bhainfeadh siad anuas mé!”

“Is dona an ghaisgidheacht do rinne tú nuair bhí tu shuas!”

Tháinig sé abhaile [agus ceann an fhathaigh ann a láimh] agus dubhairt an t-oncal go raibh trián d’á inghin gnóthaighthe aige.

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh,” ar sé.

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin go dtí a chailín mná féin, agus chuir sí biorán suain ann a cheann arís go d’ éirigh an la. Bhí dólás mór air nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidín. [Nuair dhúisigh sé ar maidín dubhairt sí leis] “ta fathach eile le marbhadh agad, sin d’ obair andiú ar son inghine m’ oncaíl arís.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille, agus tháinig an fear mór roimhe: “Fud, fad, féasóg! mothaighim boladh an Eireannaigh bhradaigh bhréagaigh ar fud m’ fhóidín dúthaigh!”

“Ní Eireannach bradach ná bréagach mé, acht fear le ceart agus le cóir do bhaint asad-sa.”

“Cia fearr leat, caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga na gabhaíl de sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile?”

“Is fearr liom-sa caraigheacht ar leacachaibh dearga, ’n áit a mbéidh mo chosa míne uaisle i n-uachtar, agus do spágá mío-stuamacha ag dul i n-íochtar.”

Bhí siad ag troíd ann sin gur chuimhnigh mac rígh Elreann nach raibh fear a chaointe ná a shínte aige. Leis sin thug sé fásghadh do’n fhathach go dtí na glúna, agus an dara fásghadh go dtí an basta, agus an tríomhadh fásghadh go dtí meall a bhrághaíd ’san talamh:

“Fód glas os do chionn a fhathaigh!”

“Is fíor sin, is tu an gaisgidheach is fearr d’á bhfacaidh mé riamh no d’á bhfeicfidh mé choidheche. Agus bhéarfaidh mé seóide mac-rígh agus tighearna dhuit, acht spóráil m’anam.”

“Do sheóide i láthair a bhodaigh!”

“Bhéarfaidh mé each caol donn duit, bhéarfas naoi n-uaire ar an ngaoith roimpi, sul mbeiridh [sul do bheir] an ghaoth ’na diaigh aon uair amháin uirri.”

Thóg sé an cloidheamh agus chaith sé an ceann dé, agus chuir sé naoi n-iomaire agus naoi n-eitrighe uaidh é le neart na buille sin.

“Ochón go deó?” ar san ceann, “dá bhfághainn dul suas ar an gcolainn arís, agus a bhfuil i n-Eirinn ní bhéarfadh siad anuas mé.”





DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.



neck. He cut off his head without error or mishap; he threw it nine ridges and nine furrows away from him.

"It is true," said the head, "if I could only join my body again, all that is in Ireland could never cut it off."

"It is a wretched business the feat you did perform when you were there." He went to the house with the head of the giant in his hand, and the uncle told him he had gained the third part of his daughter.

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went into the house and sat by the young girl, who again put the pin of sleep into his head until the dawn of day. He had great sorrow because he was not allowed to speak to her until the morning. When he woke up in the morning, she said to him, "You have another giant to kill; that is your task again for the daughter of my uncle."

He went to the wood to seek the giant. "Fud fod fèsòg," said the giant, "I smell the blood of a lying Irish rascal."

"I am neither lying nor a rascally Irishman, but a man who will make you do right and justice."

"Which do you prefer, to fight on the red-hot flagstones, or shall we fight to plunge the knives of gray steel in each other's sides?"

"I prefer to fight on the red-hot flagstones, where my small pretty feet shall be on top, where your heavy ill-built hoofs shall be going down."

They fought until the son of the King of Ireland remembered that there was no man to weep for his loss or to lay him out when he was dead. Thereupon he caught the giant in a grip, and forced him up to his knees into the earth; a second sent him in up to his waist, and a third up to the lump of his throat.

"A green turf over your head, giant!"

"It is true that you are the best fighter than I ever saw, or ever shall see, and I will give you the treasures of the sons of kings and lords, but spare my life."

"Give me the treasures on the spot, you rascal."

"I will give you my light-brown horse, which will beat the wind in swiftness nine times before the wind can beat him once."

He lifted the sword, cut off the giant's head, and by the force of the blow sent it nine ridges and nine furrows away.

"Alas, what luck," said the head; "if only I got on my body again, all that there is in Ireland could never take me down again."

“Budh bheag an ghaissgidheacht do rinne tú, nuair bhí tú shuas uirri cheana!”

Tháinig sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal amach roimhe arís: “Ta dá dtrian de m’ inghin gnóthuighthe agad anocht.”

“Ní buidheach díot-sa tá mé, a bhodaigh.”

Ghabh sé asteach ann sin ann san rúma, agus fuair sé a chaillin mná féin roimhe, agus ní raibh bean ’san domhan budh bhreágh-dha ’ná i. Bhí siad ag caint go h-am suipéir, agus dubhairt sí leis tar éis an t-suípéir a cheann do leagan ar a h-uchd, agus nuair rinne sé sin chuir sí biorán suain ann go maidín. Bhí sé trioblóideach nuair nach raibh cead cainte aige léithe go maidín. [Nuair dhúisigh sé dubhairt sí leis.] “Tá fathach eile le marbhadh agad ar son inghine m’ oncail arís andiú, agus tá faitchios orm go bhfuighfidh tú cruaidh é seo. Acht seó coileáinín beag madaidh dhuit, agus leig amach faoi n-a chosaibh é, agus b’ éidir go dtiubhraidh sé congnamh beag duit. Agus amharc ar an meadhon-laé de’n lá, ar do ghualainn dheis, agus geobhaidh tú mise mo cholum geal, agus bhéarfaidh mé congnamh dhuit.”

Chuaidh sé chum na coille agus tháinig an fathach mór chuige: “Ní mharbhóchaídh tú mise le do choinín gránna mar mharbh tú mo bheirt dhearbhráthar, a raibh fear aca cúig bliadhna agus fear aca seacht mbliadhna go leith.”

“Fuair mé garbh go léor iad sin féin,” ar sa mac rígh Eireann.

Ghabh siad de na sgeannaibh glasa i mbárr easnacha a-chéile; chuirfeadh siad clith teineadh d’á gcoircionn arm agus éadaigh; Nuair tháinig an meadhon-laé, d’amharc sé ar a ghualainn dheis agus chonnaic sé an colum geal: Nuair chonnaic an fathach mór an colum, rinne sé seabhac dé féin, acht rinne síse trí meirrlúin dí féin, de’n cholleán, agus de mhac rígh Eireann, agus throid siad leis an seabhac ann san aér, agus thuirling siad ar an talamh arís. Dubhairt an fathach mór ann sin; “Is tú an fear gan chéill, cad é ’n sórt act-ál atá agad, thú féin agus an dá ruidín gránna sin? Ní’l aon fhear le fághail le mise do mharbhadh acht Réalandar mac rígh Eireann.”

“Mise an fear sin.”

“Má’s tú é,” ar san fathach, “tarrnóchaídh [tarrongaidh] tú an cloldheamh so.” Sháith sé a chloidheamh asteach ’san gearraig, agus dubhairt, “tarraing an cloldheamh so má ’s tú Réalandar.”



"It was a pretty small good you did when you were up there before."

He went to the house then, and the uncle came out to meet him, and said, "You have gained two-thirds of my daughter."

"I am in no way grateful to you for that, you churl."

He went indoors then, and in the room he found his young girl before him, and there was no woman in the whole world who was more beautiful than she. They talked until supper-time, and after supper she told him to lay his head upon her breast, and when he had done so, she put the pin of sleep into his head until morning. He was vexed because he was not allowed to speak to her until morning.

When he was awake again, she said to him, "You have yet another giant to kill for the daughter of my uncle to-day, but I fear that it will be hard for you; but here is a little dog for you, let him follow at your heels, and it is possible that he may be of some use to you; and in the middle of the day look over your right shoulder; you will find me there in the form of a white dove, and I will bring you help."

He went to the wood, and the great giant came to him. "You will not kill me with your horrible little dog, as you have killed my two other brothers, one of whom was five years old and the other seven and a half."

"I found them, nevertheless, fierce enough," said the son of the King of Ireland. Then each of them plunged their gray steel knives at each other's sides, and they would send a rain of fire out of their skins, their arms and their clothes.

When the middle of the day came, he looked upon his right shoulder, and he saw the white dove. When the giant saw the dove he changed himself into a falcon; but she made three hawks, one of herself, one of the little dog, and one of the son of the King of Ireland, and they fought with the falcon in the air, until they came down to earth again.

"You are a fool," the great giant said then. "What joke are you playing me, you and those two wretched little things? The man that could kill me is not to be found, except Réalander, the son of the King of Ireland."

"I am that man!"

"If you are," said the giant, "you will pull out this sword."

He plunged his sword into a rock, and said, "Pull out the sword if you are Réalander."

Tharraing sé an cloidheamh, agus bhuaíl sé an fathach mór leis, agus chaith sé an ceann dé. Bhí sé féin loite. Bhí gearradh mór faoi bhonn a chích' deas [deise]. Tharraing sí amach buideull beag íocshláinte, agus chneasaigh sí é. Chuaidh sé a-bhaile ann sin, agus tháinig an t-oncal roimhe.

"Tá m'inghean gnóthuighthe agad anocht."

"Ní buidheach díot-sa atá mise a bhodaigh."

Ghabh sé asteach ann a rúma féin, agus fuair sé a bhean astligh ann roimhe.

### CAOINEAD NA TRI MUIRE,

[From Douglas Hyde's "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

RACAMAOIO CUM AN TPLEIBE

SO MOÉ AR MAIOIN AMÁRAC;

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"A ÞEADAIH NA N-ABRTAL

AN BPAICAIÓ TU MO ŠRÁÓ ŠEAL ? "

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"MAIREAD ! A MUAIGHEAN,

CONNARIC MÉ AR BALL É,

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

AŠUR BÍ RÉ ŠABŪA ŠO CPUIARÓ

I LÁH A NÁMAO,

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"BÍ LUÓAR 'NA AICE

AŠUR RUŠ RÉ ŠNEIM LÁIM' AHA,"

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

"MAIREAD A LUÓAIR BPAOAIŠ

CPEUO DO PINNE MO ŠRÁÓ OPT ? "

(Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

*Literally:* We shall go to the mountains early in the morning to-morrow, ochone and ochone, O! Peter of the apostles, did you see my white Love. Ochone and ochone, O!

Musha, O Mother, I did see him just now, ochone and ochone, O! And he was caught firmly in the midst of his enemies, ochone and ochone, O!

Judas was near him, and he took a hold of his hand, ochone, etc. "Musha, O vile Judas, what did my love do to you, ochone," etc.

He never did anything to child or infant, ochone, etc. And he put anger on his mother never, ochone, etc.

He pulled out the sword and smote the great giant, and cut off his head. He was wounded himself; he had a great cut above his right breast; she drew out a little bottle of balsam and cured him.

He went into the house then and the uncle said to him, "You have gained my daughter this evening."

"I am not at all grateful to you for it, you churl."

He went into his room and there found his wife before him.

## THE KEENING OF THE THREE MARYS.

### A Traditional Folk Ballad.

Taken down from O'Kearney, a schoolmaster near Belmullet, Co. Mayo  
[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

Let us go to the mountain  
All early on the morrow.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
"Hast thou seen my bright darling,  
O Peter, good apostle?"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)\*

"Aye! truly, O Mother,  
Have I seen him lately,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
Caught by his foemen,  
They had bound him straitly."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Judas, as in friendship  
Shook hands, to disarm him."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
O Judas! vile Judas!  
My love did never harm him,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

\* This is nearly in the curious wild metre of the original. "Agus," = "and," is pronounced "oggus." In another version of this piece, which I heard from my friend Michael MacRuaidhrigh, the *cur-fá* ran most curiously, *öch öch agus öch üch äñ*, after the first two lines, and *öch öch, agus, öch ün ö* after the next two. Thus:—

leasáó anuas i n-uéó a mátar é  
(Öc, öc, agus öc üc äñ)  
Sabaró a leic. a óá múipe agus caoinigíóe.  
(Öc öc, agus öc ün ö.)

"Ni dearnaid ré ariam  
 'Dada ar leanú ná páirté,  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)  
 Ašur níor éirí ré fearš  
 'Ariam ar a máčair,  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)

Nuair fuair na deamain amac  
 'So mbuó i péin a máčair,  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó.)  
 'Tógadair ruar  
 'Ar a ngualnib 'so h-áirí;  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Ašur buaireadar ríor  
 'Ar élocáib na rráiríe í  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 Cuairí rí i laige  
 'Ašur bí a glúna seárríe  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

"Buaillí mé péin  
 'Ašur ná bain le mo máčair."  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 "Buaillimíó tu péin.  
 'A' r marbócamaoiríó do máčair,"  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

Seiróiceadar an bháirí leó  
 'An lá rin ó n-a láčair;  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 'Aéó do lean an mairšdean  
 'Iad ann ran b'fárac  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

"Cia an bean í rin  
 'Nár noiairš ann ran b'fárac ?"  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)  
 "'So deimín má tá bean ar bíó ann  
 'Sí mo máčair,"  
 (Océon ašur oc ón ó !)

They tore with them the captive, that day from her presence, ochone, etc. But the Virgin followed them, into the wilderness, ochone, etc.

What woman is that after us in the wilderness, ochone, etc. Indeed if there is any woman in it, it is my mother, ochone, etc.



No child has he injured,  
Not the babe in the cradle,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
Nor angered his mother  
Since his birth in the stable.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

When the demons discovered  
That she was his mother,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
They raised her on their shoulders,  
The one with the other ;  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

And they cast her down fiercely  
On the stones all forlorn,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
And she lay and she fainted  
With her knees cut and torn.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“For myself, ye may beat me,  
But, oh, touch not my mother.”  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
“Yourself—we shall beat you,  
But we’ll slaughter your mother.”  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

They dragged him off captive,  
And they left her tears flowing,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
But the Virgin pursued them,  
Through the wilderness going.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

“Oh, who is yon woman ?  
Through the waste comes another.”  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)  
“If there comes any woman  
It is surely my mother.”  
(Ochone agus ochone, O !)

---

When the demons found out that she herself was his mother, ochone, etc., they lifted her up upon their shoulders on high, ochone, etc.

And they smote her down upon the stones of the street, ochone, etc. She went into a faint, and her knees were cut, ochone, etc.

Beat myself, but do not touch my mother, ochone, etc. We shall beat yourself, and we shall kill your mother, ochone, etc.

“ Δ εὖν, φεύε, πάσαις οἷς  
 Κύμας μο μάταια,  
 (Οὐδὲν ἄγυρ οὐδὲν ὄ!)  
 Congbaidh uaim i  
 So seirioénócaid mé an páir reó;<sup>9</sup>  
 (Océon ágyr oú ón ó!)

Nuair éualaid an máisdean  
 An ceileadhaid cpráirde;  
 (Océon ágyr oú ón ó!)  
 Tus ri léim tair an ngráda  
 Ágyr léim\* so cprann na páipe  
 (Océon ágyr oú ón ó!)

Cia h-é an fear breágh rin  
 Ar cprann na páipe  
 (Océon ágyr oú ón ó!)  
 An é naé n-aicmigeann tu  
 Do mac a mátair?  
 (Océon ágyr oú ón ó!)

An é rin mo leand  
 Δ ο'iomcár mé trí páirde;  
 (Océon ágyr oú ón ó!)  
 No an é rin an leand  
 Do h-oidéad i n-uét mlaire?  
 (Océon ágyr oú ón ó!)

\* \* \* \* \*

Caiteadair anuair é  
 Na rprólaib seárrta  
 (Océon ágyr oú ón ó!)

“ Sin éugaid anoir é  
 Ágyr caoinisid buir páirde ari,<sup>9</sup>  
 (Océon, ágyr oú ón ó!)

Slaoth ar na tri mhuir  
 So scaoinpimid ar ngrád sead  
 (Océon, ágyr oú ón ó!)

Tá do euid mná-caointe  
 Le breit rór a mátair  
 (Océon, ágyr oú ón ó!)

Is that my child that I carried for three-quarters of a year, ochone, etc. Or is that the child that was reared in the bosom of Mary, ochone, etc.

O Owen (*i.e.*, John) see, I leave to thee the care of my mother, ochone, etc. Keep her from me until I finish this passion, ochone, etc.

When the Virgin heard the sorrowful notes, ochone, etc. She gave a leap past the guard, and the second leap to the tree of the passion, ochone, etc.

"O John, care her, keep her,  
Who comes in this fashion,"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

But oh, hold her from me  
Till I finish this passion."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

When the Virgin had heard him  
And his sorrowful saying,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

She sprang past his keepers  
To the tree of his slaying.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"What fine man hangs there  
In the dust and the smother?"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"And do you not know him?  
He is your son, O Mother."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"Oh, is that the child whom  
I bore in this bosom,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Or is that the child who  
Was Mary's fresh blossom?"  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

They cast him down from them,  
A mass of limbs bleeding.  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

"There now he is for you,  
Now go and be keening."  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

Go call the three Marys  
Till we keene him forlorn,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

O mother, thy keeners  
Are yet to be born,  
(Ochone agus ochone, O!)

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Who is that fine man on the tree of the passion, ochone, etc. Is it that you do not recognise your son. O mother, ochone, etc.

They threw him down [a mass of] cut limbs, ochone, etc. There he is for you now, and keene your enough over him, ochone, etc.

Call the three Marys until we keene our bright love, ochone, etc. Thy share of woman-keepers are yet to be born, ochone, etc.

Thou shalt be with me yet in the garden of Paradise, ochone, etc. Until thou be a . . . (P) woman in the bright city of the graces, ochone. and ochone, etc.

Béir tu liom-ra  
 So fóil i n-ghairdín pánn-tair;  
 (Océon a-sur oc ón ó !)  
 So raib tu do bean iomráo (?)  
 I gcáitair gíl na n-ghára  
 (Océon a-sur oc ón ó !)

## TOBAR MUIRE:

A b'ead ó fóin do bí tobair beannaigíte i mBaile an tobair,\* i gceonadaé muiḡ eó. Bí mainirtir ann ran áit a b'fuil an tobair anoir, a-sur ir ar loigs altópa na mainirtre do b'uir an tobair amac: Bí an mainirtir ar éaduib énuic, aét nuair éainis Cpomail a-sur a éuro rghioraodóir cum na tíre reó, leagadar an mainirtir, a-sur níor fágarar cloé or cionn cloicé de'n altóir nár éat-eadar ríor:

Buaidain ó'n lá do leagadar an altóir, 'ré rin lá féil muiḡe 'ran eapraé, 'reao b'uir an tobair amac ar loigs na h-altópa, a-sur ir iongantac an puo le ráo nac raib b'raon uirge ann ran rpué do bí a-s bun an énuic ó'n lá do b'uir an tobair amac:

Bí bráitair boét a-s out na rligé an lá ceudna, a-sur éuair pé ar a bealaé le paioir do ráo ar loigs na h-altópa beannaigíte, a-sur bí iongantar móir air nuair éonnaic re tobair b'raéḡ ann a h-áit: Éuair pé ar a glúnaib a-sur éoraig pé a-s ráo a páiope nuair éualair pé sué a-s ráo, "cuir díot do b'róga, tá tu ar éalam beannaigíte, tá tu ar b'ruac Tobair muiḡe, a-sur tá léigear na mílte caoc ann: Béir duine léigearra le uirge an tobair rin anaḡair ḡac uile duine o'éirt aipionn i láitair na h-altópa do bí ann ran áit ann a b'fuil an tobair anoir, má bíonn riad tuméa trí h-uair ann, i h-ainm an átar an mlic a-sur an Spioraid Naomh."

Nuair bí a páiopeaca ráioite a-s an mb'ráitair o'f'euc pé ruar

\* This is not the Roscommon Ballintubber, celebrated for the ancient castle of the O'Conors, which is called in Irish "Baile-an-tobair Uí Chonchubhair," or "O'Conor's Ballintubber," but a place near the middle of the County Mayo, celebrated for its splendid abbey, founded by one of the Mac a' Mhílidhs, a name taken by the Stauntons [Mac-a-Veely, i.e., "son of the warrior," now pronounced so that no remains of any vulgar Irish sound may cling to it, as "Mac Evilly!"]. The prophecy is current in Mayo that when the abbey is re-roofed Ireland shall be free. My



Thyself shall come with me  
 Into Paradise garden.  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)  
 To a fair place in heaven  
 At the side of thy darling.  
 (Ochone agus ochone, O!)

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## MARY'S WELL.

### A Religious Folk Tale.

[From the "Religious Songs of Connacht," by Douglas Hyde.]

[Taken down from *Próinsias O'Conchubhair*.]

LONG ago there was a blessed well in Ballintubber (*i.e.*, town of the well),\* in the County Mayo. There was once a monastery in the place where the well is now, and it was on the spot where stood the altar of the monastery that the well broke out. The monastery was on the side of a hill, but when Cromwell and his band of destroyers came to this county, they overthrew the monastery, and never left stone on top of stone in the altar that they did not throw down.

A year from the day that they threw down the altar—that was Lady Day in spring—the well broke out on the site of the altar, and it is a wonderful thing to say, but there was not one drop of water in the stream that was at the foot of the hill from the day that the well broke out.

There was a poor friar going the road the same day, and he went out of his way to say a prayer upon the site of the blessed altar, and there was great wonder on him when he saw a fine well in its place. He fell on his knees and began to say his paternoster, when he heard a voice saying: "Put off your brogues, you are upon blessed ground, you are on the brink of Mary's Well, and there is the curing of thousands of blind in it; there shall be a person cured by the water of that well for every person who heard Mass in front of the altar that was in the place where the well is now, if they be dipped three times in it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit."

When the friar had his prayers said, he looked up and

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friend, Colonel Maurice Moore, told me that when he was a young boy he often wondered why the people did not roof the abbey and so free Ireland without any more trouble. The tomb of the notorious Shaun-na-Sagart, the priest hunter, which is not far from it, is still pointed out by the people. It is probably he who is the "spy" in this story, though his name is not mentioned.

asur connaire colum mór gléiseal ar ériann súbair i ngar dói  
 buo h-i an colum do bí as caint: Bí an brádaí gleurta i n-  
 eudaisib-bréige, mar bí luac ar a ceann, com mór asur do bí  
 ar ceann maora-atla:

Ar éaoi ar bí d'fugasair ré an rseul do daoine an baile bis,  
 asur níor bfaoa go ndeacair ré trío an tír. Buo boet an áit  
 í, asur ní raib aet boetáin as na daoine, asur iad lionta le  
 deatac: Ar an áthar rin bí cur mair de daoine caoča ann:  
 le clappolar, lá ar na márac, bí or cionn dá fíero daoine ann,  
 as tobar Mhuirne, asur ní raib fear ná bean aca nac tóamís ar  
 air le maora mair:

Cuair clú tobar Mhuirne trío an tír, asur níor bfaoa go raib  
 oitpreaca ó gac uile condae as teact go Tobar Mhuirne, asur  
 ní deacair don neac aca ar air san beit léigeara; asur raoi  
 ceann tamail do bídeat daoine ar tíoráib eile réin, as teact  
 go oti Tobar Mhuirne:

Bí fear mi-éireoméac 'na cóinnuibe i ngar do baile-an-tobar:  
 Duine uaral do bí ann, asur níor éireo ré i léigear an tobar  
 beannaighe: Dubairt re nac raib ann aet pirtreoga, asur le  
 masar do deunam ar na daoine eus ré arall dail do bí aige  
 cum an tobar asur cum a ceann raoi an uirge: Fuair an t-arall  
 maora, aet tusaó an masaróir a-baile com dail le bun do  
 bróige:

Faoi ceann bliatha tuir ré amac go raib pasar as obair mar  
 gárdaróir as an duine-uaral do bí dail: Bí an pasar gleurta  
 mar fear-oibre, asur ní raib fíor as duine ar bí go mbuó pasar  
 do bí ann: Don lá amáin bí an duine uaral breóirte asur  
 d'iarri ré ar a fearbósganta é do tabairt amac 'ran ngárdar:  
 Nuair táimís ré cum na h-áite a raib an pasar as obair, fuir  
 ré fíor: "Nac mór an triuas é," ar reiréan, "nac otiis liom  
 mo gárdar breas d'feiceál!"

Glac an gárdaróir triuas dó asur dubairt, "Tá fíor asam  
 cá bfuil fear do léigreóac tu, aet tá luac ar a ceann mar  
 geall ar a éiredeam."

"Beirim-re m'focal nac ndeunfáir mire rpiódearóireact airí  
 asur iocfáir mé go mair é ar ron a trioblóirte," ar ran duine  
 uaral:

"Aet b'éirí nár mair leat dul trío an trlige-plánaighe acá  
 aige," ar ran gárdaróir:

"Ír cuma liom cia an trlige acá aige má eusann ré mo maora  
 dam," ar ran duine uaral:

Anoir, bí droc-clú ar an duine-uaral, mar bmair ré a lán de

saw a large white dove upon a fir tree near him. It was the dove who was speaking. The friar was dressed in false clothes, because there was a price on his head, as great as on the head of a wild-dog.

At any rate he proclaimed the story to the people of the little village, and it was not long till it went out through the country. It was a poor place, and the people in it had nothing [to live in] but huts, and these filled with smoke. On that account there were a great many weak-eyed people amongst them. With the dawn, on the next day, there were about forty people at Mary's Well, and there was never man nor woman of them but came back with good sight.

The fame of Mary's Well went through the country, and it was not long till there were pilgrims from every county coming to it, and nobody went back without being cured; and at the end of a little time even people from other countries used to be coming to it.

There was an unbeliever living near Mary's Well. It was a gentleman he was, and he did not believe in the cure. He said there was nothing in it but pishtrogues (charms), and to make a mock of the people he brought a blind ass, that he had, to the well, and he dipped its head under the water. The ass got its sight, but the scoffer was brought home as blind as the sole of your shoe.

At the end of a year it so happened that there was a priest working as a gardener with the gentleman who was blind. The priest was dressed like a workman, and nobody at all knew that it was a priest who was in it. One day the gentleman was sickly, and he asked his servant to take him out into the garden. When he came to the place where the priest was working he sat down. "Isn't it a great pity," says he, "that I cannot see my fine garden?"

The gardener took compassion on him, and said, "I know where there is a man who would cure you, but there is a price on his head on account of his religion."

"I give my word that I'll do no spying on him, and I'll pay him well for his trouble," said the gentleman.

"But perhaps you would not like to go through the mode-of-curing that he has," says the gardener.

"I don't care what mode he has, if he gives me my sight," said the gentleman.

Now, the gentleman had an evil character, because he

fasarthaib foinne rin; Bingham an t-ainm do bí ari: Ar éadai ar bí sé glac an fasartha meirnead agus dubhairt, “Díod do cóirte réid ar maidin amárach, agus tiomáinfeid mife tu go dtí áit do léigir, ní tís le cóirteóir ná le don duine eile beir i láthair aet mife, agus ná h-innir d’aon duine ar bí cā bfuil tu as dul, nó ríor cad é do gnaíte (gnó).”

Ar maidin, lá ar na márac, bí cóirte Bingham réid, agus éadai ré féin arteaé, leir an ngarbhadóir d’a tiomáint: “Fan, tupa, ann fan mbaile an t-am ro,” ar ré leir an s-cóirteóir, “agus tiomáinfeid an gárbadóir mé.” Bí an cóirteóir ’na bíteamnac; agus bí éud ari, agus glac ré rún go mbeidead ré as faipe na cóirte, le fágail amac cia an áit raib ríad le dul: Bí a gheur beannaigíte as an fasartha, taob-arciú de’n eudac eile: Nuair tángadar go Tobar Mhuire dubhairt an fasartha leir, “Ír fasartha mife, tá mé dul le do raðarc d’fágail duit ’ran áit ar éall tu é.” Ann rin tum ré trí uaire ann fan tobar é, i n-ainm an átar an mhe agus an Spioraid Naoim, agus táinig a raðarc éuise com maí agus bí ré ariam:

“Beurfaid mé ceud púnt duit,” ar ra Bingham, “com luat agus raépar mé a-baile.”

Bí an cóirteóir as faipe; agus com luat agus connaire ré an fasartha ann a gheur beannaigíte, éadai ré go luat an tús agus bpaíré ré an fasartha: Do gabad agus do epocad é gan breiteam gan breiteamnar. D’feurfaid an fear do bí tar éir a raðarc d’fágail ar ari, an fasartha do raðarc, aet níor labair ré focal ar a fon:

Timcioll míora ’na díais reó, táinig fasartha eile go Bingham agus é gheurta mar gárbadóir, agus d’iarr ré obair ar Bingham agus fuair uaid í: Aet ní raib ré a bpaí ann a feirbír go dtápla d’poc-mu do Bingham: Éadai ré amac don lá amáin as ríudal trío na páirceannaib, agus do capad cailín mairead, ingean fíri, boíet, ari, agus sinne ré marluad uirri, agus d’fág leat-marb í: Bí tríúr dearbpaíar as an gcailín, agus tugaíar mionna go marbódad ríad é com luat agus geobaidir gheim ari. Ní raib a bpaí le fanamaint aca. Gabadar é ran áit ceudna ar marlaig ré an cailín, agus épocadar é ar épann, agus d’fágadar ann rin é na epocad:

Ar maidin, an lá ar na márac, bí milliúinir de míoltógaib epuinigíte, mar énoc móir, timcioll an épann, agus níor feud duine ar bí dul anaice leir, mar gail ar an mbolad bpaí do bí timcioll na h-áite, agus duine ar bí do raéad anaice leir, do dalírad na míoltóga é:



betrayed a number of priests before that. Bingham was the name that was on him. However, the priest took courage, and said, "Let your coach be ready on to-morrow morning, and I will drive you to the place of the cure; neither coachman nor anyone else may be present but myself, and do not tell to anyone at all where you are going, or give anyone a knowledge of what is your business."

On the morning of the next day Bingham's coach was ready, and he himself got into it, with the gardener driving him. "Do you remain at home this time," says he to the coachman, "and the gardener will drive me." The coachman was a villain, and there was jealousy on him. He conceived the idea of watching the coach to see what way they were to go. His blessed vestments were on the priest, inside of his other clothes. When they came to Mary's Well the priest said to him, "I am going to get back your sight for you in the place where you lost it." Then he dipped him three times in the well, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit, and his sight came to him as well as ever it was.

"I'll give you a hundred pounds," said Bingham, "as soon as I go home."

The coachman was watching, and as soon as he saw the priest in his blessed vestments, he went to the people of the law, and betrayed the priest. He was taken and hanged, without judge, without judgment. The man who was after getting back his sight could have saved the priest, but he did not speak a word in his behalf.

About a month after this, another priest came to Bingham, and he dressed like a gardener, and he asked work of Bingham, and got it from him; but he was not long in his service until an evil thing happened to Bingham. He went out one day walking through his fields, and there met him a good-looking girl, the daughter of a poor man, and he assaulted her, and left her half dead. The girl had three brothers, and they took an oath that they would kill him as soon as they could get hold of him. They had not long to wait. They caught him in the same place where he assaulted the girl, and hanged him on a tree, and left him there hanging.

On the morning of the next day millions of flies were gathered like a great hill round about the tree, and nobody could go near it on account of the foul smell that was round the place, and, anyone who would go near it, the midges would blind him.

Tairis bean agus mac Æingam ceud púnt d'aon duine do bhearrao an corp amach. Rinne cuid maic daoine iarraid ar rin do deunam, aet níor feudoadar. Fuair ríad púdar le cratao ar na mioltógaib, agus zeuga crann le na mbualao, aet níor feudoadar a rgarao, ná dul com ríada leir an gcrann. Bí an bheuntar an éiríge níor meara, agus bí eagla ar na cómarprannaid go tciubrao na mioltóga agus an corp bheun pláig orra:

Bí an dara ragarí 'na gárdadóir as Æingam 'ran am ro, aet ní raib fíor as luét an tige gur ragarí do bí ann, óir da mberó-eao fíor as luét an tige no as na rprídeadóirib, do zeobao ríad agus do éroeoao ríad é: Cuair na Catoilcís go bean Æingam agus duabaraoar léi go raib eólar aca ar duine do dibeóeo na mioltóga: "Tabair eugam é," ar ríre, "agus má'r fíorir leir na mioltóga do dibeirí ní h-é an duair rin zeobar re aet a reaoet n-oireao:

"Aet," ar ríad-ran, "da mberó' fíor as luét-an-tige agus da ngaraoaoir é, do éroeoaoaoir é, mar éroeo ríad an fear do fuair raarae a fúl ar air do." "Aet," ar ríre, "nac bheuroao ré na mioltóga do dibeirí gan fíor as luét-an-tige?"

"Ní'l fíor agann," ar ríad-ran, "go nglacraaoir cómairle leir."

An oróeo rin glacaoar cómairle leir an ragarí, agus d'innir ríad do cao duabairt bean Æingam.

"Ní'l agam aet beata raogalta le cáilleamaint," ar ran ragarí, "agus bhearrao mé i ar ron na ndaoine boet, óir beiró pláig ann ran tír muna zeuiríro mé dibeirí ar na mioltógaib. Ar maidin amárac, beiró iarraid agam i n-ainm Dé iao do dibeirí, agus tá mainigín agam agus doéar i nDia go rábáirao ré mé ó mo euid námao: Téir euis an bean-uairil anoir, agus abair léi go mberó mé i ngar do'n crann le n-éiríge na gréine ar maidin amárac, agus abair léi ríir do beirí réiró aici leir an gcorp do euir 'ran uais."

Cuair ríad eum na mná-uairle, agus d'innir ríad ví an méao duabairt an ragarí.

"Má éirígeann leir," ar ríre, "beiró an duair réiró agam do; agus oróeoao mé móir-féiréar fear do beirí i látarí."

Cait an ragarí an oróeo rin i n-urraigéib, agus leat-uairí poim éiríge na gréine cuair ré eum na h-áite a raib a gleur beannaigíe i bpoiae: Cuir ré rin air, agus le cpoirí ann a leat-lám agus le uirge coirreagta ann ran lám eile, cuair ré eum na h-áite a raib na mioltóga. Toraig ré ann rin as léigead ar a leabair agus as cratao uirge coirreagta ar na mioltógaib, i n-

Bingham's wife and son offered a hundred pounds to anyone who would bring out the body. A good many people made an effort to do that, but they were not able. They got dust to shake on the flies, and boughs of trees to beat them with, but they were not able to scatter them, nor to go as far as the tree. The foul smell was getting worse, and the neighbours were afraid that the flies and noisome corpse would bring a plague upon them.

The second priest was at this time a gardener with Bingham, but the people of the house did not know that it was a priest who was in it, for if the people of the law or the spies knew they would take and hang him. The Catholics went to Bingham's wife and told her that they knew a man who would banish the flies. "Bring him to me," said she, "and if he is able to banish the flies, that is not the reward he'll get, but seven times as much."

"But," said they, "if the people of the law knew, they would take him and hang him, as they hung the man who got back the sight of his eyes for him before." "But," said she, "could not he banish the flies without the knowledge of the people of the law?"

"We don't know," said they, "until we take counsel with him."

That night they took counsel with the priest and told him what Bingham's wife said.

"I have only an earthly life to lose," said the priest, "and I shall give it up for the sake of the poor people, for there will be a plague in the country unless I banish the flies. On to-morrow morning I shall make an attempt to banish them in the name of God, and I have hope and confidence in God that he will save me from my enemies. Go to the lady now, and tell her that I shall be near the tree at sunrise to-morrow morning, and tell her to have men ready to put the corpse in the grave."

They went to the lady and told her all the priest said.

"If it succeeds with him," said she, "I shall have the reward ready for him, and I shall order seven men to be present."

The priest spent that night in prayer, and half an hour before sunrise he went to the place where his blessed vestments were hidden; he put these on, and with a cross in one hand, and with holy water in the other, he went to the place where were the flies. He then began reading out of his book and

ainm an ádair an mic agus an Spioraid Naomh: D'éirigh an cnoc míoltós, agus d'éitill ríad ruar 'ran aéir, agus rinneadar an rpeír comh doirca leir an oirde. Mí ríad fíor as na daoine cib an áit a nbeadar, áit faoi ceann leat-uair níl ríad ceann díob le feiceáil (feicrint).

Bí lúcháir mór ar na daoine, áit níor b'ada go b'acadar an rpeir dóir as teac, agus glao ríad ar an r'asair níl leir comh t'ar a' r' bí ann: Tug an r'asair do na boinn agus lean an r'pídeadóir é, agus r'gian ann gac láim aise. Nuair nár feud ré teac ruar leir, áit ré an r'gian 'na díais: Nuair bí an r'gian as dul t'ar gualain an r'asair, cuir ré a lám éle ruar, agus gab ré an r'gian, agus áit ré an r'gian ar air gan féadaint taob ríar de: Duail rí an fear, agus cuair rí trío a éirde, gur tuit ré marb, agus d'iméir an r'asair faoir.

Fuar na rí corp úngam, agus cuireadar ann ran uais é, áit nuair cuadar corp an r'pídeadóir do cur, fuairadar na mílte de lúcháir móra timéirle air, agus níl ríad gheim feola ar a éndáir nac ríad ite aca: Mí corpóad ríad de'n corp agus níor feud na daoine iad do ruasac, agus b'éirir díob na éndáir d'asáil or cionn talman.

Cuir an r'asair a gleur beannaighe i b'olac, agus do bí as obair 'ran n'asair nuair cuir bean úngam fíor air, agus d'iarr air an duair do glacac ar pon na míoltós do díbir, agus í do t'asair do'n fear do díbir iad má bí eólar aise air.

“Tá eólar asair air, agus duair ré liom an duair do t'asair cuige anoet, mar tá mún aise an tír d'asáil rí má g'asáil lúet an díse é.”

“Seo duit í,” ar ríre, agus feadair rí r'asair díob.

Ar marim, lá ar na márac, d'iméir an r'asair go coir na r'asair; fuair ré long do bí as dul cum na r'asair, cuair ré ar b'as, agus comh lúet agus d'as ré an cuair cuir ré air a eudais r'asair, agus tug buideac do Dia faoi n-a t'asair r'asair. Mí fíor asair cao t'asair do 'na díais rin.

Tar éir rin do bídeac daoine d'asair cao as t'asair go Tobar Mhuire, agus níor fill don duine aca asair ar air gan a beir léigeara. Áit níl ríad mún ar bí asair ann ran tír reo, nár míleac le duine éirir, agus míleac an tobar, mar rí:



scattering holy-water on the flies, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. The hill of flies rose, and flew up into the air, and made the heaven as dark as night. The people did not know where they went, but at the end of half an hour there was not one of them to be seen.

There was great joy on the people, but it was not long till they saw the spy coming, and they called to the priest to run away as quick as it was in him to run. The priest gave to the butts\* (took to his heels), and the spy followed him, and a knife in each hand with him. When he was not able to come up with the priest he flung the knife after him. As the knife was flying out past the priest's shoulder he put up his left hand and caught it, and without ever looking behind him he flung it back. It struck the man and went through his heart, so that he fell dead and the priest went free.

The people got the body of Bingham and buried it in the grave, but when they went to bury the body of the spy they found thousands of rats round about it, and there was not a morsel of flesh on his bones that they had not eaten. The rats would not stir from the body, and the people were not able to hunt them away, so that they had to leave the bones overground.

The priest hid away his blessed vestments and was working in the garden when Bingham's wife sent for him, and told him to take the reward that was for banishing the flies, and to give it to the man who banished them, if he knew him.

"I do know him, and he told me to bring him the reward to-night, because he has the intention of leaving the country before the law-people hang him."

"Here it is for you," said she, and she handed him a purse of gold.

On the morning of the next day the priest went to the brink of the sea, and found a ship that was going to France. He went on board, and as soon as he had left the harbor he put his priest's clothes on him, and gave thanks to God for bringing him safe. We do not know what happened to him from that out.

After that, blind and sore-eyed people used to be coming to Mary's Well, and not a person of them ever returned without being cured. But there never yet was anything good in this country that was not spoilt by somebody, and the well was spoilt in this way.

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\* This is the absurd way the people of Connacht translate it when talking English. "Bonn" means both "sole" (of foot) and "butt."

Bí cailín i mBaile-an-tobair, agus bí sí ar tí beic póirta, nuair éainis sean-bean éadó éuici agus iarraidh déirce i n-onóir do Dá agus do Mhuir:

“Ní’l don ruo agus le tabairt do sean-éadóirín cailiú, tá mé boðadaiúte ada,” ar ran cailín.

“Ná raib fáinne an póirta ort a-éiríde go mbéid tu com éadó a’r tá mire,” ar ran sean-bean.

Ar maidin, lá ar na máirac; bí fáile an cailín óis nimneac; agus ar maidin ’na dáis rin bí sí beas-nae dail, agus duhairt na cómaranna go mbuó éirí bí dul go Tobair Mhuir:

Ar maidin go moe, déiríú sí, agus éuair sí cum an tobair; acé éréud déircead sí ann acé an sean-bean déirí an déirce uirí ’na fáide agus buac an tobair, agus ciarad a cinn or cionn an tobair beannaiúte:

“Léir-réir ort, a cailleac fáanna, an agus fáladad Tobair Mhuir adá tu?” ar ran cailín; “imúis leat no buiríú mé do muneul.”

“Ní’l don onóir ná mear agus ar Dá ná ar Mhuir, déiríú tu déirce do tabairt i n-onóir dóib, ar an adóir rin ní éumfáid tu tu fáin ’ran tobair.”

Fuair an cailín fáim ar an fáillíú, agus fáicaint í do fáicadailt ó’n tobair, acé léir an fáicadailt do bí éadóra do éuit an déirce fáicad ’ran tobair agus fáicad íad:

O’n lá rin go déi an lá fo ní raib don léigear ann ran tobair:

‡ ‡ ‡ ‡ \*

There was a girl in Ballintubber and she was about to be married, when there came a half-blind old woman to her asking alms in the honor of God and Mary.

"I've nothing to give to an old blind-thing of a hag, it's bothered with them I am," said the girl.

"That the wedding ring may never go on you until you are as blind as I am," said the old woman.

Next day, in the morning, the young girl's eyes were sore, and the morning after that she was nearly blind, and the neighbours said to her that she ought to go to Mary's Well.

In the morning, early, she rose up and went to the well, but what should she see at it but the old woman who asked the alms of her, sitting on the brink, combing her head over the blessed well.

"Destruction on you, you nasty hag, is it dirtying Mary's Well you are?" said the girl; "get out of that or I'll break your neck."

"You have no honor nor regard for God or Mary, you refused to give alms in honor of them, and for that reason you shall not dip yourself in the well."

The girl caught a hold of the hag, trying to pull her from the well, and with the dragging that was between them, the two of them fell into the well and were drowned.

From that day to this there has been no cure in the well.

# muire agus naomh ioseph:

naé naomhta do bí naomh iórep  
 Nuair póir ré Muire mátair?  
 Naé é do fuaire an tabairtar  
 Do b' fearr 'ná an rasoḡal áirde [ádam]?

Ohiúltaíḡ ré do'n óir buirde  
 Aḡur do'n éróim do bí aḡ Dáibí,  
 Aḡur b' fearr leir beir aḡ treóruḡaó  
 Aḡur aḡ múnadó an eólaí do mhuire mátair:

Lá amáin do'á raib an cúpla  
 Aḡ riúbal ann ran nḡáirḡoin;  
 Meaḡ na reiríniró cúbaḡta;  
 Bláḡ úbla, aḡur áirirde:

Do cuir Muire dúil ionnta  
 Aḡur énuḡ rí leó, i láḡair;  
 O boiaó breáḡ na n-úbail  
 Bhí ḡo cúbaḡta deaḡ ó'n áirir-ḡiḡ:

Ann rin do labair an mhaigdean  
 De'n éóiríadó bí fann,  
 "ḡain dam na reóir rin  
 Tá aḡ fáir ar an ḡeann:

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\* Now ill-called "Caldwell" in English.

† *Literally*: Is it not holy that St. Joseph was when he married Mary Mother; is it not that he got the gift that was better than Adam's world? He refused the yellow gold and the crown that David had had, and he preferred to be guiding and showing the way to Mary Mother. One day that the couple were walking in the garden among the fragrant cherries, apple-blossoms and sloes, Mary conceived a desire for them, and fancied them at once, [enticed] by the fine scent of the apples that were fragrant and nice from the High King [*i.e.*, God]. Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was feeble, "Pluck for me yon jewels which are growing on the tree. Pluck me enough of them, for I am weak and faint, and the works of the King of the graces are growing beneath my bosom." Then spake St. Joseph with utterance that was stout, "I shall not pluck thee the jewels, and I like not thy child. Call upon his father, it is he you may be stiff with." Then stirred Jesus blessedly beneath her bosom. Then spake Jesus holily, "Bend low in her presence, O tree." The tree bowed down to her in their



## MARY AND ST. JOSEPH.

From Michael Rogers and Martin O'Calally,\* in Erris Co. Mayo.—  
DOUGLAS HYDE.

Holy was good St. Joseph  
When marrying Mary Mother,  
Surely his lot was happy,  
Happy beyond all other.†

Refusing red gold laid down,  
And the crown by David worn,  
With Mary to be abiding  
And guiding her steps forlorn.

One day that the twain were talking,  
And walking through gardens early,  
Where cherries were redly growing,  
And blossoms were growing rarely,

Mary the fruit desired,  
For faint and tired she panted,  
At the scent on the breezes' wing  
Of the fruit that the King had planted.

Then spake to Joseph the Virgin,  
All weary and faint and low,  
"O pull me yon smiling cherries  
That fair on the tree do grow,

presence, without delay, and she got the desire of her inner-heart quite directly off the tree. Then spake St. Joseph, and cast himself upon the ground, "Go home, O Mary, and lie upon thy couch, until I go to Jerusalem doing penance for my sin." Then spake the Virgin with utterance that was blessed. "I shall not go home, and I shall not lie upon my couch, but you have forgiveness to find from the King of the graces for your sins."

Three months from that day, the blessed child was born, there came three kings making adoration before the child. Three months from that night the blessed child was born in their cold bleak stable between a bullock and an ass.

Then spake the Virgin softly and sensibly, "O Son of the King of the friends, in what way shalt thou be on the world?"

"I shall be on Thursday, and I sold to my enemy, and I shall be on Friday a sieve [full] of holes with the nails. My head shall be on the top of a spike, and the blood of my heart on the middle of the street, and a spear of venom going through my heart with contempt upon that day."

“Bain dam mo fáil aca  
Oir tá me las pann,\*  
A’r tú oibreáca mís na ngráirca  
As fáir faoi mo bpoín.”

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ióseph  
De’n cómpáid bí teann,  
“Ni bainfid mé duit na reóda  
A’r ni h-áil liom do éilinn;

“Glaoó ar ádair ó do leinú  
Ir air ir cóir duit beir teann”<sup>22</sup>  
Ann rin do corruis íora  
So beannaighe faoi na bpoín;

Ann rin do labair íora  
So naomta faoi na bpoín  
“Írtis go h-írioll  
Ann a fíadnuire a éirinn;”

D’ámlaig an crann ríor dí  
Ann a bfiadnuire san máil;  
Agus fuair sí mian a cpoirde-rtis  
Glain-díreac ó’n gcrainn;

Ann rin do labair Naomh Ióseph  
Agus éit é féin ar an talam;  
“Sábh a-baile a Mháire  
Agus luit ar do leaburó;  
So déiró mé go h-Iaruralem  
As deunam áirige ann mo peacaid;”

Ann rin do labair an Mhaigdean  
De’n cómpáid bí beannaighe,  
“Ni peaid mé a-baile  
A’r ni luitfid mé ar mo leaburó;  
Aéir tá maiteamnar le fáil agao  
Ó mís na ngráirca ann do peacaid.”

\* \* \* \* \*

\* “Ann a S-caill” dúbairt Mac na Ruidéig, aet dúbairt an Callaoileac  
“las pann.” Tá me ann a S-caill = “ceartuigheann uaim iat.”

"For feeble I am and weary,  
And my steps are but faint and slow,  
And the works of the King of the graces  
I feel within me grow."

Then out spake the good St. Joseph,  
And stoutly indeed spake he,  
"I shall not pluck thee one cherry.  
Who art unfaithful to me.

"Let him come fetch you the cherries,  
Who is dearer than I to thee."  
Then Jesus hearing St. Joseph,  
Thus spake to the stately tree,

"Bend low in her gracious presence,  
Stoop down to herself, O tree,  
That my mother herself may pluck thee,  
And take thy burden from thee."

Then the great tree lowered her branches  
At hearing the high command,  
And she plucked the fruit that it offered,  
Herself with her gentle hand.

Loud shouted the good St. Joseph,  
He cast himself on the ground,  
"Go home and forgive me, Mary,  
To Jerusalem I am bound ;  
I must go to the holy city,  
And confess my sin profound."\*

Then out spake the gentle Mary,  
She spake with a gentle voice,  
"I shall not go home, O Joseph,  
But I bid thee at heart rejoice,  
For the King of Heaven shall pardon  
The sin that was not of choice."

\* \* \* \* \*

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\* These six-line verses are alien to the spirit of the Irish Language, and probably arise from the first half of the next quatrain being forgotten.

Tá mí ó'n lá rin  
 Rugaó an leanó beannuighe;  
 Thainig na tpi iughe  
 As deunam aóraighe do'n leanó.

Tá mí ó'n oirde rin  
 Rugaó an leanó beannuighe,  
 Ann a rtabla fuar feannta  
 Eirip bulán agus arat.

Ann rin do labair an máighean  
 So ciún agus so céillirde,  
 “A mic iug na gearaó  
 Cía 'n nór mbéir tu ar an traogal?”

“Béir mé Diairdaoin  
 Agus mé díolta as mo náimaid;  
 Agus béir me Dia hAoine  
 Mo émaíar poll as na táirrinib:

Béir mo ceann i mbáir ríce  
 'S fuil mo éoirde i láir na ríáirde;  
 'S an trleig nime out tpe mo éoirde  
 Le rívealac an lá rin,



Three months from that self-same morning,  
The blessed child was born,  
Three kings did journey to worship  
That babe from the land of the morn.

Three months from that very evening,  
He was born there in a manger,  
With asses, and kine and bullocks,  
In the strange, cold place of a stranger.

To her child said the Virgin softly,  
Softly she spake and wisely,  
"Dear Son of the King of Heaven,  
Say what may in life betide Thee."

[THE BABE.]

"I shall be upon Thursday, Mother,  
Betrayed and sold to the foeman,  
And pierced like a sieve on Friday,  
With nails by the Jew and Roman.

On the streets shall my heart's blood flow,  
And my head on a spike be planted,  
And a spear through my side shall go,  
Till death at the last be granted.

Then thunders shall roar with lightnings,  
And a storm over earth come sweeping,  
The lights shall be quenched in the heavens  
And the sun and the moon be weeping.  
While angels shall stand around me,  
With music and joy and gladness,  
As I open the road to Heaven,  
That was lost by the first man's madness."

\* \* \* \* \*

Christ built that road into heaven,  
In spite of the Death and Devil,  
Let us when we leave the world  
Be ready by it to travel.

## naom peadair:

Chualaidh pàrtaidh O Concéadair, i m'bl'ac-luain, an rgeul ro ó sean-mnaoi daib' b' ainm bhuíro ní chaataraig ó bhaile-óá-ábain i zconnaé Shligis, agus fuair mife uair-pean é.

Ann ran<sup>7</sup>am a naib Naom Peadar agus ar Slánuigteóir as riubal na tíre, ir iomda iongantar do tairbeán a Mháigirtir dó; agus dá mbuó duine eile do bí ann, o'feicfead leat an oirio, ir doigis go mbeidead a doécar ar a Mháigirtir níor láirpe 'nà bí doécar pheadair:

Don lá amáin do bíodar as teact ar teact go baile-mór agus do bí fear-ceóil leat ar meirge 'na fuíde ar tairbe an doécar agus é as iarraid doéirce: Thuig ar Slánuigteóir píora airisio do ar ngabail tair do: Bhí iongantar ar pheadar faoi rin, óir duibairt ré leir féin "Ir iomda duine boct do bí i n-eapbuid móir; o'eitig mo máigirtir, déct anoir tuis ré doéirce do'n fear-ceóil reó atá ar meirge: déct b' éirir," ar ré leir féin; "b' éirir go bfuil duil aise ran sceól."

Do bí píor as ar Slánuigteóir cnead do bí i n-inntinn pheadair, déct níor labairt ré focal o'á tairbe:

An lá ar n-a márac do bíodar as riubal air, agus do carad bndair boct orra, agus é ccom leir an doir, agus beas-nac noctta: O'iar ré doéirce ar ar Slánuigteóir, déct ní tuis Seirpan don áirio air, agus níor fneadair Sé a imirde:

"Sin nio eile nac bfuil ceart," ar ra Naom Peadar ann a inntinn féin; bí eagla air labairt leir an Máigirtir o'á tairbe, déct bí ré as cailleanaint a doécar zac uile lá:

An traenóna ceutona bíodar as teact go baile eile nuair carad fear dall orra; agus é as iarraid doéirce: Chuir ar Slánuigteóir caint air agus duibairt "cneud tá uair?"

"Luac lóirtin oróce, luac fuir le n'ite, agus an oimead agus beirdear as teartál uaim amárac; má tuis leat-ra a tairbe dam; geobair tu cúitigad móir; agus cúitigad nac bfuil le págal ar an traogal bndac ro."

"Ir maí i do caint," ar ran Tigearna, "déct ní'l tu déct as iarraid mo meallad, ní'l eapbuid luac-lóirtin ná fuir le n'ite orr, tá óir agus airisio ann do póca, agus buó éirir duil do buirdecar do tairbe do Oha faoi do díol go lá do beir asao."

Ní naib píor as an Dall gur b' é ar Slánuigteóir do bí as caint leir, agus duibairt ré leir: "Ní reanmóra déct doéirce atá mé 'iarraid, ir cinnte mé dá mbeidead píor asao go naib óir ná

## SAINT PETER.

## A Folk Story.

An old woman named Biddy Casey, from near Riverstown, in the Co. Sligo, told this story to O'Connor in Athlone, from whom I got it.—  
DOUGLAS HYDE [in *Religious Songs of Connacht*.]

At the time that Saint Peter and our Saviour were walking the country, many was the marvel that his Master showed him, and if it had been another person who was in it, and who had seen half as much, no doubt his confidence in his Master would have been stronger than that of Peter.

One day they were entering a town, and there was a musician sitting half drunk on the side of the road and he asking for alms. Our Saviour gave him a piece of money, going by of him. There came wonder on Peter at that, for he said to himself, "Many's the poor man in great want that my Master refused, but now He has given alms to this drunken musician; but perhaps," says he to himself, "perhaps He likes music."

Our Saviour knew what was in Peter's mind, but He did not speak a word about it.

On the next day they were journeying again and a poor friar (*sic*) met them, and he bowed down with age and almost naked. He asked our Saviour for alms, but He took no notice of him, and did not answer his request.

"There's another thing that's not right," said Peter in his own mind. He was afraid to speak to his Master about it, but he was losing his confidence in Him every day.

The same evening they were approaching another village when a blind man met them and he asking alms. Our Saviour talked with him and said, "What do you want?" "The price of a night's lodging, the price of something to eat, and as much as I shall want to-morrow; if you can give it to me you shall get great recompense, and recompense that is not to be found in this sorrowful world."

"Good is your talk," said the Lord, "but you are only seeking to deceive me? you are in no want of the price of a lodging or of anything to eat; you have gold and silver in your pocket; and you ought to give thanks to God for your having enough (to do you) till (next) day."

The blind man did not know that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, and he said to him, "It is not sermons,

airisíodh aSAM go mbeirfeá díom é, 'tusa' leat\* anoir, ní tēap-  
tuigeanann do caint uaim."

"Go deimhin ir dí-céillirde an fear tu," ar ran Tighearna, "ní  
béir ór ná airisíodh aSAM i b'pao," agus leir rin o'pás ré an dall:

Bhí Peadar aS éirteacht leir an gcómpáid, agus bí dúil aige a  
innreacht do'n dall gur mbeir é ar Slánuigíteoir do bí aS caint  
leir, aS ní b'pauir ré aon fáill: Acs do bí fear eile aS éirteacht  
nusair duháirt ar Slánuigíteoir go raib ór agus airisíodh aS an  
dall. Duó r'griopadóir millteac do bí ann, aS do bí fíor aige  
nár innir ar Slánuigíteoir aon b'neus ariam: Chom luac agus bí  
Seirean agus Náomh Peadar imtígte, táinig an r'griopadóir cum  
an dall agus duháirt leir, "Tabair dam do cúir óir agus  
airisíodh, no cuirfead r'grian tré do éiríde."

"Níl ór ná airisíodh aSAM" ar ran dall, "dá mbeirfead, ní  
beirínn aS iarraid b'éirce."

Acs leir rin do fúair an r'griopadóir s'neim air, do cúir faoi  
é, agus do bain de an méad do bí aige. Do gáir agus do r'griopadóir  
an dall com h-áir agus o'fear ré, agus cúlaid ar Slánuig-  
teoir agus Peadar é.

"Tá eugcór o'á deunam ar an dall," arfa Peadar:

"Pás go fealltad, agus imteodáir ré an éad c'euna, gan  
caint ar lá an b'neiteamhair," ar ar Slánuigíteoir.

"Tuigim tu, níl aon fuo i b'polaic uait a Mháigirtir," arfa  
Peadar.

An lá 'na ndiais rin do b'beirteoir aS r'ibáil coir páraig, agus  
táinig leóman cíopac amac. "Anoir a Pheadar," ar ar  
Slánuigíteoir, "ir minic duháirt tu go gcaillfeá do beata ar  
mo fion, anoir teirig agus tabair tu féin do'n leóman agus  
imteodáir mire faoi."

Do r'muáin Peadar aige féin agus duháirt, "b'fearr liom b'ar  
ar bit eile o'páigail 'ná leigint do leóman m'ite; támaoir coir-  
luac agus t'is linn r'it uair, agus má feicim é aS teacht r'uar  
linn fanfaid mé ar deirtead. agus t'is leat-ra imteacht faoi."

"Bíod map rin," ar ar Slánuigíteoir:

Do leig an leóman r'griopadóir, agus ar go b'páit leir 'na ndiais,  
agus níor b'pao go raib ré aS b'neit oppa, agus i b'pogar doib.

"Fan r'iar a Pheadar," ar an Slánuigíteoir, aS leig Peadar  
air féin nac gcaillaid ré focal, agus o'imtíg ré amac noim a  
Mháigirtir. O'iompaig an Tighearna ar a cúl agus duháirt ré  
leir an leóman, "Teirig ar air go r'it an párac," agus rinne  
fé amlaid.

\* "Tusa leat" = "imtíg leat," "amac leat," no fuo de'n tróit rin. B'éirteir  
gur "eugcór leat" buó éirí do beir ann. 7 éirí an deamair!"



but alms, I am looking for. I am certain that if you did know that there was gold or silver about me, you would take it from me. Get off now; I don't want your talk.

"Indeed, you are a senseless man," said the Lord; "you will not have gold or silver long," and with that He left him.

Saint Peter was listening to the discourse, and he had a wish to tell the blind man that it was our Saviour who was talking to him, but he got no opportunity. But there was another man listening when our Saviour said that the blind man had gold and silver. It was a wicked robber who was in it; but he knew that our Saviour never told a lie. As soon as He and Saint Peter were gone, this robber came to the blind man, and said to him, "Give me your gold and silver, or I'll put a knife through your heart."

"I have no gold or silver," said the blind man; "if I had I wouldn't be looking for alms." But with that the robber caught hold of him, put him under him, and took from him all he had. The blind man shouted and screamed as loud as he was able, and our Saviour and Peter heard him.

"There's wrong being done to the blind man," said Peter.

"Get treacherously and it will go the same way," said our Saviour, "not to speak of the Day of Judgment."

"I understand you; there is nothing hid from you, Master," said Peter.

The day after that they were journeying by a desert, and a greedy lion came out. "Now, Peter," said our Saviour, "you often said that you would lose your life for Me; go now and give yourself to the lion, and I shall escape safe."

Peter thought to himself and said, "I would sooner meet any other death than let a lion eat me; we are swift-footed and we can run from him, and if I see him coming up with us I will remain behind, and you can escape safe."

"Let it be so," said our Saviour.

The lion gave a roar, and off and away with him after them, and it was not long till he was gaining on them, and close up to them.

"Remain behind, Peter," said our Saviour; but Peter let on that he never heard a word, and went running out before his Master. The Lord turned round and said to the lion, "Go back to the desert," and so he did.

Peter looked behind him, and when he saw the lion going back, he stood till our Saviour came up with him.

"Ó'feuc Peadaar taob-fiar d'é, agus nuair chonnairc ré an leóman as dul ar air do fear ré go dtáinig ar Slánuigíteoirí ruar leir: "A Peadaar," ar Sé, "Ó'fás tu mé i mbaozal, agus —nuo buíó méara 'nár rin,—ó'innir tu bheusa."

"Rinne mé rin," ar Peadaar, "mar bí fíor asam go bfuil cúmaect asao or cionn gac nío, ní h-é amáin ar leóman an fáir-aí."

"Coirg do beul, agus ná bí as innreac't bheus, ní raib fíor asao agus dá bheicfeá mé i mbaozal amárac do t'reisfeá mé a'fir, tá fíor asam ar rmuaintib do éiríde."

"Níor rmuáin mé ariam go n'beairnaib tu don nío nac raib ceairt," ar-ra Peadaar:

"Sin bheus eile," ar ar Slánuigíteoirí: "Nac cuimín leat an lá do tús mé déire do'n fear-ceóil do bí leat ar meirge, bí iongantair oir agus dubairt tu leat féin gur iomda duine boct do bí i n-eairbúir móir ó'eitig mé, agus go dtús mé déire do fear do bí ar meirge mar bí dúil asam i gceól: An lá 'na d'iaig rin ó'eitig mé an fear-bháctair, agus dubairt tu nac raib an nío rin ceairt. An triac'hóna ceurona ir cuimín leat c'neuo tárla i dtaoib an daill: Mineócaib mé anoir duic cad fát rinnear mar rin: Rinne an fear-ceóil níor mó de máit 'nár rinne píce bháctar ó'a fóirt ó ruasó iad: Shábáil ré anam cailín ó pian-taib ipinn: Bhí eairbúir boinn airgid uirru agus bí sí as dul peacaib marbtaib do deunam le na fágar, ac't coirmirg an fear-ceóil í, tús ré an bonn ví, cíó go raib eairbúir díge air féin an t-am ceurona: Maidir leir an mbháctair, ní raib don eairbúir air-rean, cíó go bfuair ré ainm bháctar buíó ball de'n diaabal é, agus rin é an fát nac dtús mé don áirí air: Maidir leir an daill, do bí a Dhia ann a póca, óir ir fíor an fear-focal, "an áit a bfuil do éirte béir do éiríde léi."

Seal gearr 'na d'iaig rin dubairt Peadaar: "A Mháigirtir, tá eólar asao ar na rmuaintib ir uaigníge i gceiríde an duine, agus ó'n nómíro réo amac géillim duic annr gac nío."

Timcioll peac'thaine 'na d'iaig-rin do bíodar as riubal tre énocaib agus pléibtib, agus cáilleadar an bealac: Le tuitim na h-oiríde táinig teinncead agus coirnead agus fearr'tain érom: Bhí an oiríde cóm doirca rin náir feudadar corán caorac ó'feiceáil: Thuir Peadaar anasair carraige agus loir ré a cor cóm dona rin náir feuo ré coirceim do riubal:

Chonnairc ar Slánuigíteoirí polur beas faoi bun cnuic, agus dubairt Sé le Peadaar, "fan mar tá tu agus macaib míre as tóruigeac't congnaim le ó'iomcar."

"Peter," said He, "you left me in danger, and, what was worse than that, you told lies."

"I did that," said Peter, "because I knew that you have power over everything, not alone over the lion of the wilderness."

"Silence your mouth, and do not be telling lies; you did *not* know, and if you were to see Me in danger to-morrow you would forsake Me again. I know the thoughts of your heart."

"I never thought that you did anything that was not right," said Peter.

"That is another lie," said our Saviour; "do you not remember the day that I gave alms to the musician who was half drunk, there was wonder on you, and you said to yourself that many's the poor man in great want whom I refused, and that I gave alms to a drunken man because I liked music. The day after that I refused the old friar, and you said that that was not right; and the same evening you remember what happened about the blind man. I will explain to you now why I acted like that. That musician did more good than twenty friars of his sort since ever they were born. He saved a girl's soul from the pain of hell. She wanted a piece of money and was going to commit a deadly sin to get it, but the musician prevented her, and gave her the piece of money, though he himself was in want of a drink at the same time. As for the friar, he was not in want at all; although he had the name of friar, he was a limb of the devil, and that was why I paid him no heed. As for the blind man, his God was in his pocket, for the old word is true, "Where your store is, your heart will be with it.'"

A short time after that Peter said, "Master, you have a knowledge of the most lonesome thoughts in the heart of man, and from this moment out I submit to you in everything."

About a week after that they were traveling through hills and mountains, and they lost their way. With the fall of night there came lightning, thunder, and heavy rain. The night was so dark they could not see a sheep's path. Peter fell against a rock and hurt his foot so badly that he was not able to walk a step.

Our Saviour saw a little light under the foot of a hill, and He said to Peter, "Remain where you are, and I will go to seek help to carry you."

"There is no help to be found in this wild place," said Peter, "and don't leave me here in danger by myself."

"Be it so," said our Saviour, and with that He gave a whistle,

“níl don cóngham le fágaíl ann ran áit fíadán reo,” ar Peadaar, “asur ná leis ann ro mé i mbaogal liom féin”

“Bíod mar rin,” ar ár Slánuigsteóir, asur leir rin do leis ré peao, asur táinig ceathrar fear, asur cia bí 'na cairtín orra aet an fear do rsiuor an dall real poime rin: D'áitnig ré ár Slánuigsteóir asur Peadaar, asur dubairt ré le n-a cuio fear Peadaar d'iomcár go cúramac go dti an áit-cómhnuide do bí aca amearg na ghnoc: “Chuir an beirt reo,” ar ré, “ó ar asur air-gioo ann mo bealaic-ra real gearr ó foín.”

D'iomcáir riad Peadaar go dti reomra faoi talam; bí teime bpeas ann, asur cuipeadar an fear loitce i ngar bí, asur eug-dar deoc dó. Thuit ré ann a cóslao asur do rinne ár Slánuigsteóir loig na croire le n-a méar, or cionn na loite, asur nuair dúirig ré d'feud ré riúbal com maic asur d'feud ré riam: Bhí iongantar air, nuair dúirig ré, asur d'fírfuig ré creud do bain dó. D'innir ár Slánuigsteóir dó gac nio mar tárla.

“Shaoil mé,” ar ra Peadaar, “go raib mé marb asur go raib mé fuar as dorur flaitir, aet níor feud mé dul arceac mar bí an dorur dnuide, asur ní raib doirpreoir le fágaíl.”

“Airling do bí asao” ar ár Slánuigsteóir, “aet ir fíor i; tá an flaitear dnuide asur níl ré le beic forgaile go bfas' mire bár ar pon peacaid an cine daonna, do cuir fearg ar m'atair. Ní bár coitcionnta aet bár náipeac geobar mé, aet éipeócaid mé air go glórmair asur foirgeólaid mé an flaitear do bí dnuide, asur beid tura do doirpreoir!”

“Óra, a Mháirtir,” ar ra Peadaar, “ní féidir go bfuigead bár náipeac, nac leigfeá dam-ra bár fágaíl ar do fon-ra, tá mé féid asur coitceannac.”

“Saoileann tu rin,” ar ár Slánuigsteóir:

Thainig an t-am a raib ár Slánuigsteóir le bár fágaíl: An trachtóna poime rin bí ré féin asur an dá abrtal deus as reire; nuair dubairt ré, “tá fear asuib as dul mo bpat.” Bhí trioblóid mór orra asur dubairt gac don aca “an mire é?” Aet dubairt Seirean, “an té cumar le n-a láim ann ran méir liom; ir é rin an fear bpaitear mé.”

Dubairt Peadaar ann rin, “dā mbeirdeao an doman iomlán i d'asaid,” ar reirean, “ní beid mire i d'asaid,” aet dubairt ár Slánuigsteóir leir, “rul má goirneann an Coileac anocht ceilpíó (reunfaid) tu mé tri h-uair.”

“Do geobainn bár rul má ceilpinn tu,” ar ra Peadaar, “go veimín ní ceilpeao tu.”



and there came four men; and who was captain of them but the person who robbed the blind man a while before that! He recognised our Saviour and Peter, and told his men to carry Peter carefully to the dwelling-place they had among the hills; "these two put gold and silver in my way a short time ago," said he.

They carried Peter into a chamber under the ground. There was a fine fire in it, and they put the wounded man near it, and gave him a drink. He fell asleep, and our Saviour made the sign of the cross with his finger above the wound, and when he awoke he was able to walk as well as ever. There was wonder on him when he awoke, and he asked "what happened to him." Our Saviour told him each thing, and how it occurred.

"I thought," said Peter, "that I was dead, and that I was up at the gate of heaven; but I could not get in, for the door was shut, and there was no doorkeeper to be found."

"It was a vision you had," said our Saviour, "but it is true. Heaven is shut, and is not to be opened until I die for the sin of the human race, who put anger on My Father. It is not a common, but a shameful, death I shall get; but I shall rise again gloriously, and open the heaven that was shut, and you shall be doorkeeper."

"Ora! Master," said Peter, "it cannot be that you would get a shameful death; would you not allow me to die for you; I am ready and willing."

"You think that," said our Saviour.

The time came when our Saviour was to get death. The evening before that He himself and His twelve disciples were at supper, when He said, "There is a man of you going to betray me." There was great trouble on them, and each of them said, "Am I he?" But He said, "He who dips with his hand in the dish with Me, he is the man who shall betray Me."

Peter then said, "If the whole world were against you, I will not be against you." But our Saviour said to him, "Before the cock crows to-night you will reneague (deny) Me three times."

"I would die before I would reneague you," said Peter; "indeed I shall not reneague you."

When death-judgment was passed upon our Saviour, His enemies were beating Him and spitting on Him. Peter was

Nuair tugadh breiteamhnar báir ar ár Slánuigheóir, bí a cúro námao d'a bualaó agus as catadó rmugairle air. Bhí Peadaar amuig ann ran gcúirt, nuair éainis cailín-aimpíre cuise agus dubhairt leir "bí turá le hÍora." "Ní'l fíor aSam," arís Peadaar, "cad é tá tu máo."

Nuair bí ré as dul amach an seata, ann rin, dubhairt cailín eile, "rin fear do bí le hÍora," áit tug seiréan a mionna ná páib eólar ar bit aise air. Ann rin dubhairt cúro de na daoine do bí as éirteáct, "ní'l amhar ar bit ná páib tu leir, aicnigmit ar do éaint é." Thuas ré na mionnaio móra ann rin, náir leir é, agus ar ball do glaoó an coilead, agus cuimnis ré ann rin ar na foclaib dubhairt ár Slánuigheóir, agus do fíl ré na deóra aicnige, agus fuair re maiteamhnar ó'n té do ceil ré. Tá eórpaca flaitir aise anoir, agus má fíleann rinne na deóra aicnige faoi n-ár loctail mar do fíl seiréan iad, geobamaoio maiteamhnar mar fuair seiréan é, agus cuipíó ré ceo míle fáilte rómainn; nuair nácar rinne so doirur flaitir:

outside in the court, when there came a servant-girl to him and said to him, "You were with Jesus." "I don't know," says Peter, "what you are saying."

Then when he was going out the gate another girl said, "There's the man who was with Jesus," but he took his oath that he had no knowledge at all of Him. Then some of the people who were listening said, "There is no doubt at all but you were with Him; we know it by your talk." He took the great oaths then that he was not with Him. And on the spot the cock crew, and then he remembered the words our Saviour said, and he wept the tears of repentance, and he found forgiveness from Him whom he denied. He has the keys of heaven now, and if we shed the tears of repentance for our faults, as he shed them, we shall find forgiveness as he found it, and he will welcome us with a hundred thousand welcomes when we go to the door of heaven.

## MAR TÁINIS AN T-SAINTE ANNSAN EAGLAIS.\*

Uthi ar slánuigtheóir agus naomh peadóir as rpair-deóract trachtóna, agus do caraib sean-éar oirra: Uthi an duine boct rin go dona, ni raib ari aet ceirteada agus sean-cóta rtróicte; agus san fiú na mbpós faoi n-a coraib: U'iairi pé déiric ar ar oTigearna agus ar Naomh peadóir: Uthi truaig as peadóir do an donán boct agus faoil pé go dtiúbrao an Tigearna ruo éigin dó: Aet níor éur an Tigearna don truum ann, aet o'imtíg re tairir san rreagairt éabairt dó: Uthi iongantar ar pheadóir faoi rin; óir faoil pé go dtiúbrao an Tigearna do gac aindéir-eóir a raib ocpar ari, aet bi faicéoir ari don nio do ráo:

An lá ar na márac bi an Tigearna agus peadóir as rpair-deóract ari ar an mbótar ceutna, agus cia o'feicead ráo as teact 'na scoinne ann ran gceart-aic ann a raib an sean-éar boct an lá poime rin aet riobáilide agus cloirdeam nócta aige ann a lámh: Tháinig pé éuca agus o'iairi pé airtio oirra: Thuas an Tigearna an t-airtio do san focal do ráo, agus o'imtíg an riobáilide. Uthi iongantar dúbailta ar pheadóir ann rin, óir faoil pé go raib an iomarcuio meirnis as ar oTigearna airtio do éabairt do gadoir ar faicéoir: Nuair bi an Tigearna agus peadóir imtígte tamall beas ar an mbótar níor féuo peadóir san ceir do éur ari. “Nac móir an rgeul a Thigearna” ar pé “nac otus tu daoam do'n donán boct o'iairi déiric ort anóe; aet go otus tu airtio do'n bitearnac gadoir do táinig éusao le cloirdeam ann a lámh: nac raib rinn-ne 'n ar mbeir agus ni raib ann aet éar amáin; tá cloirdeam agam-ra” deir pé; “agus b' éarri an éar mire 'nā eirean!” “A pheadóir” ar ran Tigearna “ni feiceann tupa aet an taob amuis, aet éirim-

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\*Fuair mé an rgeul ro, o éar-oirre do bi as Redington De Róirte, Dhuim an t-reagail. aet éualar go minic é. Ni h-iao ro na ceart-focail ann a éruairear é.



## HOW COVETOUSNESS CAME INTO THE CHURCH.

This is a story I have often heard. The above version I got from a man near Monivea, in Galway, though I do not give his exact words. I heard one nearly identical, only told in English, in the Co. Tipperary. The story reminded me so strongly of those strange semi-comic mediæval moralities, common at an early date to most European languages—such pieces as Goethe has imitated in his story of “St. Peter and the Horse-shoe”—that I could not resist the temptation to turn it into rhyme, though it is not rhymed in the original. More than one celebrated piece of both English and French literature founded upon the same *motif* as this story will occur to the student.—DOUGLAS HYDE. [*Religious Songs of Connacht.*]

As once our Saviour and St. Peter  
Were walking over the hills together,  
In a lonesome place that was by the sea,  
Beside the border of Galilee,  
Just as the sun to set began  
Whom should they meet but a poor old man!  
His coat was ragged, his hat was torn,  
He seemed most wretched and forlorn,  
Penury stared in his haggard eye,  
And he asked an alms as they passed him by.

Peter had only a copper or two,  
So he looked to see what the Lord would do.  
The man was trembling—it seemed to him—  
With hunger and cold in every limb.  
But, nevertheless, our Lord looked grave,  
He turned away and He nothing gave.  
And Peter was vexed awhile at that  
And wondered what our Lord was at,  
Because he had thought Him much too good  
To ever refuse a man for food.  
But though he wondered he nothing said,  
Nor asked the cause, for he was afraid.

It happened that the following day  
They both returned that very way,  
And whom should they meet where the man had been,  
But a highway robber, gaunt and lean!  
And in his belt a naked sword—  
For an alms he, too, besought the Lord.  
“He’s an ass,” thought Peter, “to meet us thus;  
He won’t get anything from us.”  
But Peter was seized with such surprise,  
He scarcely could believe his eyes  
When he saw the Master, without a word,  
Give to the man who had the sword.

After the man was gone again  
His wonder Peter could not restrain,  
But turning to our Saviour, said:  
“Master, the man who asked for bread,

re an taobh-artig: ni feiceann tura aet corp na n-daoinne nuair feicim-re an croidhe: Aet beir fíor aghao go fóil" ar Sé "creud fát do sinne mé rin."

Thuit ré amac don lá amáin 'na diaig rin go n-deadair ar oTigearna agus Peadar amúga ar na rleibtib: Uhi teinnthead agus toirnead agus fearrtain mór ann, agus bí riad báidte, agus an bótar cailite aca: Cia o'feicead riad eua ann rin aet an robáilide ceudna a otug an Tigearna aighioo do an lá rin, Nuair tainig ré eua bí truaig aige doib, agus rug ré leir iad go oti uais do bí aige faoi bun cairrige, amearg na rleibthead, agus bain ré an t-eudac rluic doib agus cuir eudais tirme orra, agus tug neart le n'ite agus le n'ol doib agus leabuir le luite air, agus gac uile fórt o'feud ré deunam doib do sinne ré é: An lá ar na márac nuair bí an rtoirm tar, tug ré amac iad agus níor fás ré iad gur cuir ré ar an mbótar ceart iad, agus tug lón doib le h-aghaid an airtir: "Mo cónriar!" ar Peadar leir féin ann rin, "bí an ceart ag Tigearna, ir maic an fear an gaoirde; ir iomda fear cóir," ar reirean, "nac n-dearadair an oirad rin dam-ra!"

Ni raib riad a bpad imtigte ar an mbótar ann rin go bfuair riad fear marb agus é rinte ar enám a oroma ar lár an bótar, agus o'aicnig Peadar é gur ab é an rean-fear ceudna do díultais an Tigearna an déire do: "D'ole do sinneamar" ar Peadar leir féin, "aighioo do díultugad do'n duine boct rin, agus feuc é marb anoir le donar agus anró." "A pheadar" ar ran Tigearna "téir eall cuig an bfeair rin agus feuc cread tá aige ann a póca:" Cuair Peadar anonn cuige agus torais ré ag láimriugad a rean-cóca agus creud do fuair ré ann aet a lán aighioo gael, agus timcioll cúpla fíor bonn óir. "A Thigearna," ar ra Peadar, "Uhi an ceart aghao-ra, agus cia bé ruo deunfar tu no déarf far arir, ni macair mé i o' aghaid." "Deunfair rin a pheadar," ar ran Tigearna: "Giac an t-aighioo rin anoir agus caic arthead é ann ran bpoll

The poor old man of yesterday,  
Why did you turn from him away?  
But to this robber, this shameless thief,  
Give, when he asked you for relief.  
I thought it most strange for *you* to do;  
We needn't have feared him, we were two.  
I have a sword here, as you see,  
And could have used it as well as he;  
And I am taller by a span,  
For he was only a little man."

"Peter," said our Lord, "you see  
Things but as they seem to be.  
Look within and see behind,  
Know the heart and read the mind,  
'Tis not long before you know  
Why it was I acted so."

After this it chanced one day  
Our Lord and Peter went astray,  
Wandering on a mountain wide,  
Nothing but waste on every side.  
Worn with hunger, faint with thirst,  
Peter followed, the Lord went first.  
Then began a heavy rain,  
Lightning gleamed and flashed again,  
Another deluge poured from heaven,  
The slanting hail swept tempest-driven.  
Then, when fainting, frozen, spent,  
A man came towards them through the bent,  
And Peter trembled with cold and fright,  
When he knew again the robber wight.  
But the robber brought them to his cave,  
And what he had he freely gave.  
He gave them wine, he gave them bread,  
He strewed them rushes for a bed,  
He lent them both a clean attire  
And dried their clothes before the fire,  
And when they rose the following day  
He gave them victuals for the way,  
And never left them till he showed  
The road he thought the straightest road.  
"The Master was right," thought Peter then,  
"The robber is better than better men,  
There's many an honest man," thought he,  
"Who never did as much for me."

They had not left the robber's ground  
'Above an hour, when lo, they found  
A man upon the mountain track  
Lying dead upon his back.  
And Peter soon, with much surprise,  
The beggarman did recognize.

móna t̃all, nī bíonn ann ran aṛṣíot̃ ṣo minic aḉt mallac̃t m̃óṛí Chruinnīs P̃eadaí an t̃-aṛṣíot̃ le céile, aṣur c̃uair̃ ré ṣo t̃ot̃ an poll-móna leíṛ; aḉt nuair̃ bī ré dul̃ t̃'á c̃ait̃eam̃ aṛteac̃; "ocón," aṛ ré leíṛ féin, "nac̃ áir̃b̃éul̃ an t̃ruac̃s an t̃-aṛṣíot̃ b̃reac̃s ro t̃o c̃ur̃ amúṣa, aṣur íṛ minic bíonn oc̃maṛ aṣur t̃aṛc̃ aṣur fuaḉt̃ aṛ an m̃áig̃íṛt̃íṛ, óíṛ nī t̃uṣann ré aon aṛíe t̃ó féin, aḉt cong̃b̃óḉair̃ m̃íre c̃uir̃ t̃e 'n aṛṣíot̃ ro aṛ ron a leapa féin; a ṣan f̃íor̃ t̃ó; aṣur b̃'f̃ear̃p̃t̃e é." leíṛ riñ t̃o c̃ait̃ ré an t̃-aṛṣíot̃ ṣeal uile, aṛteac̃ ann ran b̃poll, í muḉt̃ ṣo ṣcluiñf̃eac̃t̃ an T̃íṣear̃na an t̃oṛian, aṣur ṣo raol̃f̃eac̃t̃ ré ṣo raib̃ ré uile c̃ait̃te aṛteac̃: Nuair̃ t̃áinīs ré aṛ aṛann riñ t̃'f̃íar̃p̃uig̃s an T̃íṣear̃na, t̃é "A P̃headaíṛ," aṛ ré, "aṛ c̃ait̃ tu an t̃-aṛṣíot̃ riñ uile aṛteac̃." "Chait̃ear̃" aṛ P̃eadaíṛ, "aḉt am̃áiñ p̃íora óíṛ no t̃ó, t̃o cong̃b̃aig̃ mé le b̃iaḉt̃ aṣur t̃eoc̃ t̃o c̃eannac̃ t̃uit̃-re."

"O! a P̃headaíṛ," aṛ ran T̃íṣear̃na, "c̃r̃eac̃t̃ f̃át̃ nac̃ ñdear̃-naib̃ tu maṛ t̃uḉaíṛt̃ m̃íre leac̃. f̃ear̃ ranntac̃ tu, aṣur b̃eíḉt̃ an t̃raint̃ riñ oṛt̃ ṣo b̃p̃ac̃t̃."

Sin é an f̃át̃ raol̃ a b̃fuil̃ an Eaglaíṛ ranntac̃ ó f̃oiñ,



"Ochone!" thought Peter, "we had no right  
To refuse him alms the other night.  
He's dead from the cold and want of food,  
And we're partly guilty of his blood."

"Peter," said our Lord, "go now  
Feel his pockets and let us know  
What he has within his coat."  
Then Peter turned them inside out,  
And found within the lining plenty  
Of silver coins, and gold ones twenty.  
"My Lord," said Peter, "now I know  
Why it was you acted so.

Whatever you say or do with men,  
I never will think you wrong again."

"Peter," said our Saviour, "take  
And throw those coins in yonder lake,  
That none may fish them up again,  
For money is often the curse of men."

Peter gathered the coins together,  
And crossed to the lake through bog and heather.  
But he thought in his mind: "It's a real sin  
To be flinging this lovely money in.  
We're often hungry, we're often cold,  
And money is money—I'll keep the gold  
To spend on the Master; He needs the pelf,  
For He's very neglectful of Himself."  
Then down with a splash does Peter throw  
The *silver* coins to the lake below,  
And hopes our Lord from the splash would think  
He had thrown the whole from off the brink.  
And then before our Lord he stood  
And looked as innocent as he could.

Our Lord said: "Peter, regard your soul;  
Are you sure you have thrown in the whole?"

"Yes, all," said Peter, "is gone below,  
But a few gold pieces I wouldn't throw,  
Since I thought we might find them very good  
For bed, or for drink, or a bite of food.

Because our own are nearly out,  
And they are inconvenient to do without.  
But, if you wish it, of course I'll go  
And fling the rest of the lot below."

"Ah, Peter, Peter," said our Lord,

"You should have obeyed me at my word,  
For a greedy man you are, I see;  
And a greedy man you will ever be;  
A covetous man you are of gain,  
And a covetous man you will remain."

And that's the reason, as I've been told,  
The clergy are since so fond of gold.

## FÍOGAIR NA CROISE NAOMHTA.

O námao mo éireoin, námao mo tír,  
 Námao mo éioinne 'r mo céile;  
 A tígearna deun mo comairce  
 Le fíogair na Croire naomhta.

Le báir na Croire ceannais tu  
 Slíocht [mí-] foirtúnac éba;  
 Ó foir anuair ir beannaisíte  
 An comairta ro áro-naomhta.

Do pleurg an éarrais, do dúib an grian;  
 Do éroir an domhan go h-éactac,  
 Nuair d'árdaisgead ruar an Slánaisíteoir  
 Ar dhruim na Croire naomhta.

Fánaor! dá bítin rin, an té  
 Nac mbéir a éroir d'á reubad;  
 A'r deoir aisriuge as ríleat uair,  
 Or cómar na Croire naomhta!

Ir gearr é réim an duine lais  
 Síor le fán an t-raogail-pe,  
 Ni taomann (?) an Spiorad malluigte  
 Luét fíogair na Croire naomhta.

Sgannrócar sac don faoi gheim an báir  
 D'á táctad ruar, as eugad,  
 —Ir doct béir lá an anapa  
 San ríat na Croire naomhta.

## THE SIGN OF THE CROSS FOR EVER.

[I came across this religious poem in Irish among the MSS. of William Smith O'Brien, the Irish Leader, at Cahermoyle. It was attributed to a Father O'Meehan.—DOUGLAS HYDE, in "Religious Songs of Connacht."]

From the foes of my land, from the foes of my faith,  
 From the foes who would us dissever,  
 O Lord, preserve me in life, in death,  
 With the Sign of the Cross for ever.

By death on the Cross was the race restored,  
 For vain was our endeavor;  
 Henceforward blessèd, O blessèd Lord,  
 Be the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Rent were the rocks, the sun did fade  
 The darkening world did quiver,  
 When on the tree our Saviour made  
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

Therefore I mourn for him whose heart  
 Shall neither shrink nor shiver,  
 Whose tears of sorrow refuse to start  
 At the Sign of the Cross for ever.

Swiftly we pass to the unknown land,  
 Down like an ebbing river,  
 But the devils themselves cannot withstand  
 The Sign of the Cross for ever.

When the hour shall come that shall make us dust,  
 When the soul and the body sever,  
 Fearful the fear if we may not trust  
 In the Sign of the Cross for ever.

# bea    a    ucrí mbó. nn

So péiró; bean na ucrí mbó!  
Ar do bólaet na bí teann:  
Do connairc meiri san só;  
Bean ir ba dá mó a beann;

Ní mairéann rairbhreap do gndé,  
Do neac ná tabair tairi so móir;  
Cúgac an t-éas ar gac taob;  
So péiró, a bean na ucrí mbó

Sliocé Eogain mór 'ra mómáin;  
A n-imteacé do gni clú dóib;  
A reolta sup léigeadar rior;  
So péiró, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Clann gairge tigeapna an cláir,  
A n-imteacé-ran, ba lá leoin,  
San rúil ne n-a uceacé so brát  
So péiró, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Dóinnall ó Dún baol na long;  
Ua Súilleabáin ná'r t'im glór;  
Féac sup tuit 'ran Spáin ne clairdean;  
So péiró, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ua Ruairc ir MagUirí, do bí  
Lá i n-Éirinn 'na lán beoil;  
Féac féin sup imtis an uir:—  
So péiró, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Síol gCearbail do bí teann;  
Le mbeirí gac geall i ngleó;  
Ní mairéann don díob, mo díe!  
So péiró, a bean na ucrí mbó!

Ó don boin amáin do breir  
Ar mhaoi eile, ir i a dó,  
Do pinnir-pe iomorca a péir:  
So péiró, a bean na ucrí mbó!

## An Ceangal:

Bíod ar m'falluing, a ainuoir ir uairbreac gndir;  
Do bíor san deapmao fearmac buan 'ra tnué:  
Trio an raemur do glacair neo' buaid ar ucrí;  
Dá bfragainn-pe realb a ceatair do buailpinn tú.



## THE WOMAN OF THREE COWS.

(FROM THE IRISH, BY JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN.)

O Woman of Three Cows, *agra!* don't let your tongue thus rattle!  
 Oh, don't be saucy, don't be stiff, because you may have cattle.  
 I have seen—and, here's my hand to you, I only say what's true—  
 A many a one with twice your stock not half so proud as you.

Good luck to you, don't scorn the poor, and don't be their despiser;  
 For worldly wealth soon melts away, and cheats the very miser;  
 And death soon strips the proudest wreath from haughty human brows—  
 Then don't be stiff, and don't be proud, good Woman of Three Cows.

See where Momonia's heroes lie, proud Owen Mór's descendants.  
 'Tis they that won the glorious name, and had the grand attendants;  
 If they were forced to bow to Fate, as every mortal bows,  
 Can you be proud, can you be stiff, my Woman of Three Cows?

The brave sons of the Lord of Clare, they left the land to mourning;  
*Mavrone!* for they were banished, with no hope of their returning.  
 Who knows in what abodes of want those youths were driven to house?  
 Yet you can give yourself these airs, O Woman of Three Cows.

Oh, think of Donnel of the Ships, the Chief whom nothing daunted,  
 See how he fell in distant Spain unchronicled, unchanted;  
 He sleeps, the great O'Sullivan, where thunder cannot rouse—  
 Then ask yourself, should you be proud, good Woman of Three Cows?

O'Ruark, Maguire, those souls of fire, whose names are shrined in story:  
 Think how their high achievements once made Erin's greatest glory.  
 Yet now their bones lie mouldering under weeds and cypress boughs—  
 And so, for all your pride, will yours, O Woman of Three Cows.

Th' O'Carrols, also, famed when fame was only for the boldest,  
 Rest in forgotten sepulchres with Erin's best and oldest;  
 Yet who so great as they of yore in battle or carouse?  
 Just think of that, and hide your head, good Woman of Three Cows.

Your neighbour's poor; and you, it seems, are big with vain ideas,  
 Because, *inagh!* you've got three cows—one more, I see, than she has;  
 That tongue of yours wags more at times than charity allows;  
 But if you're strong, be merciful—great Woman of Three Cows.

## AVRAN.

Now, there you go; you still, of course, keep up your scornful bearing,  
 And I'm too poor to hinder you; but, by the cloak I'm wearing,  
 If I had but four cows myself, even though you were my spouse,  
 I'd thrack you well, to cure your pride, my Woman of Three Cows.

First published by O'Curry in the "Irish Penny Journal" (Gunn & Cameron's)  
 No. 9, 29th August, 1840, with an introductory note, and Mangan's famous metrical  
 version (pp. 68, 69).

## AN RANN SAEÓEALAC:

As ro rann leat-pásgánta eile do éualar ó Duine o Connac  
Dúin-na-ngall; buò mí-fuaimneac rtáio na h-Éireann, mar ír  
cormúil; nuair rinnead é—

Nár marbair míre Duine ar bit  
    A' r nár marbair don Duine mé,  
    Aót má tá don Duine ar tí mo marbta  
    So mbuò míre marbfar é!

As ro rann eile ar an gcléir, do bí aca i gCúige Mumán, agus  
do beir O Dálais dúinn—

Seadain feadmanar cille,  
    Le buirdín na cléire ná deun coingió,  
No ír baogal do d'cuio uile  
    imteac mar dúileadair ar bárr tuile!

As ro rann ar an meirge, do éualair mé ó m' éarair Tomár  
Dárcalag: ír beagnac i n "Deibíde é"—

Ní meirge ír mírte liom;  
    Aót leirg a feicint oim;  
    San uis na meirge ír mírte an gneann;  
    Aót ní gnáac meirge san mí-gneann.

As ro rann do éualar ó'n bfeair ceudna, ar mhnaoi boirb; aca  
ré aca i gCúige Mumán mar an gceudna—

Fadóó teine faoi loó  
    No carream cloc le cuan;  
Cómairle do tabairt do mhnaoi boirb  
    Ír buille d'oró\* ar iarann fuar:

As ro rann mí-lásc eile ar na mnáib, do éualar i gConnac-  
taib—

Tu nio ír doilig a múnaó  
    Dean, muc, agus múile!

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\* Aliter, "boirb," mar, éualar é ó fear eile.

## IRISH RANNS.

[From "Songs of Connacht," by DOUGLAS HYDE.]

Here is a half-Pagan rann which I heard from a man in Donegal. The state of Ireland seems to have been unsettled at the time it was made—

I hope and pray that none may kill me,  
Nor I kill any, with woundings grim,  
But if ever any should think to kill me  
I pray thee, God, let me kill him.\*

Here is another rann about the clerics which O'Daly gives us—

Avoid all stewardship of church or Kill,  
It is ill to be much in the clerics' way,  
Lest you live to see that which with pains you save,  
Like foam on the wave float far away.†

Here is a rann on drunkenness which I got from my friend Thomas Barclay. It is almost in *Deibhidh* metre—

I mind not being drunk, but then  
Much mind to be seen drunken.  
Drink only perfects all our play,  
Yet breeds it discord away.‡

Here is another rann on the fierce or wayward woman, which I heard from the same; it is also current in Munster—

Like a fire kindled beneath a lake,  
Like a stone to break an advancing sea,  
Like a blow that is struck upon iron cold,  
To the wayward woman thy counsels be.§

Here is another discourteous rann on women that I heard in Connacht—

If you hope to teach, you must be a fool,  
A woman, a porker, or a mule.||

\* *Literally*: That I may kill no man at all, and that no man may kill me! But if there is anyone bent on killing me, that it may be I who shall kill him!

† *Literally*: Avoid the stewardship of a Kill (or church). With the band of the clerics do not make agreement, or there is a danger of all your portion departing like leaves on the top of the tide.

‡ *Literally*: It is not intoxication I think the worse of, but [am] loath it to be seen on me. Without the drink of intoxication fun is the worse, but intoxication is not usual without dis-fun [*i.e.*, something the opposite of fun].

§ *Literally*: The kindling of a fire beneath a lake or the throwing of stones against the harbor, to give advice to a wayward (or fierce) woman, it is a blow of a fist upon cold iron.

|| *Literally*: Three things difficult to teach [are] a woman, a pig, and a mule!

As ro rann ar an bfeap boib; do éalair i scondáe  
Rorcomáin—

Cómaire do tabairt do duine boib  
Ni bfuil ann áct níl san céill;  
So sclaoirítear é 'na loct  
S so nigtear é 'na aím-leap féin;

As so cómaire do tug ragaire i scondáe mhuig Eó do éailin  
do bí ró gail-beurac gleurta; do éalair mé ó'n bfeap  
ceutna—

A éailin deap ná meap sur mór i do éail;  
'S so bfuil "nótion" agad náir éleáct do póir ariam;  
Dólaáct-bleáct do b'áite leó ar rliab,  
'S ní cóta breac ar pleac (?) do tóna riar;

As ro focal briogmar ar éontáe mhuig Eó—

"Saoilim," "ir dóig liom," a'r "dap liom féin,"  
Sin tui fiaðnuife atá as an mbreig;

Agur duabairt fear ó'n scondáe ceutna so cruinn éailim ar le  
duine a raib an-éailin agur toga an béarla aise, áct do rinne  
uoc-uirgebeata—

Ni béarla gniú braid  
Áct a ruataó so maic!

As ro rann maic ar an trion-époir rin atá ar bun ior an  
toil agur an tuigrint, air ar labair an Rómánac, nuair duabairt  
ré, video meliora probo-que—deteriora sequor—

Nac boct an toirg a'r an cor ann a bfuilim i bpéin!  
Mo tuigrint óm' toil, a'r mo toil as dpuirim óm' céill;  
Ni tuigtear dom' toil gac loct dom' tuigrint ir léir,  
No má tuigtear, ni toil léi, áct toil a tuigrióna féin;

\* *Literally*: To give advice to a wayward [or fierce] man, there is nothing in it but an act devoid of sense, until he be overthrown in his fault, and until he is washed [i.e., laid out dead] in his own misfortune.

† *Literally*. My pretty girl, do not think that great is your sense, and sure you have a notion that your people [literally, "seed"] never practised, milk-kine on a mountain they liked better, and not a speckled coat behind.



Here is a rann on the fierce or wayward man, which I heard in the County Roscommon—

To a wayward man thine advice to bring  
Is a foolish thing, and a loss of time,  
His fault must find him, he must be crost,  
Till death be the cost of his frantic crime.\*

Here is an advice which a priest in the County Mayo gave to a girl who was too foreign-mannered and dressy; I heard it from the same—

My girl, I *fear* your sense is not *great* at all,  
Your fathers, my *dear*, would *rate* such sense as small,  
They loved good *cheer* and not *state*, and a well-filled stall,  
Not garments *queer* to *inflate* like the purse-proud Gall.†

Here is a forcible saying from the County Mayo—

"No doubt sure," "Myself believes," "Thinks I,"  
Three witnesses these of the common lie †‡

A man from the same county said pithily to someone who had fine talk and choice English, but who made bad whiskey—

It's to mix-without-fault,  
And not English, makes malt!§

Here is a good rann on that constant combat which is ever on foot between the will and the reason, of which the Latin spoke when he said, "I see the better things and approve of them, but I follow the worse"—

How sad is my case, I am surely in *plight* most ill,  
My will with my reason, my reason *fights* with my will,  
My reason sees faults that my will remains *blind* to still,  
Or should my will see them, my reason *strikes* to my will.||

† *Literally*: "I think," "I'm near-sure," and "it seems to me," those are three witnesses that the lie has.

§ *Literally*: It is not English makes malt, but to mix it well.

|| *Literally*: Is it not poor, the way and the condition in which I am in pain, my understanding [moving away] from my will, and my will moving away from my understanding. Each fault which is plain to my understanding is not understood by my will, or if it is understood she wills it not, but [wills] the will of her own understanding.

As ro pānn eile; ir pēan-focal coitēcionn “ni tuiḡeann an  
pācāc an pēanḡ”—

Niōr aihḡ an pācāc pāim an t-ocpāc piam,  
S ni tāinḡ piam tḡāḡāḡ ḡan lān-muiḡ obann 'na ōiaḡ,  
Ni bionn pāipt as mndāib le ḡnōḡaiḡe uat,  
S ni tuiḡ an bār pḡār ḡo ōuine ar biḡ ariam.

As ro pānn eile ar cēill aḡur ar mī-cēill—

Ciall aḡur mī-ciall  
Ōiar nāc nḡabann le cēile!  
Ir ōōiḡ le pēar ḡan cēill  
ḡur 'bē pēin ūḡōar na cēille!

As ro pānn eile ar an ōuine a bḡuil a aihḡe aḡur a innḡinn  
ar pān uaiḡ—

Cpānn tōpāiḡ an t-iūbār,  
Ni bionn cōiḡōe ḡan bārḡ ḡlar,  
Ionnann a'r ḡan a bēit 'ran mbaile  
Nēac ann a'r a aihḡe ar!

Tā mōpān pānn ann, as innḡint ōēipḡ nēitēac an tḡaōḡail:  
Cpēiḡim ḡo bḡuil an cūḡ ir mō aca coitēcionn ḡo'n oileān ar  
pāḡ: Ni tuiḡpāḡ anoir acḡ ceann aca mār pōmpla, ḡo pēir mār  
acā pē i ḡconḡac mhuḡ-Eō—

Ōēipēac loinḡe, bācāḡ,  
Ōēipēac āite, loḡḡāḡ,  
Ōēipēac cuḡm, cāineac,  
Ōēipēac plāinte, oḡna:

Acā mār an ḡcēuḡna a lān ōe pānnḡaiḡ as tōḡuḡāḡ leiḡ an  
bḡocal “Māiḡ” as ōeunam tḡuāiḡe pāoi nēiḡib euḡḡamla: As

\* *Literally*: The mild satisfied one never felt [for] the hungry one, and there never came an ebb without a full tide close behind it. No woman has any part with a gray-haired dotard (?), and death has never given respite to anyone.

† *Literally*: Sense and un-sense, two who do not go together. The man without sense is certain that he himself is the author of sense.

Here is another rann: "The satiated does not understand the lean" is a common proverb—

The satisfied man for the hungry one never feels,  
There never comes ebb without full tide close at its heels,  
To the gray-haired dotard no woman her heart reveals,  
From death when he comes no praying a respite steals.\*

Here is another rann on sense and folly—

Though the senseless and sensible  
Never foregather,  
Yet the senseless one thinks  
He is Sense's own father.†

Here is another rann on the man whose attention and mind are astray—

A constant tree is the yew to me,  
It is green to see, and grows never gray,  
'T were as good for a man through the world to roam  
As to live at home with his mind away.‡

There exist many ranns telling the end of the things of the world. I believe the most of these are common to the entire island. I shall only give one of them here as a specimen, in the form it has in the County Mayo—

The end of a ship is drowning,  
The end of a kiln is burning,  
The end of a feast is frowning,  
The end of man's health—is mourning.§

There are also a great number of ranns beginning with the word "alas," or "woe," lamenting over various things. Here

† A tree of fruit is the yewtree, it is never without a green top. It is the same thing for a man not to be at home as for him to be there with his attention away. [The idea seems to be that wherever a man is planted, he should remain there with his mind fresh and green like the yew and not grow withered by wishing to be where he cannot be.]

§ *Literally*: The end of a ship—drowning; the end of a kiln—burning; the end of a feast—reviling; the end of health—a sigh.

ro cāpla rompla díob ro, ar an scondac Rorcomáin; mar ro  
cualar iad—

1r maigs do gnró bpannpa san riol,  
, 1r maigs bíor i dtíri san beir tpeun, (a)  
1r maigs do gnró cómpáó san plaet,  
Asur dá maigs nac scuipéann pmaet ar a beut;

Asur arír—

1r maigs a mbionn a cāpaó pann;  
1r maigs a mbionn a clann san pat,  
1r maigs a bídear i mboctān boet,  
A'r dá maigs a bídear san oic ná maet;

1r iomda pann ann; mar an s-cuona; coraigear le “1r fuat  
liom,”

1r fuat liom cāpleān ar mōin,  
1r fuat liom pōgmar beir bāiote;  
1r fuat liom bean buinneac (?) ar bōn;  
'Sur 1r fuat liom fīaca ar fāgarai

Arír—

1r fuat liom cú truaš  
As peat (pit) ar fuo tige;  
1r fuat liom buine-uafal  
As fpeartal o'd mnaoi!

Tā pann corpūil leir peó i dtaoib fhinn Mhic Chumail—

Ceithe nro o'd dtug fionn fuat—  
Cú truaš, a'r eac mall,  
Tigeapna tpe san beir glie,  
Asur bean firi nac mbéapfao clanni;

Buó gnāac leir na daoinib beirdeac éigin do marbāó asur  
o'ite orōce fhēile Mhārtain; Thāpla, an orōce peó, nac paib  
le marbāó as mnaoi an tige ac muc bpeac, asur nior maet léi  
firi do deunam. Ac buó mian leir an mac beile maet do beir

(a) Aliter, tpeirdeac.

*Literally:* Alas for who makes land fallow without seed [to put in it],  
alas for him who is in a land without being strong, alas for who makes  
conversation without elegance, and twice alas for him who places no  
control over his mouth.



are a couple of examples of them just as I heard them in the County Roscommon—

Alas for who plow without seed to sow,  
For the weak who go through a foreign land,  
For the man who speaks badly yet does not know,  
—Twice woe for the mouth under no command.\*

And again—

Alas for the man who is weak in friends,  
For the man whose sons do not make him glad,  
For the man of the hut through which winds can blow,  
—Twice woe for who neither is good nor bad†

There is also many a rann beginning with the words "I hate." Such as—

I hate a castle on bog-land built,  
And a harvest spilt through the constant wet,  
I hate a woman who spoils the quern,  
And I hate a priest to be long in debt.‡

Again—

I hate poor hounds about a house  
That drag their mangy life,  
I hate to see a gentleman  
Attending on his wife.§

There is a rann somewhat like this about Finn Mac Cool—

Four things did Finn dislike indeed,  
A slow-foot steed, a hound run wild,  
An unwise lord who breeds but strife,  
And a good man's wife who bears no child.||

It used to be the custom of the people to kill and eat some beast on St. Martin's Night. It happened on this night that the woman of the house had nothing she could kill except a speckled pig, and she did not like to do this. But her son

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+ *Literally*: Alas for him whose friend is feeble, and alas for him whose children are without prosperity, alas for him who is in a poor bothy or hut, and twice alas for him who is without either bad or good. [Perhaps this last clause is a reminiscence of the Apocalyptic *οφελον ψυχης ης η βζεστος.*]

† *Literally*: I hate a castle on a bog, I hate a harvest to be drowned, I hate a \* \* \* (P) woman at a quern, and I hate debt on a priest.

§ *Literally*: I hate a miserable hound running throughout a house, I hate a gentleman attending [*i.e.*, for want of servants] on his wife.

|| *Literally*: Four things to which Finn gave hatred, a miserable hound, a slow steed, a country's lord not to be prudent, and a man's wife who would not bear children.

aiſe aſur éuaíð ré i bfolac ar éúl an tige; 'd'áiraiſ ré a ſuic<sup>i</sup>  
aſur dubairt ré de ſlóir ſpánna uaebárac an rann ro—

Míre Mártan deaſ Dia,  
aſur ar ſac realb buainim reoil,  
Mar nár marb tura an muc breac  
Marbfaíð míre do mac Cormac ós:

Do rſannraiſeadó an mátaí, óir faoil rí ſur b'é ſlaom Mártan  
reín do bí aſ labairt, aſur marb rí an muc:

Aſ ro rſeul do rſríob mé ríor o beul íníceáil ínic Ruairíuſ  
“an ríle ar éonraé íhuig-Eó,” mar leanar:

“bí beirt faſart aſ rparíreópaéc, don lá amáin; aſur éonn-  
airc ríao [aſ] tigeaéc 'na n-aſaíð leaé-amaoán naé raib don éiall  
aiſe, aéc bí ré an ſearr-rioballac [ſéir-ſreagaſaſac], aſur arpa  
ceann de na faſairt leir an brear eile, ‘cuirpíð mé ceirt ar  
‘Díarmuid anoir nuair éiuſaíð ré i nſar dúinn.’ ‘Ír fearr  
‘uit a leigean éart’ ar ran fear eile: Nuair éáinſ Díarmuid  
i n-íntiſ (?) [= i nſar] dóib, arpa ceann do na faſairt leir, ‘lar-  
amaoio oſc [= ríarraiſíuio dóio] cao é an uair béirear a éaint  
aſ an bpreácán dub’? Deaſ Díarmuid ruar ann ran aſaíð  
ar an faſart, aſur ‘innreócaíð mé rin ‘uit,’ ar reiréan

Nuair éómnócar an t-íurac [t-íolar] ar an nſleann;  
Nuair ſlanſar an ceó de na cuic,  
Nuair ímteócar\* an tſaint de na faſairt  
béio a éaint aſ an bpreácán dub:

‘Noir,’ ar ran faſart eile, ‘nár brearri ‘uit éirteaéc le  
Díarmuid!’”

Aſ ro rann eile do ruair mé ó'n mBárlaíſeadó—

ſeallfaíð an fear breuſac  
ſac [a] breudar a érioíre,  
ſaoilríð an fear rannac  
ſac a ſealltar ſo bſuíſ'.†

Aſ ro ceann eile ó éonraé íhuig Eó—

An té léigear a leabar  
a'í naé ſcuiréann é i meabar;  
Nuair éailleann ré a leabar  
bíonn ré 'na báileabar (?)

\* “aéc ſo n-íntiſ,” dubairt mac uí Ruairíuſ, aéc ní léir ‘am rin.

† = ſo bſuíſríð ré ſac nío ſealltar.

wished to have a good meal, and he went and hid at the back of the house, changed his voice, and spoke this rann in hideous, awful tones—

I am God's Martin, hear my word,  
Out of every herd one head is mine,  
I must slay your Cormac 'Og this day  
Since you will not slay the spotted swine.\*

The mother was frightened, for she thought it was St. Martin himself who was speaking, and she killed the pig.

Here is a story which I wrote down from the mouth of Michael Mac Rory [Rogers], the "poet from the County Mayo," as follows—

"There were two priests out walking one day, and they saw coming towards them a half fool who had no sense, but he was very short-tailed [i.e., quick-at-answer], and says one of the priests to the other, 'I'll ask Diarmuid a question when he comes near us.' 'It's best for you to let him pass,' says the other one. When Dairmuide came near them one of the priests says to him, 'We're asking you when shall the black crow have speech.' Diarmuid looked up in the priest's face, and 'I'll tell you that,' says he:

'When the eagle shall nest in the hollow glen,  
When mountain and fen shall from mists be free,  
When the priests shall no longer for gold be seeking,  
The crow shall be speaking as plain as we.'

"'Now!' says the other priest, 'wasn't it better for you to listen to [i.e., let be] Diarmuid'!"

Here is another rann from which I got from the same—

The lying man has promised  
Whatever thing he could,  
The greedy man believes him,  
And thinks his promise good.†

Here is another, also from the County Mayo—

The man who only took  
His learning from his book,  
If that from him be took  
He knows not where to look.‡

\* I am Martin red-God (?) and out of every herd, do I take meat; as you have not killed the speckled pig, I shall kill your son Cormac Oge. (This use of the word *realt* (which now means any possession) for "herd" is ancient and curious, but Father O'Growney tells me it is still used in Donegal in this sense.)

† Literally: The lying man will promise all that his heart is able [to invent], the covetous man will think that he will get all that is promised.

‡ Literally: He who reads his book, and does not put it into his memory, when he loses his book he becomes a simpleton (?).

SEÁŠAN AN DÍOMAIR,  
BLÚIRÍN AS STAIR NA h-ÉIREANN,  
CONÁN MAOL;

CAIB. I.

BILE NA COILLE;

Ír iomdha fear gairseamail do h-oilead i n-Ulad ó Coin Culaínn anuar go dtí Seáshan an Díomair: 1 b'ead iní na ciantaib do rugad ann Niall naoi n-ġiallac, ní cúmactac do bí i dTeamair: 1r minic do moctuis na Rómánaig i m'breatain a corḡairt ríud: 1 gceann d'a cupuraib tug pé leir mar címe buacail óg d'ár b'ainm 'na diaib ríud pádruis: Do b'é an címe úd an Tailġin sup innir na d'raoite roim iae a teact. Tá a éú, 7 a ceannar go h-aibib fór imearġ ġaebeal, act dála néill naoi n-ġiallaig 1r beag náe b'fuil a ainm deapmáota. Ár a fón roin ba mór le ráo an ní úd lá, 7 ar a leapaca d' fár an aicme ba cúmapaig 7 ba cáima d'a iuib i n'éirunn le n-a linn féin, 'ná b'féirir ar d'ruim an domáin: Cuapdaig rtair na ġepioc eile, féac imearġ aicmib abur 7 eall 7 ní b'fuisġir fir d'aon cinead amáin do b'áilne d'peac, do ba cáima i nġleó, do ba ġléir-inntineac i ġcómairle 'ná na ráir-fir do ríolraib ar fead na ġcéadta bliadán ar an b'péim uapail rin Muinir néill.

Fá mar do liúga nn an ġaoe mór timceall cpaínn daine i n'aonar ar láp macaie, ġan baint le n-a neart act amáin na duilleóga do rġiobaib de 7 fo-ceann d'a ġeasraib do b'preat le h-ár d'apraet, do ba mar rin do na Sapanais ar fead ceitpe céad bliadán d'a mbarġad féin i ġcoinnib na ġcupaibé úd do táinig ó Niall naoi-n-ġiallac; 7 1r é mo tuarim ná buaibpíde coróce orġa ríud muna mbéad sup eirġeadar i n-aġair a céile.

Ní iuib fear ar an ġcinead ba mó cáil 'ná an Seáshan ro do luadmuid. Éipeannac 'na d'allaib do b'ead é, cóm maíe 'na loctaib 7 'na épéitib fearamla. Ní iuib pé cóm ġlic i ġcómairle 'ná cóm ġear-cúireac i ġceirt le h-aod ó Néill d'foġlumir cleapáideact iagla i dtig éúpe, baimpogáin Sapan. Ní iuib bun-eólar coġair aige cóm clirve le h-Coġan Ruad, act níor fáruig don duine aca ro é i nġairġe, i nġníom, 'ná i nġráo d'a típ. Tá aon rímal amáin ar a ainm: D'foitlirġ



## SHANE THE PROUD.

## A FRAGMENT OF IRISH HISTORY.

BY P. J. O'SHEA.

## CHAPTER I.

## THE FIRST TREE OF THE WOOD.

THERE was many a valiant man reared in Ulster, from Cuchulainn to Shane the Proud. Far back in the old times Niall of the Nine Hostages was born there, a powerful king in Tara. The Romans in Britain often experienced the havoc wrought by him. In one of his expeditions he took with him as a prisoner of war a young boy whose name afterwards was Patrick. That slave was the saintly child whose coming the Druids foretold. His fame and his power are fresh and strong still among Gaels. But as to Niall of the Nine Hostages his name is almost forgotten. But nevertheless that king was very great once, and from his loins sprang the most powerful and the most valiant race that existed in all Ireland in their own time, or perhaps in the whole world. Search the history of other countries, seek among the tribes here and elsewhere, and you will not find men of any one race who were handsomer in appearance or more valiant in battle or more intellectual in counsel than the brave men who, during hundreds of years, sprang from that noble root of the O'Neills.

As the wind howls round about an oak-tree standing by itself in the middle of a plain without reducing its strength, but only snatching leaves from it and breaking an odd one of its branches by a great effort, so it was with the English for four hundred years, flinging themselves against those champions descended from Niall of the Nine Hostages : and it is my opinion that the latter would never have been conquered but for the fact that they rose up against each other.

There was no man of the family more renowned than this Shane of whom we speak. He was an Irishman all over, as well in his faults as in his manly qualities. He was not so clever in counsel nor so subtle in disquisition as Hugh O'Neill, who learned state-craft in the house of Elizabeth, Queen of England. He was not so skilful in the science of warfare as Owen Roe, but neither of these surpassed him in valor, in

na Sapanais̄ go foileir an ríal roin dúinn go h-áḡarac; mar ba beas oḡta Seáḡan Ó Néill: D'fuaḡais̄ ré bean Calḡais̄ Uí Dómnaiḡ; deirḡbḡrḡr do ṡigearna na nOileán coir Albain, 7 ir doic le n-a lán úḡḡar sup éaluis̄ ríre leir le n-a toil féin: Ir ruarac náis̄ ré cóm h-olc leir na Sapanais̄ féin ar an gcuma ríin, áḡt amáin go n-áḡmóḡar seirḡan a ḡroḡ-ḡleacḡar mar níor ba rímineac é, áḡt fear rípineac ná ceirḡar a cáim:

### Caib: 2.

### Éire le n-a Uínn:

Ní feararḡ inir fáil lá ruaimnir ríam̄ fḡ ḡab reḡta na Noirmánac i gcuan ar “ṡráis̄ an Uainḡ” le Diarmair na nḡall inir an mbliḡḡain 1169. ḡáinis̄ na Noirmánais̄ go Sapaná ó'n ḡḡrḡine céar bliḡḡan roim̄ an am roin, fá rḡirḡḡḡar liam̄ buaḡḡais̄, 7 do rḡairḡar na Sapanais̄ i n-aon ḡruis̄in amáin: Uí na Sapanais̄ fá coir ḡan moill 7 Noirmánac 'na ríḡ 7 'na buanna oḡta fearḡa: Níor ba ḡala roin d'Éirinn: Ó'n rí rin an ḡarḡa Hanḡi go ḡḡi an ḡ-ḡḡmáḡ Hanḡi Uí ríḡḡe Sapaná 'na “ḡḡḡearnaib” ar Éirinn: Níis̄ ré i mirneac aon rí aca Rí Éireann do ḡlaḡḡar air féin sup ceap an ḡ-ḡḡmáḡ Hanḡi sup coir dḡ féin beir 'na rí ḡáirḡib ar Éireannais̄:

Ar an aḡḡar roin cuir ré ḡairm rḡoile amac go ríis̄ ré ríacḡanac ar ḡaoirḡacáib móra Éireann cḡuinnḡḡar ar aon láḡair go mbḡonnḡar ré ḡiḡḡail 7 talam̄ oḡta:

Do b'ḡ nór na ḡaoirḡac roin go ḡḡi ríḡ beir 'na ḡcinn ar an ḡrḡib 7 rḡoinnear a ḡrḡibe féin do ḡḡḡail: Uí Ó ḡrḡain mar ceann ar Muinḡir ḡrḡain, Ó Néill mar ceann ar Múinḡir Néill, 7 mar ríin dḡib. Cuirḡḡ an ḡ-ḡḡmáḡ Hanḡi deirḡar leir an nór roin fearḡa, 7 d'á rḡir rin cuirḡann ré rḡḡra aḡ ḡrḡail ar áḡḡ-ḡaoirḡacáib Éireann náḡ ḡruil uairḡ áḡ rḡiḡḡáin do ḡéanarḡ leḡ, 7 go nḡéanḡar ré ḡigearnaiḡ móra dḡib, 7 go mbḡonnḡar ré talam̄ na rḡeibe oḡta áḡ ḡéillear dḡ. Do mácḡnais̄ na ḡaoirḡ: Do rḡir nór na h-Éireann an uair rin níorḡ' leir an ḡaoirḡac talam̄ na rḡeibe, áḡt leḡ féin 7 leirḡan i ḡeannḡa cḡile: Uí seirḡan mar ceann oḡta mar d'áruis̄-ḡar féin é ar cḡinḡeall go ḡḡarḡar ré ceapḡ dḡib: Ar an aḡḡar roin bíḡar rḡor 7 ní leḡḡar an ḡaoirḡac a ḡcúir

action, nor in love of his country. There is just one stain upon his name. The English have shown us that stain clearly and gladly, for they detested Shane O'Neill. He carried off Calvach O'Donnell's wife, sister to the Lord of the Isles on the coast of Scotland; and many authors think that she eloped with him of her own will. He was very nearly as bad as the English themselves in that way, except that *he* would admit his evil conduct, for he was no hypocrite, but a truthful man, who would not conceal his fault.

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## CHAPTER II.

### IRELAND IN HIS TIME.

Inisfail never saw a day's peace after the sails of the Normans were lowered in the harbor at Traig-an-Vaniv,\* with Foreign Dermot, in the year 1169. The Normans came to England from France a hundred years before that time, under the command of William the Conqueror, and they routed the Saxons in one single battle. The Saxons were overcome at once, and a Norman was King and task-master over them thenceforward. It was not thus with Ireland. From that King, Henry II., to Henry VII., the Kings of England were "lords" of Ireland. Not one of them had the courage to call himself King of Ireland until Henry VIII. thought that he ought to be really King over the Irish.

He therefore issued a proclamation that all the great chiefs of Ireland must assemble in one place so that he might present them with titles and lands.

Until then, it was the custom of those chiefs to be heads of the clans and to take the family name of their own clan. O'Brien was head of the O'Brien family, O'Neill of the O'Neill family, and so with all of them. Henry VIII. will put an end to this custom for the future, and accordingly he sends a notice to the high chiefs of Ireland that he wants nothing but to make peace with them, and that he will make great lords of them, and that he will bestow upon them the lands of their clan, provided they submit themselves to him. The chieftains reflected. According to Irish customs at that time the land of the clan did not belong to the chief, but to themselves and to him jointly. He was their head, because they themselves appointed him on condition that he would give them their rights. For that reason they were free, and the chief would not dare to

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\* Somewhere on the coast of Wexford. The name is not now recognizable.

talman do baint díob mar bí an oipead cipt aca féin cum na talman roin 7 bí aigeann:

Aé péad an dlíge seo do ceap an t-octmaó Hanrí 7 a minir-téir glie Wolsey. Bead an taoipead fearda mar máigiricir ar gac treib 1 n-ionad beit mar do bí pé go dtí ro 'na uacdarán oirca. Níor taitníg an gnó 1 n-aon cor leir an dtreib, aé do péiricis pé go dian maic leir na taoipeadacáib, 7 do rmuáinid gac ceann aca ar a fon féin go raib pé 7 a dtáinig roimir tnaite, cuirpead le cómpac 1 n-aíad na Saranae, 7 sup mictio corz do cup leir an impear:

D'a cionn roin léigmid sup ériall taoirig móra na h-éipeann anonn go lúnuuin cum Hanrí inr an mbliadain 1541, 7 'na mearg Conn Ó Néill; 7 go raib an pí go rial, fáilteac, upraimeac leó, 7 go nbeáirnaid pé iarlai 7 tigeairnai díob do péir a gcéim 'ra traogal.

Ba túbairteac an cupur é mar do beagail pé gac treib 1 n-éipinn ó'n nór do bí aca leir na ciantaib—pé rin flait do beanao díob féin ar an dtreib gan rpleadócar do iug Sarana. Caitirí ríad fearda úmalúgac do'n iarlai nuad ro do cum an pí díob, 7 muna mbeid ríad úmal do cuirpear raigvóirí Sarana cum cabruigite leir an iarlai nuad 1 gcóimair rmaet do cup ar an dtreib noán. Ní fuláir do'n iarlai nuad leir aipe tabairt do féin nó áirvócar Sarana iarlai eile 'na ionad a beid úmal 7 muinteardá do'n ríagaltar:

### Cait: 3:

### GRUAIM 1 DTÍR EÓGHAIN:

Níor b'ionghac go raib riormairnaig 1 dtíir Eóghain ar ceac ar n-air do'n iarlai nuad, 7 coíarnac 7 epotac ceann 7 lámpeit claidéam go basartac abur 7 tall. "Ir é an Conn ro an céad Ó Néill do érom a glúin cum ríg iarda," ar ríarpan, 7 tugadap ríil ar Seághan, aoránae éuinn. "Tá adúar ríg ann," adubradap le céile; "fan go bfeairt pé. Péad an gruais fada; fáinneac, fionn roin air, 7 an dá ríil iarmara glara roin aigei Tá pé ag boprac go tiug. Tá breir 7 pé troigite ar áirve ann ceana féin: Péad go cruinn air, náe leatán-guailneac fuinnce fearraoac atá pé; cóm dípeac le rleig, cóm lútmair le ríad;



take their land from them, for they had as much right to that land as he had.

But observe this law that Henry VIII. and his cunning minister, Wolsey, devised. The chieftain would in future be the master of each clan, instead of being, as he had been hitherto, the head man of them. The business did not please the clan at all, but it suited the chieftains thoroughly well, and each of them thought for his own part that he and all who came before him were worried and tired with fighting against the English, and that it was time to put a stop the struggle.

And so it is that we read that the great chiefs of Ireland traveled over to London to Henry in the year 1541, and among them Conn O'Neill; and that the King was most generous and hospitable and respectful towards them, and that he made earls and lords of them according to their rank in life.

It was an unlucky journey, for it parted every clan in Ireland from the custom they had had for ages—that is, making a prince for themselves from among the clan, independently of the King of England. Henceforward they will have to obey this new Earl that the King has made for them, and if they will not be obedient to him, the soldiers of England will be sent to help the new Earl in order to repress the unruly tribe. The new Earl, too, must needs mind himself, or England will put up another Earl in his place who will be obedient and friendly to the Government.

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### CHAPTER III.

#### GLOOM IN TIR-EOGHAIN.

It was no wonder that there was whispering in Tir-Eoghain when the new Earl came back, whispering and shaking of heads and a threatening handling of swords on this side and that. "This Conn is the first O'Neill who bent his knee to a foreign King," said they, and they cast their eyes on Shane, Conn's eldest son.

"There is the making of a King in him," they said to each other; "wait till he grows up. See that long, curly fair hair on him, and those two fiery gray eyes he has. He is growing fast. He is more than six feet in height already. Look at him closely; see how broad-shouldered, well-knit, and sinewy he is, as straight as a spear, as fleet as a stag, as bold as the bull of a herd. Shane shall be prince over us, and Henry the Eighth's new Earl will have to take himself off."



cóm d'án le tairb tána: Beir Seághan mar flait orainn 7 caite-  
fir larla nuad an oetmáð Hanrí gneadad leir."

Cualair Conn Ó Néill an cogaíneac 7 do goill rí air:  
Cualair ré fir as caint le céile 7 faobair 'na raobair: "Ir  
annra leir an mac togartha; Matú an fearboirca, 'nā Seághan  
a mac olirtineac féin do tug a bean-tigearna dó; an bean ir  
uairle i n-Éirinn leir." Do b'i máthair Seághan ingean an Gear-  
altais, larla Cille Dara, an fear ba cúmáctaise i n-Éirinn:

D'iarr an t-oetmáð Hanrí ar Conn a oisre d'ainmniúgar:  
"Matú," ar Conn, 7 pinnead Darún Dúngearainn de matú  
láitneac: "Caitfead-ra mo ceart d' fágail," aoir Seághan:  
Connaic Conn Ó Néill an laraí i rúlaib a míc: Connaic ré an  
ghuaim ar an t-oirib: "Beir Seághan mar oisre orim," aoir  
ré rá deirnead, tar éir móran tairaint.

D'iarr Matú cabair ar Sarena 7 fuair ré i san moill mar  
ba máit leir na Gallair an leatrgéal cum muintir Néill do  
éir ar céaraib a céile: Cuinead fíor láitneac ar Conn Ó Néill  
i gcómar páraim do baint de i dtaob m'atú do dí-láitneag;  
dét ní raad ré riar ar a gellamaint do Seághan 7 buairead  
vá glar i mbaile-ata-cliait é:

#### Caib: 4:

#### FAOBAR CLAIÓIM:

Do blaóm Seághan an Tíomair ruar 7 glaoðair ré ar a  
muintir eirge amad, le n' aoir d'fuarglad. Níor b'fear leir  
na Sarenaig gnó bí aca: Seólad pluag ó tuair go cúige Ulað  
i gcómar rmaic do éir ar an bfeair ós baot ro, aet do táinig  
reirgan amair oirca go h-obainn, do gab ré tpiota, 7 bíodar  
as baint na pála d'á céile as teidead uair. Do gléarad pluag  
eile ar an mbliadain do bí cúgann (1552), aet do tiomáin  
Seághan noimr iad 'nór rgaia gabair. Bí fear i n-agaí na  
Sarena an cor ro. Sgaioleat Conn Ó Néill le tí ríotcána  
do déanað aet ba beag an máitear é: Do blair Seághan an  
Tíomair fuil.

"Caitfead an fear mórdálad borb ro do corg," arann fear:

Conn O'Neill heard the whispering, and it troubled him. He heard men talking together, with daggers (*lit.* an edge) in their looks. "He prefers the bastard son, Matthew, the dark man, to Shane, his own lawful son, whom his lady gave him—the noblest woman in Ireland, too!"

Shane's mother was a daughter of the Geraldine, the Earl of Kildare, the most powerful man in Ireland.

Henry VIII. asked Conn to name his heir. "Matthew," said Conn, and Matthew was made Baron Dungannon forthwith. "*I* must get my right," said Shane. Conn O'Neill saw the flash in his son's eyes; he saw the sullenness of the clan. "Shane shall be my heir," said he at last, after a great deal of persuasion.

Matthew asked assistance from England, and he got it immediately, for the foreigners liked the excuse to put the family of O'Neill to worrying each other. Word was sent at once to Conn O'Neill in order to get satisfaction out of him for displacing Matthew, but he would not go back on his promise to Shane, and he was thrown into prison in Dublin.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### THE EDGE OF THE SWORD.

Shane the Proud started up and called to his people to rise out and release his father. Nothing pleased the English better. An army was sent northward to Ulster to bring this foolish young man to discipline, but he came upon them suddenly from the West and rushed right through them, and they were knocking the heels off each other in flying from him. Another army was prepared the next year (1552), but Shane drove it before him like a flock of goats. There was a *man* opposing the English this time. They released Conn O'Neill in order to make peace, but it was little good. Shane the Proud had tasted blood.

"Somebody must check this proud, arrogant man," said the Lord Deputy from England, and he put in order and prepared a strong body of men. Their visit to the North was in vain, for Shane used to meet them in a place where they did not expect him; he used to startle them and inflict damage on them, and he would go off bold and domineering.

Matthew gathered together a body of the clan, for some of them continued under his flag, and he started to help the foreigners, but Shane stole upon them in the middle of the night, and he routed Matthew speedily. "Let us build a

Ionad ó Sapaná; 7 do cóirig 7 do gléar ré ríóigeadó láiríu: bí a gcuidíó ó tuair i n-airdear map do buaileadó Seágan leo 'ra n-áit nád raib coinne leir, baineadó ré geit arda, baineadó ré gé arda, 7 óruirdeadó ré leir go dán, míocúibeapad.

Bailig Matú bream de'n tpeib, map do lean curó aca pá na bpat-ran, 7 do gluar ré cum cabruadó leir na Gallair, aét o'éaluis Seágan 'na tpeó i lár na n-oirde 7 do éir ré ar mlatú go tapadó. "Déanfam daingean i mbéalpeirpoe cum a rmaéctuishte," aoir an ptoipe William Upabaron. Uir Seágan irtead orda inr an dúin neam-éiríocnuihte úo 7 do mill ré a bpuiríór. Uir ré ar an gcuma gcéadna irtead ar bream eile do luét conzanta Upabaron coir Doipe 7 do rgaip ré iad: níor b'iongnadó sup táinis eagla ar na Sapanacáib 7 sup rgein-neadap leo ar n-air go Baile-ata-cliat.

Leigeadó do ar feadó ceitpe mbliadán 'na diadó rúo (1554-8); aét ní raib don fonn puairínir ar Seágan an Diomair. Cúinnig ré sup le n-a rinnreap cúige Ulaó. Bíod an lám láiríu i n-uacóair, aoir ré leir féin. B'eadó ré maéctanac ar na taoirig eile géilleadó do. Dá mb'eadó ré cóim glic le n-aoó Ó Néill do déanfadó ré ceangal 7 capadóir leir na taoiríeacáib borba úo i n-ionad do éur o'fiacáib orda géilleadó do.

Dubairt O Riagallair, iarla nuadó Upéirí, leir nád géillfeadó ré féin i n-aon éor do, aét léim an fear teinnteadó éirí, 7 do b'éigean do mac Uí Riagallair beir umal do fearda. Níor map rin de Ó Dómnail i o'irí Conail. Mí mó 'ná géill an Clann Dómnail ó Albainn o'áitig na gleannta coir fairrige i n-dontpuim, aét tug Seágan aóair orda go léir ioir Gaóil 7 Gall. Níor eirig leir go maí inr an iarpáct do gúiró ré cum clanna cruada tír Conail do tabairt pá na puagail, map ppeab Calbac Ó Dómnail i san fíor air 'na cábán ír oirde ag Baile-aóair-éaoín 7 ba beag náir mill ré Seágan. Do éuit a lán o'á curó fear inr an puagadó obann úo, 7 do éail ré airíu 7 capail; 7 'na mearf a ead éioiríub féin. Do b'é an t-eac cogair úo an capail ba breagda i n-éirínn. Mac-an-fíolair do tugtaoir uirte. Puair Seágan ar n-air airí i. Níor éuir an bac úo corg abfad leir an bfeap gcumapad n'án.

Do éuit Matu i ngrárgar éigin le curó de muintir Seágan inr an mbliadán 1558, 7 do gúiró na Sapanair iarpáct ar an gcóir do éur i leir Seágan féin aét dubairt ré nád raib don daint aige le báp Matú 7 go gcaitpíoir beir pártá leir an bpreagpa roin. Puair Conn Ó Néill báp ar an mbliadán do bí cúgáinn. "Ta an bótar píeró do Seágan anoir," aoir an tpeib; "ní beiró iarla map éeann opáinn a tuilleadó."

stronghold in Belfast to keep him in order," said the Knight, Sir William Brabazon. Shane broke in upon them in the unfinished fort, and destroyed most of them. He broke in, in the same way, upon another body of Brabazon's party near Derry, and scattered them. It was no wonder that fear fell upon the English, and that they fled back to Dublin.

They let him alone for four years after that (1554-8), but Shane the Proud had no desire for peace. He remembered that Ulster had belonged to his ancestors. Let the strong hand be uppermost, said he to himself. It would be necessary for the other chiefs to submit to him. If he had been as clever as Hugh O'Neill, he would have made bonds and friendship with those haughty chiefs instead of forcing them to yield to him.

O'Reilly, the new Earl of Breffny, said to him that *he* would not submit to him in any case; but the fiery man leaped through him (*i.e.*, through his forces), and O'Reilly was obliged to be humble towards him for the future. It was not so with O'Donnell in Tir-Conaill, nor did the Clan Donal from Scotland yield, who inhabited the glens by the sea in Antrim; but Shane turned his face against them all, both Gaels and foreigners. He did not succeed very well in the attempt he made to bring the sturdy children of Tir-Conaill under his rule, for Calvach O'Donnell sprang upon him secretly in his tent at night at Balleegan (on Loch Swilly), and he nearly destroyed Shane. A great many of his men fell in that sudden rout, and he lost arms and horses, and among them his own coal-black steed. That charger was the finest horse in Ireland. They called him the Son of the Eagle. Shane got him back again. That check did not long hinder so powerful and intrepid a man.

Matthew fell in some brawl with a few of Shane's people in the year 1558, and the English tried to attribute the crime to Shane himself; but he said he had nothing to do with Matthew's death, and that they would have to be satisfied with that answer. Conn O'Neill died the following year (1559).

"The road is clear for Shane now," said the clan; "we will have no earl for a head over us any more."

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## CHAPTER V.

### O'NEILL OF ULSTER.

Out with you to the top of Tullahogue, Shane the Proud! The royal flagstone is there, waiting for you to plant your right foot upon it, as your ancestors the Kings did before you! And



Caib: 5:

## Ó Néill Uladh

Amac leat ar bárr Tulaiógis, a Seághan an Diomair! Tá an leac níos áda ann ag feiceam leat leo' coir deir do bualadh uirte mar ghnídeadh do rinnreap níos níos! Agus do fearaí Seághan Ó Néill ar Tuladóg, agus do ríneadh ríad bán díneadh eirge mar cónaí coirraí cirt d'a éirí; buailteadh clóca gnéirí ar a rínnedáirí cumarda 7 caibíarí ar a ceann: Caiteadh ríleirí a coirí ríarí ar a gualainn: Capadh míle claidíeam ór cionn ceann 7 dúirígeadh mac alla na gceannairí le fuaim-ghóir míle ríoraí—“Ó Néill abú! So maíre ar b'fíad a toga!” Do táirí an gíu ar ceannairíe d'atáirí, tuirneairí Uí Néill, 7 do eirí coir mór ar iallairí amairíe arda fé mar eualadair uairíarí an mairíe 'ra coir 7 géim na h-eirí ar an gceann:

“Do b'ónóiríge uim beirí am' ‘Ó Néill Uladh’ ‘ná am' rí ar Spáinn,” arda doir tír Eóghain tamall maíe 'na díarí rí: “Ír mó le h-Ulaidh an ainm ‘Ó Néill’ ‘ná ‘Caerí’ le Rómáirí,” ar an ríoraí Mountjoy.

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Caib: 6:

## “Deiríreáirí eiríe d'óiríall:”

Caiteadh Máire, bainríoraí Sáríar fá'n am ro, 7 bí eirí 'na h-ionad. Do b' í an bean mí-banairí reo an éiríe eiríe 7 na ríaríe ríarí an bean ba mó mairíe le n-a uim. Do éirí rí féin 7 a maíarí láríneadh ar eirí ríneadh ar Seághan: Sydney do b'ainm d'a fear-ionad i n-Éirí: Gluair fé ó eiríe go d'úndairí 7 eiríe ríoraí eirí Seághan teadh 'na glóir: Níor leirí Seághan ar gíu eualad fé an ríoraí deir eiríe fé eiríe eiríe Sydney teadh eiríe a eiríe 7 beirí 'na eiríe eiríe d'a mac ós. Níor díreáirí an fear-ionad do 7 do fearaí fé leirí an mac: “Táiríe am' Ó Néill i n-Ulaidh le coirí na eiríe reo,” arda Seághan. “Ní eiríe eiríe uim cónaí le Sáríar má leiríe eiríe, deiríe má eiríe eiríe, bíre eiríe féin.” Bí Sydney ríarí leirí rí 7 bí ríoraí ar fearí tamall i n-Ulaidh

Shane O'Neill stood on Tullahogue, and a straight, white wand was handed to him as a symbol of his true balance of justice to his clan; an embroidered cloak was put over his powerful shoulders, and a helmet on his head. His shoe was thrown behind him over his shoulder. A thousand swords were waved overhead, and the echoes of the whole district were awakened with the sound of voices from a thousand throats—"O'Neill for ever! May our Prince live to enjoy his election!" The sun shone on the handsome, bright features of O'Neill, and the great hounds in their leashes bayed as if they heard the howl of the wolf in the forest and the cry of the fawn on the hill.

"I would think it a greater honour to be 'O'Neill of Ulster' than to be King of Spain," said Hugh of Tir-Eoghain a good while after. "The name 'O'Neill' is greater in the eyes of Ulstermen than 'Cæsar' was to the Romans," said the exterminator Mountjoy.

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## CHAPTER VI.

"DONAL IS BROTHER TO TADHG."

Mary, Queen of England, died about this time, and Elizabeth was Queen in her stead. This unwomanly woman, with the heart of stone and the bowels of brass, was the cleverest woman of her time. She and her Government began at once to interfere with Shane. Sydney was the name of her Deputy in Ireland. He proceeded northwards to Dundalk, and sent notice to Shane to come to him. Shane did not pretend to have heard the notice, but he sent an invitation to Sydney to come to his house and be godfather to his infant son. The Deputy did not refuse him, and he stood for his son. "I am O'Neill of Ulster by the will of this clan," said Shane. "I do not want any fighting with England if I am let alone, but if they provoke me, let them take the consequences." Sydney was satisfied with that, and there was peace in Ulster for awhile, until Sussex came as Deputy to Ireland. "I shall have no peace," said he, "till O'Neill is overthrown," and he prepared and fitted out an army for the purpose. This Sussex was a false, cruel, cunning man, but he was not so clear-headed as Sydney. Calvach O'Donnell assisted him, and also the Scottish O'Donnells in Antrim. Shane the Proud complained that they were annoying him without cause. His province was prospering in wealth and well-doing. Let a messenger come from Elizabeth and he would see. Elizabeth took no

sur táinig Sussex 'na fear-ionad go h-Éirinn: "ní b'eadh am<sup>o</sup> fuaimnear," aoiar ré, "go mbeid Ó Néill fá coir," 7 do gléar 7 do cóirigh rluas le h-aíar an ghnóta: fear feallta, borb, glia, do b'eadh Sussex ro aet ní raib ré com gáir-inntineac le Sydney: Do cabruigh Calbae Ó Dóimnail leir, 7 mar an gcéadna clann Dóimnail na hÁlbann, i ndontuim: Do gearán Seághan-an-Dóimair go rabtar as cur air gan cúir: Bí a cúir as dul cum cinn i maoin 7 i maitear: Tagad teactaire Elire 7 féadad ré: Níor cúir Elir ruim 'na cúir cainte aet leis pí d'a fear-ionad gluairead ó tuair go h-Áir-Maca inr an mbliadain 1561:

Ipreab Seághan go h-obann irtead go Tír Conaill rui a raib coinne leir 7 do rgiob ré leir sean Calbae Ó Dóimnail 7 a bean ós, an bean úo d'fás an rmál ar a ainm: Do cúir an cleap cogair obann roin meapbail ar na Tír Conailligh 7 do tocúir Sussex a ceann le canscar: Car Seághan ó deap fá mar do b'eadh ré ar tí iarraict do tabairt fá Baile-ata-Cliae: Bí Mac-an-íolair fá 7 níor b'ionntaib Seághan ar muin an eic rin ar ceann oreama oirgineac d' Ultaib: Níor tuig Sussex cad é an fuadair do bí fá Seághan: Fá deirtead do rilió ré go raib Seághan 'na gliaice aige 7 do beapruigh ré innit dó: Do bpuir ré mile fear irtead go Tír Eóghain as creaca 7 as corghair, 7 d' fan ré féin coir Áir-Maca as feiteam le Seághan: Bailigh an mile fear na céadta ba dúbá, na caoirigh bána, 7 na capail; 7 do gluaireadair ar n-air go buacae: "féad Mac-an-íolair," arpa tuine éigin, "cá Seághan an Dóimair cúgair!" Ní raib le Seághan ar an láair úo aet céad 7 ríde maricac 7 d'a céad coirpóte, aet gairgriúigh blorgbéimeaca do b'eadh iad: Bí cinn 7 cora 'na gcáirnáib ar an macaire úo fá ceann uaire an élois, 7 an fuigleac beag creaca, rtoillta, as rgeinnead go h-Áir-Maca, na biaib paobaca d'a n-gearrao 7 d'a n-éirleac, 7 an gáir-cata uaimnac úo—"Lám deap dúb!" 'na gluaib: innreann Sussex féin le crád cporde an raon-madma do cúirtead air.—"Ní raib ré i mipeac don éirceannaigh ruam fóir fearam am' aíar-re, aet féad moiu Ó Néill reo 7 gan aige aet a leat n-oipead fear liom, as bpuéad irtead ar mo arm bpeag ar macaire péir leatan: Do gairfinn cum Dé fail d'fágair air 'na leiréir d'aic gan coil i ngiorraet trí mile dó le ríad do tabairt d'a cúir fear: Mo náire é, d'fóhair ná ríagad ré aicir dom' arm beo i n-uair an élois, 7 ir beag ná rírac ré me féin 7 an cúir eile amac leir ar daingean Áir-Maca."

Ní ómpad Sussex ar Tír Eóghain do creacad go fóil arir. Cuir an bpuileac úo ríannad oirca i Lúnduin 7 d'iarir Elir ar

notice of what he said, but she allowed her Deputy to go north to Armagh in the year 1561.

Shane rushed suddenly into Tir-Conaill before they expected him, and he carried off old Calvach O'Donnell and his young wife—that woman who left the stain on his name. This sudden feat of arms dismayed the Tir-Conaill men, and Sussex scratched his head with vexation. Shane turned southward, as if he were about to make an attack on Dublin. The “Son of the Eagle” was under him, and Shane was not to be trusted on the back of that horse at the head of an active body of Ulstermen. Sussex did not know how great was the energetic force of Shane. At last he thought he had Shane in his grip, and he laid a trap for him. He sent a thousand men into Tir-Eoghain to plunder and ravage, and he himself remained near Armagh waiting for Shane. The thousand men collected hundreds of black cows, of white sheep, and horses, and they were returning, much elated. “See the ‘Son of the Eagle’!” said one of them; “Shane the Proud is upon us!” Shane had only a hundred and twenty horsemen and two hundred foot in the place, but they were warriors who dealt loud-resounding blows. Heads and feet were in heaps upon that field at the end of an hour, and the little remnant, wounded and torn, were flying to Armagh, the keen-edged axes cutting and slaughtering them, and that terrifying war-cry, “*Lám deas abú!*” in their ears. Sussex himself tells with sorrow of heart the utter rout that was inflicted on him\*:—“No Irishman ever before had the courage to stand against me; but see this O'Neill to-day, and he having only half as many men as I, bursting in upon my fine army on a smooth, wide plain. I would pray to God to get a chance at him in such a place, without a wood within three miles of him to give shelter to his men. My shame! He was like not to have left a creature of my army alive in one hour, and it wanted little but he would have dragged me and the rest out of the fortress of Armagh.”

Sussex would not attempt to plunder Tir-Eoghain again for awhile. That defeat terrified them in London, and Elizabeth asked the Earl of Kildare, a relative of Shane the Proud, to make peace. She sent a message of pardon to Shane, and an invitation to come to London to speak with her. “I will not stir a foot,” said Shane, “till the English army takes the road out of Ulster.” “Be it so,” said Elizabeth.

\* In all cases where quotations from English writers have been translated into Irish by Conán macot, such quotations have been re-translated into English, and therefore differ slightly in form, though not in sense, from the English originals.—ED.



larta Cilleodara, bràtair Seáḡain an Dìomair, rìothcáin do deánad. Cuir sí teactaireact maiteamhair cum Seáḡain 7 cuirpead cuige teact go lúnduin le labairt léi. “Ní corprócad cor,” aoir Seáḡan, “go dtuagad arn Sárana a mbótar ortá ar ullad.” “Bíod mar rin,” adubairt Éilir:

Nuair do meact Sussex ceap pé a cleap feill do cup i bfeidm: Tá a rgnibinn féin cum Éilire mar fíadnairé ar an bfeall. 1 mí na lúḡnara 1561, rgníobann pé cum na bainprioḡna rin sup táirḡ pé luac céad marc 'ra mbliadain de talam do niall liat, maorciḡe Uí Néill, ar coingéall go muirbhecad pé an flait rin. “Do múinear do cionnur o'éalócad pé leir tar éir na béarta,” aoir pé. Ní fíor dúinn an raib niall liat dáirírib, aet sibé rḡeal é ní cloirtear sup ḡnó pé, iarraet ar Seáḡan do dúnmairbuḡad.

### Caib: 7:

## seáḡan-an-dìomais i lúnduin:

Rinne larta Cilleodara rìothcáin ioir Ó Néill 7 Sárana, mar ba móir le n-Ó Néill é, 7 do feoladair arson anonn go lúnduin 1 noeirpead na bliadna, 7 ḡárda ḡallóḡlae i n-éirpeact leo.

Dubairtar le Seáḡan nác bfillpead pé ar air go deó, toirḡ go raib an tuag 7 an ceap 'na cómair aḡ Éilir, aet bí muinḡin aiseirean ar a teanga liomta 7 bí doic aise nár meact pé ruam 1 n-aon cūmangaé.

Dean uallac do b'ead Éilir: Bí sí datamail, ḡruais ruad uirte, 7 rúla ḡlara aici, an t-éadac ba bneasda 7 ba daoirle le fáḡail uirte, 7 an iomad de aici le n-i féin do cópḡḡad go minic 'ra ló. Péacós do b'ead i le péacaint uirte, aet bí cpoirde an beataḡais allta, ḡan truaḡ, ḡan truaḡmíel aici, 7 inntin 7 aigne tar mnáib an domain. “An labairtair béarta cūici?” arra duine éigin le Seáḡan. “Ní labórad go deimin,” ar seirean, “mar leónrad an teanga duairc ḡránna roim mo córráin.” Bí ffraincír 7 Spáinír 7 Iarveann aḡ Seáḡan i oteannta a teanga binn bliarḡa féin. Dean teangaḡa do b'ead Éilir leir, 7 dubairtar sup fáruis Seáḡan 'ra bffraincír i 7 sup eitḡ sí cómpad leir 'ra teanga roim:



PATRICK J. O'SHEA (CONAN MAOL)



When Sussex had failed, he thought he would put his cunning in treachery to account. His own letter to Elizabeth exists as a witness to the treachery. In the month of August, 1561, he writes to that Queen that he had offered land to the value of a hundred marks a year to Grey Niall, O'Neill's house-steward, on condition that he should kill that prince. "I showed him how he should escape after the act," said he. We do not know whether Grey Niall was in earnest, but in any case we do not hear that he made any attempt to murder Shane.

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## CHAPTER VII.

### SHANE THE PROUD IN LONDON.

The Earl of Kildare made peace between O'Neill and England, for O'Neill had a great regard for him, and they both traveled over to London at the end of the year, taking a guard of gallowglasses with them.

It was said to Shane that he would never come back, because Elizabeth had the axe and the block in readiness for him; but he had confidence in his own keen and ready tongue, and he thought that he had never failed in any difficulty.

Elizabeth was a vain woman. She was handsome; she had red hair and gray eyes, and she wore the most beautiful and the most expensive clothes, and she had more than enough of them to decorate herself many times in the day. She was like a peacock to look at; but she had the heart of a wild beast, without pity or compassion, and more intellect and mind than any other woman in the world. "Will you speak English to her," said somebody to Shane. "Indeed I will not," said he; "for that rugged, ugly language would sprain my jaw." Shane had French and Spanish and Latin as well as his own sweet musical tongue. Elizabeth was a linguist too, and it is said that Shane outdid her in French, and that she refused to converse with him in that language.

On Little Christmas Day, in the year 1562, he walked into the royal room of Elizabeth. There were valiant men of six feet and more around her, especially young Herbert; but it was seen at once that they were but insignificant men beside Shane the Proud. English history gives an account of his visit and of his appearance. "He had a yellowish-red mantle of fine material flowing down behind him to the ground, and light red hair, crisp and curly, falling over his shoulders to the middle of his back; he had wild gray eyes that looked out at you as



Là Noislas beag inr an mbliadhain 1562 do buail pé irteac  
 go reómra ríogáda Éilip. Bí fíri calma pé troisgte 7 níor mó  
 na cuirteáda, go móir móir Herbert ós; aet connacatar  
 láirteac nác raib ionnta aet rppearáin i n-aice Seághan-an-  
 Dìomair. Tugann rctáir na Sapanac cúntur ar a cuairt 7 ar a  
 crut. “Bí falluins buirde-dearjs do déannúir daor ar ríleat  
 ríar ríor go calam leir, 7 sruais fionn-ruat go crípineac, cam-  
 arpac tar a flinneánaib ríor go lár a úroma, rúla glara ríadaine  
 aise o’féac amac opt cóm lonnpac le zac sgréine; corp  
 fuinnta lútmair aise 7 ceann-aisgte dán.” Bí na céarta as  
 iarratd ríadairc o’págal air féin 7 ar a gallóglaca: Deir a  
 tuairijs go ríadatar ro ceann-lomnocta, foit fionna opta,  
 léinteada lúirjs ó muineál go glún opta, cpoiceann mactípe  
 tar sruailnib zac fíri aca, 7 seáir-tuag cata i lámh zac don aca.  
 Níor b’ ionntaib fearjs do cur ar a leitéirib ríut. Ir deall-  
 pacac go ríadatar i mbuigín ártomaca: “Úmaluigís!” arpa  
 Seághan de gut glópac 7 ní raib an focal ar a béal nuair do  
 bí na gallóglais ar a leat-glúin. Stao pé i gcómgar do’n  
 cataoir ríogáda mar a raib Éilip, asur i éaduisgte ar nór  
 péacóise, do érom pé a ceann, do érom pé a glún, 7 do fearáin  
 pé annroin cóm víreac le gáinne. O’ féac pé féin 7 Éilip ior  
 an dá ríul ar a céile. Labair rí i lairveann leir 7 o’ fíreagar  
 reiréan i go binn-briatpac. Do mol pé a mórdact 7 dubairt  
 pé sup dail a rseim 7 a crut é, mar ba mín i a teanga le  
 mnáib. Níor luis ríul Éilip ríam ar a leitéir o’ fear 7 ba vinn  
 léi é beir ’sá bfeasat: Do tearbáin rí do i n-ainveón a  
 cómairleoirí sup taitn pé léi, sio go raib na cómairleoirí rin  
 ar tí a cur fola do dórta. Dubratar leó féin go raib  
 sreim aca anoir nó ríam air, 7 sio sup tugatar na coingíl do  
 ná bainríde leir ar a turur, mearatar, mar ba gnatc, an glar  
 do bualat air. “Tátaoi ar tí an coingíl do bupreac,” ar  
 Seághan go dán. “Leisfear ar n-air tú uair éigin,” ar Cecil  
 leir, “aet ní fuil don am áirigte ceapigte ’ra coingéall  
 roin!” “Meallat mé,” arpa Seághan leir féin, 7 do buail pé  
 irteac go látar Elípe 7 o’iarrí pé coimpe uirte. “Mí leómcar  
 don bártáinn do déanac vuit,” avéir rí leir, “aet cairfir  
 panamaint agáinn go fóit.” Mí ríor cionnur do meall Seághan  
 is: Ba mar léi le n-a n-air é, 7 meartar go raib ríagar sruí  
 ánníde aicí doó, 7 ir é iongnat zac leigteóra sup rígaol rí  
 uairt é pá deiréac ar seall go mbéat pé úmal ví féin amáin 7  
 san baint ’sá fear-ionat i n-Éirínn leir. Deirtear go raib  
 eagla uirte leir o’á seuiríde i seuiríreac é go nveanpá  
 Muinrí Néilí ríat de Coirdealtac Luineac C Néilí ’na ionat

bright as sunbeams; a well-knit, active frame, and haughty features." There were hundreds of people trying to get a sight of himself and of his gallows-glasses. This account says that these latter were bare-headed, with fair heads of hair, wearing shirts of mail from the neck to the knee, each man having a wolf-skin across his shoulders and a sharp battle-axe in his hand. One would not trust the consequences of provoking the like of those fellows. It is probable that they were in the fight at Armagh. "Make your obeisance!" said Shane in a sonorous voice, and the word was not out of his mouth when the gallows-glasses were on one knee. He stood close to the throne where Elizabeth sat, dressed like a peacock; he bent his head, he bent his knee, and then he stood up as straight as a rod. He and Elizabeth looked at each other between the eyes. She spoke to him in Latin, and he answered her in sweet-sounding words. He praised her greatness, and he said that her beauty and her form dazzled him, for he had a smooth tongue with women. Elizabeth's eye had never rested on a man like him, and she liked to hear him flattering her. She showed him, in spite of her advisers, that he pleased her, though those same advisers were ready to shed his blood. They said to themselves that they had a grip of him now or never; and although they had agreed to the condition that no one should molest him on his journey, they thought, as was their custom, to close the lock upon him. "Ye intend to break the conditions," said Shane boldly. "You will be allowed to go back some time," said Cecil to him; "but there is no particular time decided upon in that agreement." "They have deceived me," said Shane to himself, and he walked into the presence of Elizabeth and demanded her protection. "They will not dare to do you any injury," said she to him; "but you will have to remain with us for a while." There is no knowing how Shane persuaded her. She liked him to be about her, and it is supposed that she had a kind of animal affection for him, and every reader is surprised that she let him go away from her at last on his promising that he would obey herself alone, and that her Deputy in Ireland should have nothing to do with him. It is said that she was afraid also that if he were put in fetters the O'Neills would make Turlough Luineach O'Neill prince in his stead, and she preferred Shane to *him*. Sussex was gnawing his tongue with rage because they had not taken Shane's head from his body in London, and he sent word to Elizabeth that it was spread abroad through Ireland that Shane had deceived her, great as was her intelligence, and that she had made him

7 do b'annra léi Seáðan 'nà eipean. Bì Sussex a' cogaint a teangan le buile toirg nà'r baineadh an ceann de colaimn Seáðain i lùnduin, 7 cuir pé r'géal a cum Elip go paid pé leattha ar fuo éipeann sup meall Seáðan i o'a feabhar i a h-inntleact 7 sup gníò rí rí ar Ulaò de. O'iarri pé ceao uirte é mealladh go Baile-àta-Chiaò i gcóir spheama o'págal air, aet bì Seáðan ríò-amairiadh 7 níor fadh pé i n'gaoi do Baile-àta-Chiaò, sìò sup f'eall Sussex a deirbhíur mar mnaoi oó aet teact o'a peirint:

### Caib. 8:

#### nimh 7 fuil:

Inn an mbliadhain 'na dhiaò rúo (.i. 1563) do érom Sussex ar cur irteadh ar Seáðan 7 ar uirge fá talam do dhéanadh iorri é féin 7 Elip. Do cábruis f'eann-námarde Seáðain, na Tír-Conaillig 7 Albanaig Aontuim, le Sussex, 7 do gluar reirean ó tuaid go h-Ulaò inn an Ahrán 1563, aet má gluar do gníò Seáðan iatpóid coire de féin 7 o'a f'luas, 7 bì Sussex an-buirdeadh go paid pé 'na cumar teicéadh le n'anam. Sgríob Elip cum Sussex ríotcáin do dhéanadh le Seáðan, mar nác paid don mairt oó beir leir.

Do gníò Sussex fuo ar Elip, 7 ar an am gcéadna cuir pé féin ríotcána cum Seáðain—uaslað fiona meafguighe le nimh: O'ól Seáðan 7 a linn-tíge cur de'n fion 7 o'fóbaii go mbéadh pé 'na pleirt. Bì pé a' cómpaet leir an mbár ar feadh oá lá; 7 nuair do táinig pé cuige féin níor b'iongnadh go paid pé ar dearg-laradh le feirg 7 sup gléar pé a buirdean cum cogaid: leig Elip uirte go paid rí ar buile i otaob an feill-beart úo 7 do f'eall rí go otabarradh rí ceart oó aet a fuaimnear do glacad. Do glaothaid rí abail ar Sussex. leig rí uirte sup mar páram do Seáðan é, aet do b'é an cuir do bì aici ar Sussex sup meadh pé. Do f'naiom rí ríotcáin 7 capadar mar o'ead le Seáðan air, 7 bì pé 'na rígh dáiríuib ar Ulaò anoir 7 leigead oó. Aet mar rin féin bì a fuat do'n f'all cóm géar 7 bì pé fuam. O'a cómartha roin cum pé carleán ar bhuac loca n-éad: fear tagartha do b'ead é 7 ceap pé sup beag ar na Sapanais padarc an carleán rin 7 do dairt pé air "fuat na n'f'all." Deirtear sup ceap pé an uair reo ríogadh na h-Éipeann do

King over Ulster. He asked her permission to decoy Shane to Dublin in order to get a grip of him; but Shane was too suspicious, and he did not go near Dublin, although Sussex promised him his sister for a wife if he only went to see her.

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## CHAPTER VIII.

### POISON AND BLOOD.

In the year after that (1563) Sussex began to interfere with Shane, and to make mischief between him and Elizabeth. Shane's old enemies, the Tir-Conaill men and the Scots of Antrim, assisted Sussex, and the latter went north to Ulster in the April of 1563; but if he did go, Shane made a football of himself and his army, and Sussex was very thankful that he was able to fly with his life. Elizabeth wrote to Sussex to make peace with Shane, for it was no use for him to be attacking him.

Sussex did as Elizabeth bade him, and at the same time he sent a gift of peace to Shane—a cargo of wine mixed with poison. Shane and his household drank some of the wine, and he was like to have become a corpse. He was fighting with death for two days, and when he recovered it was not surprising that he was in a red flame of rage, and that he prepared his troop for war. Elizabeth pretended that she was furious about this act of treachery, and she promised that she would give him satisfaction if he would only keep quiet. She recalled Sussex. She pretended it was to satisfy Shane, but the cause of complaint that she had against Sussex was that he had failed. She tied the bonds of (pretended) peace and friendship with Shane again, and he was really King over Ulster now, and they let him alone. But for all that his hatred of the stranger was as keen as ever. As a sign of it he built a castle on the shore of Lough Neagh. He was a wittily-spoken man, and he thought that the English would not enjoy the sight of that castle, and he christened it "The Hate of the Strangers." It is said that he thought at that time of taking to himself the kingdom of Ireland, and of clearing the English out of it. But the Irish did not help him. He wrote to the King of France to ask help from him. "If you lend me six thousand men," he said, "I will drive the English out of this country into the sea." He could have got ten times as many as that in Ireland itself if they had been willing to rise with him, but they did not stir a foot.



gàbail cuise féin, 7 na Sapanais do glanaò amac aithe: Aét nìor càbhuig na h-Èireannais leir. Do rìghìob ré cum rug na ffrain e as iarraidh congnam air. “Mà tugann tu dom ré mìle fear ar iaracht,” ar peirean, “tiomáinfead na Sapanais ar an tìr reo irteac ’ra bparraigse.” Do geòbad ré a òeil n-oirleadh roin i n-Èirinn féin o’a mb’ail leò eirge leir, aét nìor còrruigeadar cor.

### CAIB: 9.

## LÀM DEARG ABÚ!

Muna gcaobhuigìò Èire linn, mar rin féin caiteam doul ar aghaid: Bì an Clann Dòmnaill reo i n-Àontuim ó uair so h-uair as càbhuig leir na Sapanais: Amaran na do b’ead na fir calma ùo. Tàngadar ó Albain ar cuiread Cuinn Uí Néill 7 a aghaid, 7 do cuireadar fùta i n-Àontuim 7 i n-Dalriada. Mì raiò Seághan páirta ’na aighe fad do bìodar ’ra tìr. Do géill-eadar dó 7 do càbhuigeadar leir don uair amhain, aét ní raiò don ionntaioib aise arda: Dubhadar leir nác raiò don rmaet aise orda, 7 nác raiò ré rmaetanae orda càbhuig leir, aét le n-a ttoil féin. Do gniopaidh bainuogain Èir iad i san fìor. “Sead mór ead,” aheir Seághan leo, “gheadar lib abailte. Mì fuit don gno aghaidh d’ib fearda.” Aét do cuir na h-Albanais colg orda féin 7 dubhadar leir so bpanfatuir mar a raiò aca san rpleadhacur dó roin: “Do buadmar ar o’atuir-re ceana 7 ar Sussex ’na ceannta,” aheir na h-Albanais d’ana.

Do leat Seághan-an-Dìomair a cora ar Mac-an-Fìolair, bailig ré a rluaghte timceall air 7 do bhir ré irteac so h-Àontuim ar nór tuinne fairrigse: Buail na h-Albanais leir i n-Steanntaire ’na nopeamaib nòirgheada 7 do fearradh cat fuitteac eatorda. Tá pean-bótar dia tuar de’n baile rin Dun-Abann Duinne, i gcondae Àontuim, 7 do cuir Seághan-an-Dìomair a eac ciortuib, Mac-an-Fìolair, ar cor-in-àithe tar còrruib Albanac ann, 7 pá meadhon lae bì Clann Dòmnaill ’na rraicuib pinte timceall air. Do marbhuigeadh annpúto Àongur Mac Dòmnaill 7 reat gcead o’a euid fear, do gabad 7 do sonad Séamur Mac Dòmnaill, 7 do tóg Seághan leir Somairle Duirde; an taorleadh eile bì orda. Do b’fearr d’oib o’a tógfatuir a

## CHAPTER IX.

Lám Dearg abú!

If Ireland will not help us, still we must go forward. These MacDonnells in Antrim were helping the English from time to time. These brave men were mercenary soldiers. They came from Scotland on the invitation of Conn O'Neill and of his father, and they settled in Antrim and in Dalriada (the present counties Antrim and Down). Shane was not easy in his mind as long as they were in the country. They submitted to him and assisted him once, but he had no confidence in them. They told him he had no control over them, and that there was no necessity for them to help him except by their own free will. Queen Elizabeth used covertly to encourage them. "Very well so," said Shane to them. "Get ye away home. I have no further business of ye." But the Scotsmen assumed a threatening attitude, and they said to him that they would stay where they were without dependence on *him*. "We got the better of your father before, and of Sussex besides," said the bold Scots.

Shane the Proud threw his leg over his horse Mac-an-Fhiolar, gathered his hosts around him, and broke in upon Antrim like a wave of the sea. The Scots met him in Glenshesk, in fierce bands, and a bloody battle was waged between them. There is an old road behind the village of Cushendun, in County Antrim, and Shane the Proud galloped his coal-black horse Mac-an-Fhiolar over the bodies of Scotsmen in it, and by the middle of the day the MacDonnells were stretched in rows around him. Angus MacDonnell and seven hundred of his men were killed, James MacDonnell was wounded and taken prisoner, and Shane also took Somerled the Sallow (or Sorley Boy), the other chief over them. It would have been better for them if they had taken his advice and gone off out of his way, and it would have been better for himself too, for it was the remnant of that company who treacherously killed him two years later.

At this time he was only thirty-eight years of age, and there was no man in Ireland of greater reputation and power than he. The English pretended to be great friends with him. They were very glad at first that he had routed the Clan Donnell of Scotland, and they rejoiced with him. Shane understood them right well. Not without reason was that proverb made: "An Englishman's laugh is a dog's grin".

cómairle 7 gheadao leo ar a flíge, 7 do b'féarri do roin leir é, mar do b'iao fuigleac na buirne úo do mairb le feall é féin dá bliadhain 'na diao rúo.

Ní raib ré an uair reo áct oet mbliadhna déas ar fícto d'aoir, 7 ní raib don fear i n-Éirinn ba mó cáil 7 cúmaet 'ná é. Leis na Sapanais orca go rabadar go mór leir. Bí átar orca ar oúir gur mill ré Clann Dómnail ó Albain 7 do gáireadar leir: Tuig Seágan go dian maic iao. Ní gan fáct do cúmao an rean-focal úo—"Dpanntán maora gáire Sapanais." "Ir maic an ruo," ar riadoran, "Clann Dómnail do beic claoirte mar níor b'fíor dúinn cá h-am do cabrócaduir leir na n-Éireannais, áct mar rin féin beic O Néill ró-láirir ar fao anoir."

Ir trias ná'r gnió ré caradar le taoireaduib Éireann an uair reo. I n' ionao roin érom ré ar a cúp d'fíaduib orca géilleao do sibé oic maic leo é. "Caitríó taoirig Conaet a gcáin bliadhantamail do tabairt domra mar ba gnaéac leo do ruictib Ulaó," ar reirean. D'eicig na Conaetais é 7 p'reab ré go h-obann i láirir tigeapna Cloinn Riocáir, an fear ba t'reire i gConaet, 7 mill ré é gan puinn duair. Do éreac ré Tír Conaill inr an mbliadhain gcéadna (1566), 7 táinig r'gannrao ar Sapaná. Do g'riopair Elír iarlá fearn Muineac, Maguirir le h-eirge 'na a'gair, áct do meileao an Maguirir fá mar do meilpeao b'ró muilinn doirnán coirce.

Do b'é Sydney bí 'na Arduiririr arir ar Éirinn an uair úo i n-ionao Sussex, 7 bí aithe maic aige ar Seágan. Cuir ré teactaire maíaltair d'ár b'ainm Stukeley cúige le h-áiteam air beic péir. "Ná h-eirig amac i na'gair na Sapanac 7 geobair sibé níó do tearduigean uair," ar Stukeley. "Déan-par iarlá Tír Eogain díot má'r maic leat é." Cuir Seágan r'pann ar 7 labair ré go neamaéac. "Uréagán ir eao an iarláet roin," ar reirean. "Do gnióeabair iarlá de m'ac Cáirais i gcúige Mumán, 7 tá buacaili aimpire 7 rin capall agamra adá cóm maic d'fear leir rin. Do meapabair mé éroao nuair do bí g'reim aguib orim. Ní fuil don muinigin agam ar buir ngeallamna. Níor iarrar ríotcáin ar an mbainpíogain áct d'iarrir p're orimra i 7 ir ríbre féin do buir i: Do tíomáinear na Sapanais ar an lúdar 7 ar Dúndroma 7 ní leisreao dóib teact ar n-air go deo. Ní leómpair Ó Dómnail beic 'na flait arir ar Tír Conaill mar ir tiomra an áit rin fearoa. Ná bíoó don meapb'eall orc gur tiomra cúige Ulaó. Bí mo rinnreap romam 'na ruictib uirte: Do buadar i lem' clairdeam 7 lem' clairdeam do coingbeoáo i."

[i.e., a preparation for biting]. "It is a good thing," said they, "that the Clan Donnell are defeated, for we never knew when they might help the Irish; but, for all that, O'Neill will be too strong altogether now."

It is a pity he did not make friends with the chieftains of Ireland at this time. Instead of that he began to force them to submit to him, whether they liked it or not. "The princes of Connacht must give me their yearly tribute, as they used to give it to the Kings of Ulster," said he. The Connachtmen refused, and he rushed suddenly upon the lord of Clan Rickard, the strongest man in Connacht, and despoiled him without much trouble. He plundered Tir-Conaill in the same year (1566), and fear fell upon England. Elizabeth incited Maguire, Earl of Fermanagh, to rise against him; but the Maguire was crushed as a millstone would crush a handful of oats.

Sydney was Lord Justice (or Deputy) of Ireland again at this time in place of Sussex, and he knew Shane well. He sent a Government envoy, named Stukely, to him to urge upon him that he should keep quiet. "Do not rise out against the English, and you shall get whatever you want," said Stukely. "They will make you Earl of Tir-Eoghain, if you would like that." Shane snorted, and he spoke defiantly. "That earldom is a toy," said he. "Ye made an earl of MacCarthy in Munster, and I have serving-boys and stable-men that are as good men as he. Ye thought to hang me when ye had a grip of me. I have no trust in your promises. I did not ask peace of the Queen, but *she* asked *it* of *me*, and it is ye yourselves that have broken it. I drove the English out of Newry and out of Dundrum, and I will never let them come back. O'Donnell will not dare to be prince again in Tir-Conaill, for that place is mine henceforward. Let there be no doubt upon you that Ulster is mine. My ancestors before me were kings over it. I won it with my sword, and with my sword I will keep it."

Though Sydney was a very brave, courageous man, his heart was in his mouth when Stukely told him this conversation. "If we do not make a great effort Ireland will be gone out of our hand. O'Neill owns the whole of Ulster, and he must be checked," said Sydney to Elizabeth. "Attack him at once," said she. She sent a troop of English over, and Sydney collected men from every quarter of Ireland, English and Irish, for there was many a chief who assisted him. Some of them were sufficiently disinclined for the business; but they had to



“Sìò go raib Sydney 'na fear an-mìrneamail, èirean, b' à  
 zporde 'na b'eat aise nuair d'innir Stukeley d'ò an còmhràd roim:  
 “Muna n'èantair àrò iarraect beirò Èire imtìgte ar àr lām:  
 ir le n-ò n'èill ulat go léir 7 caitear é corp,” ar Sydney le  
 n-Èire: “Buail é lāitneac,” ar pìre: “Do feòl pì òream  
 Sapanac anall 7 do bailig Sydney pìr ar zac àrò i n-Èirinn;  
 Sapanais 7 Èireannais, mar ir iomda taoirac do cabruis leir:  
 Do b' curò aca leirgeamail go leor cum an gnòta aet do  
 b'èirgean d'òib beartùgadh oirca cum cabarita le Sapanà pà mar  
 do gnìòro indiu.

Tàtar cùgat, a Seághan-an-Dìomair, a marcais an claidim  
 gèir, gléar Mac-an-Fìolair, 7 còirig do buirdean beas laoc. Mì  
 fuil a'gaid aet neart buir gcuirleanna fèin, mar nàc b'fuil cabair  
 'nà congnam d'òb ó éinneac larmuic:

An pàdail do zoirpìde ar èanntraib na Sapanac timceall  
 Baile-ata-Cliait. Do léim Seághan irteac innte ar n'òr còirpige  
 Do raob 7 d'arraig pè i go ballaide Baile-ata-Cliait. Tug pè  
 iarraect pà daingean na Sapanac i n'Dundealgain 7 b' b'ruigean  
 àr aise le Sydney corp an baile rin. B'itear pò-mait do  
 Seághan annpù, 7 cuirac ar zcùl é le buad, aet d'imir pè  
 èirteac ar p'luasgtaib Sydney ful ar d'puro pè leir. Lean Sydney  
 ar a'gaid. Do gluar pè èrè Tìr Eògann, 7 ar roin go Tìr  
 Conaill, i n-anndeoim Seághan, aet do lean pèrpean zac órlac  
 de'n trlige é 7 ba beas an ruamnear do tug pè d'ò ar fead an  
 turpìr: Mìor t'earbain pè ruam roime rin cleara còmraic mìor  
 pèdrr 'nà an uair reo. B' Sydney 7 a p'luasg lionmar epàròte  
 cuirpèac ó pòganna obanna Seághan: Do d'puro pè i ngar d'òib  
 lām le D'òrpe 7 tug cat d'òib. B'ruigean garr do b'ead i, mar  
 do tuit a lán fear ar zac taob, 7 famluisg Seághan go raib an  
 buad leir, aet pàrpe go brat! pèac an òream ro a'g teact  
 amair ar—na Tìr Conaillig epuad pà ó D'ònnail do b' i zcòm-  
 nuirde 'na còinnib—7 b'pìreac ar Seághan pà d'èirteac.

Do d'puro pè leir ar zcùl go bealaise Tìr Eògann a'g  
 orannntan ar Sydney: B' pè còm neameaglac roin, 7 còm  
 muinìgneac roin ar fèin go raib paitèior ar na zallais teact  
 'na zòrpe 7 do gluarpeavair oirca go Baile-ata-Cliait arir gan  
 puinn do b'arr a d'curpìr aca: “Cuirpèac ruam mo lām oirca  
 pòr,” d'èir Seághan. “Mì pèac d'arò aca ar n-air muna mbiaò  
 na cuirpèis rin i d'Tìr Conaill; tà pàrte beac annpoin atá am'  
 epàd 7 am' ceatg le p'ada, aet bain an cluar d'iom, go m'èp'ac  
 iadran ar ball.”

make themselves ready for the assistance of England, as they do at this day.

They are coming against you, Shane the Proud, horseman of the sharp sword! Get ready Mac-an-Fhiolar, and arrange your little band of heroes. Ye have nothing but the strength of your own arms, for there is no help nor succor for ye from anyone outside.

The English districts about Dublin were called the Pale. Into the Pale Shane leaped like a thunderstorm. He ravaged and plundered it to the walls of Dublin. He made an attempt upon the English in Dundalk, and he had a fight with Sydney near that town. They were too much for Shane that time, and with some difficulty they repulsed him; but he made havoc among Sydney's troops before he moved off. Sydney continued to press on. He went through Tir-Eoghain, and from that to Tir-Conaill, in spite of Shane; but the latter followed him every inch of the way, and little rest he gave him during the journey. Never did he show better skill in tactics than at that time. Sydney and his numerous army were harassed and wearied by Shane's sudden attacks. He moved close up to them near Derry and gave them battle. A tough fight it was, for many men fell on both sides, and Shane thought the victory was with him; but beware! See thi company coming from the West upon him—the stern Tir-Conaill men under O'Donnell, who was always against him—and Shane was defeated at last.

He fell back to the passes of Tir-Eoghain, growling at Sydney. He was so fearless and so confident in himself, that the foreigners were afraid to come near him, and they betook themselves to Dublin again, having got very little by their journey. "I will put the mark of my hand on them yet," said Shane. "Not a creature of them would have gone back if it were not for those villains in Tir-Conaill. There is a swarm of bees there that are worrying and stinging me this long while; but cut the ear off me but I will smoke them out very soon."

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## CHAPTER X.

### CLOUDS AND DEATH.

Shane was preparing himself secretly, and the English were not asleep. They were secretly aiding O'Donnell, and spurring him on against Shane. Hugh was the name of the O'Donnell who was now in Tir-Conaill, for Calvach had lately died. This

## Cap. 10.

## SĠAMAILL AGUS BĀS:

Bí Seághan go foluigtheac 'sá ullamúgadh féin 7 ní raib na Sapanais 'na scoola. Bíodair as cabrúgadh le h-Ó Dómnail 1 san fíor, 7 'sá ġríoradh 1 scoinnib Seághain. Doð do b'ainm de'n Ó Dómnail do bí anoir ar Tír Conaill, mar caillead Calbac le déirdeannaige. Níor b'fuláir do'n triat nuad ro éadct éigin do déanadh 1 otoraé a maġla, mar ba ġnátac le ġac flait an uair úo. Buir doð irthead go Tír Eóghain ar órúgadh na Sapanac 7 do chead pé an taob tair tuair oi. Do duib 7 do dearg as Seághan-an-Diomuir. Dar claidéam ġairġe Néill naoi nġiallaig, díolfaid Ó Dómnail ar an ġcorġairt reo!

Do cípá troigthead 7 marcaig as triall ar ġac áirí fá déin tige móir Veinnboirb noim eirġe ġréine 1 otoraé na Dealtaine inr an mbliadain 1567. Ġiom na coin móra ar uail le teapbac ar teadct na rluag, 7 as lúatáil 7 as crotadh a n-eapball, mar do fileadair go mbiaid reilġ aca mar ba ġnátac. Rit an fiað ruad 7 an mac tíre 1 b'polaé inr na coilltib mór-otimceall mar fileadair poim leir le tuigrint an ainmíde go maðtar ar a otóir.

Ní raib dúil 1 reatġ as Ó Néill an cor ro, mar bí deabhad air cum Ó Dómnail do tpaocadh, 7 do buail pé féin 7 a flóigeado trí mile fear riar ó tuair. Deaprad daoine pirreógaða go raib na cáġa as rġréadaig ór cionn tige Seághain-an-Diomair an maidean ro, 7 nár culaid pé ceól na cuaidé ná píobairthead an loim duib inoiu.

"Náe dān iad na Tír Conaillig reo, 7 náe mór an triuag dóib beit 'sá ġcur a rlige a marbta," ar reirean, nuair do connaic pé Ó Dómnail 7 a buirdean deas ruidte ar áirí an ġáirí ar an otad tuair d'inbeap Súilig 1 nDún na nġall.

Bí an taoidé tpaigte ar an inbeap 7 do ríirí Ó Néill ġur ġainm tírm do bí ann 1 ġcóinnuide. Níor mar rin do Ó Dómnail: Bí aithe maít aigerean ar an áit úo, 7 do toġair pé 1 1 ġcómair é féin 7 a cuir fear do coraint ar Ó Néill, mar eirġeann an taoidé go tiuġ 7 go h-obann annróo:

Agur féac 1 n-árpān le céile an rliocct do táinig ó beirt mac Néill naoi nġiallaig—na Tír Conaillig ó Conaill ġulban 7 na Tír Eóghainig ó Eóghan, é ríúo do buir a cpoirde le brón 1 noiaid Conaill nuair do marbuidhead an cupad poim.

Deirteap náe raib don fonn bpuighe ar Ó Néill nuair do

new prince must needs do some act of valor at the beginning of his reign, as was the custom with every prince at that time. Hugh broke into Tir-Eoghain by order of the English, and plundered the north-western part of. Shane the Proud turned black and red with anger. By the champion-sword of Niall of the Nine Hostages, O'Donnell shall pay for this raid!

You would see foot and horsemen traveling from every quarter towards the great house of Benburb before sunrise, in the beginning of May, in the year 1567. The great hounds began to bay with excitement at the approach of the troops, and to jump about and wag their tails, for they thought they were to have a hunt, as usual. The red deer and the wolf ran to hide themselves in the woods all around, for *they* too thought, with the animal's instinct, that they were going to be pursued.

O'Neill had no desire for hunting this time, for he was in a hurry to subdue O'Donnell, and he and his host of three thousand men struck out to the north-west. Superstitious people would say that the jackdaws were screaming over the house of Shane the Proud this morning, and that he did not hear the music of the cuckoo nor the piping of the blackbird to-day.

"Are they not bold, these Tir-Conaill fellows, and is it not a great pity for them to be putting themselves in the way of their death?" said he, when he saw O'Donnell and his little band posted upon Ardingary, on the north side of Lough Swilly, in Donegal.

The tide had ebbed out of the estuary, and O'Neill thought that the sand in it was always dry. Not so with O'Donnell. *He* knew that place well, and he chose it in order to protect himself and his men from O'Neill, for the tide rises strongly and suddenly there.

And see, struggling together, the race that came from the two sons of Niall of the Nine Hostages—the Tir-Conaill men from Conall Gulban, and the Tir-Eoghain men from Eoghien, the man who broke his heart with sorrow after Conall when that warrior was killed!

It is said that O'Neill had no wish to fight when he saw the small army that O'Donnell had against him, and that he would rather that they would have surrendered; but for all that he arranged his men carefully, and he ordered them in companies and troops across the inlet of the sea. O'Donnell made a furious attack on the first party that got across and broke them up. If they had not many men, they were all like wild cats. He did



connaic ré an fluaig beas do bí ag Ó Dómnaill 'na còinnib, 7 sur b'fearr leir d'á ngeillfíoir, aet mar rin féin do bheirtuis ré a cuir fear go cruinn 7 do rtiúpaíó ré 'na n'breamaib 7 'na n'oirmaib tarrna an cuair fairrge iad. Agus Ó Dómnaill foza feargac fá'n gcead cuir do fíoríc anonn 7 do b'uir ré iad. Muna faib móran fear aige, caic f'adais do b'ead iad go léir. Rinne ré mar an gceadna leir an d'arua cipe calma. "Caic-fear iad do cur ar roin," arfa Ó Néill, 7 do buail ré é féin ar ceann cóir capall, aet do p'reab marcais Uí Dómnaill amac ar los air 'nór gála gaoite, 7 d'á feabhar é Seághan-an-Dìomair ir ar éigin do bí ré 'na cumar coris do cur leó. D'féac ré timcheall air. Bí cuir d'á b'reamaib meargta t're n-a céile 7 a tuillead aca rgarca ó n-a céile. Níor tuis Seághan fáet an mearbtaill go b'feacair ré an taoise ag eirge - r'geoin ag teac ar a cuir fear, 7 Ó Dómnaill le n-a buirdean laoc ag cur ort a go dian. Níor meac c'oirde Seághan inr an aithar úo, 7 do érom ré ar éirleac le n-a marcais go riadain, 7 ar d'ul ar éorandíre anro 7 anruo ag glaothac ar a cinnreathna a gcuir fear do cóiríúgac. Do gnió ré féin iarract ar an fluaig do bailiúgac leir i n-eagar cóir, aet ní faib r'lige cum carad aca, 7 bí cuir aca go glúnaib i n-uirge 7 an taoise ag ríomar timcheall ort a. Fír ó lár tuata do b'ead a b'fuiríór. Táinis r'geoin níor mó ort a 7 b'uireadair:

Bácat 7 marbúigeat trí céad déas fear aca. Do b'é cat deireannac Seághan-an-Dìomair é agus an tubairte ba mó do tárluis fiam dó. An méir a cuair t'rearna plán tar inbair milteac Súilís do teiceadair leo, agus do r'geinn a b'laic ruar coir na habann ag cuarad áta, agus doir marcaic leir. Do tearbáin Tír Conallac d'ár b'ainm Gallicabair at 'ran abainn do dá míle ó páire an buata agus do agus Seághan Ó Néill a cúl ar Tír Conaill, allur air, a teanga agus a carbail cóim te, tirm, le r'méaróir teine, agus cnar na r'górnaig le buairíre aigne.

Bí Ó Dómnaill 7 a fár-fír go meirdeac, 7 a d'einte cnám aca d'éir an buair, aet ní faib fíor aca go riadadair ag déanad oirpe na Sapanac, obair do teir ar na Gail rin ar fead éuis bliathna déas roime rin, gíó sur cáilleadair na milte fear 7 dá milliún púnt eirge.

Cao do déanair Ó Néill Ulaó anoir? Deir leabair na Ceirre Ollamain go faib ré éadrom 'na ceann ar éir b'uirge áir an gáire, aet ní fuil 'ra méir rin aet cor cainte. Bí an curat úo ríó-aigeanamail 7 ríó-láirir i g'oirde 7 a g'cor cum c'romad ar plubairgeal agus ar éneadais i ocaob b'uiread don b'uirge anám. Ní faib ré d'á fíead bliathna d'oir fír 7 bí m'irneac an leomain i g'comnuirde aige. D'iar cuir d'á

the same to the second brave file. "We must put them out of that," said O'Neill, and he thrust himself at the head of a detachment of horse; but O'Donnell's horsemen rushed out on him from a hollow like a gale of wind, and great as was Shane the Proud it was with difficulty that he was able to check him. He looked around him. Some of his companies were mixed up together, and some of them were separated from each other. Shane did not understand the reason of the confusion till he saw the tide rising and terror coming upon his men, and O'Donnell with his band of heroes pressing upon them severely. Shane's heart did not fail in that moment of distress, and he, with his horsemen, began slaughtering savagely, and galloping to and fro, calling upon his captains to put their men in order. He tried to gather the army together himself in proper order, but they had not room to turn, and some of them were up to the knees in water and the tide flowing up all round them. Most of them were inland men. A fresh panic fell on them and they broke away.

Thirteen hundred of them were drowned or killed. It was Shane the Proud's last battle, and the greatest disaster that ever happened to him. As many as crossed the terrible estuary of the Swilly in safety fled away, and their prince rushed up the side of the river to look for a ford, with a few horsemen. A Tir-Conaill man of the name of Gallagher showed him a ford in the river two miles from the battle-field, and Shane O'Neill turned his back on Tir-Conaill, sweating, his tongue and his palate as hot and dry as a coal of fire, and a lump in his throat from trouble of mind.

O'Donnell and his good men were right merry, and they had bonfires after the battle; but they did not know that they were doing the work of the English—work which it had failed those foreigners to do for fifteen years before that, though they had lost thousands of men and two millions of money in the attempt.

What will O'Neill of Ulster do now? The Book of the Four Masters says that he was light in his head after the fight at Ardingary, but that is only a turn of expression. That hero was too high-minded and too strong of heart and of limb to fall to blubbering and to groaning over the loss of one battle. He was not forty years of age yet, and he always had the courage of a lion. Some of his military officers begged him to yield to the English, but that was not Shane's intention at all. He released Somerled the Sallow (Sorley Boy), whom he had had in captivity as a prisoner of war for two years, and sent him

oiriúgeada coisearó air géilleadh do Sárana aet níor b'é rin intinn Seágan i n-aon éor. Sgaol ré Somairle buirde do bí mar éime aige le dá bliadhain, 7 cuir mar teachtair go Cloinn Dómnail i nAibain é as iarraidh congantha orda. Do ghealladar dó í, 7 gnó ré féin 7 gárda marcad ionas coinne leo i mBunabann Duinne, i nAontuim. D' úmhuigeadar go talamh dó 7 gléaradar fé rda i gcábán fairsing dó. Táinig fear eile ar an láthair leir, d'ár b'ainm Pierce, brataadóir ó Éire do éualaidh cad do bí ar ruidh i as Seágan. Ní fuil aon ríubinn le págail do dearbuis ann sup tús an captaen Pierce úo díol pola do na hAibanaigh, aet tá mpar géar as gac úgdar air.

A Seágan-an-Diomair, tá do gnó deanta.

Deir do námaide féin amain, go raib do lám láidri mar ríat i gcóinnuidhe as an bfeair las, 7 nác raib gairde na fear mi-maíalta id' ceannairiaib leó' linn. Deir ríad, leir, sup b'é do gnát gan ruidhe cum bíó go mbiaó a ráit de'n feoil do b'feair, mar deirteá, as boet id' Éiríor, do éruinnigeadh ar do táirrig. Aet tá deirteá leó' féileact 7 leó' gairge láirteac; mar tá na hAibanaigh go cíocrac as coisearnaigh le Captain Pierce inr an gcábán. Ní cloirfir uail de conairt agur ní lean-fair an ríad ruadh ére coilltib enó na Tríúda go deó air. Ní cloirfir fluaighe Tír Eógan do gaircata níor mó, mar tá ríde Aibanae ar do cúl a gan fíor tuit 7 Pietee d'a ngruogadh sup mairbuisir a n-aíreaca i mbuisin Gleanna taire. Preab id' fíurde ó'n mbóro roin a Seágan-an-Diomair 7 féac dia tíar díot mar tá an trleag i ngruagac órlaigh deó' dhom leatan.

Agur liúcan an coirpliún amuic ar Spuc na Maile, 7 bhríeann na tonna bána ar an tcráigh le fuaim coir Bunabann Duinne, 7 tearbánnann na daoine annpuo capn cloe i los mar a bfuil Seágan-an-Diomair 'na coidla le bheir agur trí céat bliadhain.

“Seact mbliadhna Seapceact cúic céo  
Mile bliadhain ir ní brécc,  
Co báp tSeadain mic mic Cumn  
Ó toirdeet Cpuort hi ccolainn.”

Tóg Pierce leir an ceann do b'áilne i nÉirinn 7 bainead an t-éatad daor de éorp díceannta Uí Néill. Fuair Pierce a míle print mar díol ar an gceann ó'n mbainruogam, 7 buateadh an ceann cairtead úo ar bíor ar an iunn do b'áirde ar cairleán Baile-áta-Cliat:

as an envoy to the Clan Donal in Scotland, to ask aid of them. They promised it to him, and he and a guard of horsemen appointed a place of meeting with them at Cushendun, in Antrim. They bowed to the ground before him, and prepared a feast for him in a large tent. Another man came to the place also, whose name was Pierce, a spy from Elizabeth, who had heard what Shane was doing. There is no written evidence to be found which proves that this Captain Pierce gave blood-money to the Scots, but every author has a strong suspicion of it.

Shane the Proud, your business is done.

Your very enemies say that your strong hand was ever as a shield to the weak, and that there was not a robber nor an unruly man in your territories during your time. They say, too, that it was your custom not to sit down to your food until, as you would say, Christ's poor, who gathered on your threshold, had had their fill of the best meat. But there is an end to your generosity and to your valiant deeds now, for the Scots are eagerly whispering with Captain Pierce in the tent. You will never again hear the baying of the pack, nor follow the red deer through the nut-woods of the cantred for evermore. The hosts of Tir-Eoghain will hear your battle-cry no more, for there are twenty Scots behind you unknown to you, and Pierce is nagging at them that you killed their fathers in the battle of Glenshesk. Spring to your feet from that table, Shane the Proud, and look behind you, for the spear is within an inch of your broad back.

And the curlew cries away out on the Moyle Water, and the white waves break soundingly on the strand near Cushendun, and the people there show a cairn of stones in a hollow, where Shane the Proud sleeps these three hundred years and more.

“Seven years, sixty, five hundred  
(And) a thousand years, it is no lie,  
To the death of Shane the grandson of Conn  
From the coming of Christ in the Body.”

Pierce took away with him the most beautiful head in Ireland, and they took the rich clothing from the headless body of O'Neill. Pierce received his thousand pounds from the Queen in payment for the head, and that beloved and lovely head was stuck upon a spike on the highest battlement of Dublin Castle.



## (v) CAILÍN NA MBRÁITRE.

Séamur ua Dubháil:

Bí cailín fao ó i dtí na mbráitire agus ní bíod don teópa leir an méio oibre bíod sí a cur poimprí le déanam.

Ir cuma cao a beaó gan déanam agus b'féidir go mbeaó ré gan déanam ar fao náite, nuair déarfaió leir an scailín é déanam, 'ré an freagra bíod aici i gcómnurde: "Ó bíor cum é rin a déanam mé féin." Ceap na bráitire ar dtúir go faib cailín anaóiceallac aca, agus ir minic a bíoir as molaó an cailín agus as maoidéam airtí le bráitirib eile:

Don lá amáin a táinig rean-bráitair eua ó mainirtir eile; agus, nuair a euala ré an t-ápo-molaó ar cailín na mbráitire, "Beiré fíor asam-ra," ar reirean, "an bfuil sí com maic agus veirtéar liom i beiré."

"Coşar," ar reirean le ceann de na bráitirib, "abair leir an scailín teacó irteac i reómpa na leabair agus, nuair a beiré sí irteig ann, abair léi gur ceap sí na leabair a nige."

"Agus cao eua go scuiprinn obair óinrige mar rin poimprí? Bead rears uirtí agus b'féidir go b'asfaó sí rinn. Ní fuirir cailín mar i 'faóil seallaim duit."

"Déan ruo orm," ar' an rean-bráitair:

Do glaoóir ré ar an scailín agus ní faib sí i b'as as teacó; agus, nuair a táinig sí, dubairt an rean-bráitair léi go bog réio: "Cloirim gur anaóailín tú. Ir móir an t-iongnad liom, a b'rigio, na leabair reo beiré gan nige asat fóir."

"Bíor veireac cun é rin a déanam, mé féin, a áitir."

"Ó ní fábaó duit é, a b'rigio," ar' an bráitair eile go reair: Ó 'n lá pain go dtí an lá inoiu tá Cailín na mbráitire mar ainm ar éinne a bíonn "cun é rin déanam" i n-ionad é beiré déanta;

## (f) AN SAO MARA

nó

AR LORG AN BÉARLA:

Séamur ua Dubháil.

Tamall maic ó foir anoir bí daoine 'na gcómnurde i n-oileán beas i n-íocair na hÉireann agus ní faib aca acó an fáoilis: Mar seall air go mbíod daoine faibíre as teacó ar cuairt ar

## THE FRIARS' SERVANT MAID.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

THERE was a servant long ago at the friary, and there were no bounds to the amount of work she used to be about doing.

It did not matter what was left undone, and perhaps it would be without doing for a quarter, when the servant would be asked to do it the answer she always had was, "I was going to do that myself." The friars at first thought they had a very diligent servant, and often they used to be praising the girl, and boasting of her to other friars.

One day an old brother came to them from another monastery, and when he heard the great praises of the friars' servant, he said, "I'll find out if she is as good as she is said to be."

"Whisper," said he to one of the brothers; "tell the girl to come into the library, and when she is inside there, tell her she ought to wash the books."

"And why should I set her such a fool's job? She would be angry, and perhaps she would leave us. It is not easy to get a servant like her, I assure you."

"Do as I tell you," said the old friar.

He called the girl; she was not long coming, and when she came the old friar said to her, soft and smooth, "I am told you are a great girl. I wonder very much, Brigid, that you have those books so long without washing."

"I was just now going to do that myself, father."

"Oh you need not, Brigid," said the other brother, sharply.

From that day to this "the friars' servant girl" is applied to any one who is always going to do the thing instead of having it done.

## THE GAD MARA, OR IN SEARCH OF ENGLISH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

A GOOD while ago now there lived people in a little island in a remote part of Ireland and they had no language but Irish. Because wealthy people used to visit the island now and again, the poor people imagined that all they wanted was to have

an oileán anoir agus arís ceap na daoine bocta ná raib náta áct an Béarla o'fógluim agus go mbeidí raibóir go deo. Leanann an galar céanna móran daoine a ceapann níor mó céille beir aca 'ná bí ag muintir an oileáin:

"Áct cá raib an Béarla le fágáil?" B'in i an céirt anoir:

Bí 'ríor aca go raib Béarla i n-Éirinn, áct eualadar go raib an Béarla doib' fearr 'ra domán i mBaile Áta Cliat.

Tar éir móran cainte agus comráid focuigeadar ar duine aca a cur go Baile Áta Cliat ar lorg an Béarla.

An lá bí an fear ag imteacht baó dóis leat sup go hAimeirice a bí ré ag toul. Bí an lá 'na lá raoire ar an oileán. Táinig muintir an oileáin go léir, ós agus críonna, go dtí port na héireann agus cuiread an fear anonn ar an dtír móir ar an mbáó ba mó ar an oileán.

O'fás teachtair an Béarla plán aca agus o'imtis air go Baile Áta Cliat. Tar éir a beir tamall 'ra caitir bí Béarla aige, dá focal, "Good-morrow," agus ceap ré go raib ré i n'am aige pillead a baile. Bí ré cuirpéad go leór ó beir ag coirpéad, agus nuair a táinig ré go dtí féit an Clotaig i n-aice na fairsige, fuir ré ríor:

Bí na focail go cruinn garta aige, 7 le heagla go mbead ríad cailte aige, bíod ré ag ráó map raiprín "Good-morrow," "good-morrow," "good-morrow."

Bí an aimpír fluic agus bí féit an Clotaig bog: Go deimhin, bí rí 'na tóin ar bogad, agus, nuair a bí an fear boct ag toul triarna, cuair ré ar lár agus o'fóbaí dó beir báirde. Tarr-aing ré é féin amac i gcuma éicint agus bain ré amac an talam tirim. Áct, mo éreac ip mo cár! bí an Béarla cailte aige.

Nuair a táinig ré a baile agus nuair o'innir ré a rgeal do muintir an oileáin, bíodar buairdearta go leor, agus 'ré dubairt gac duine aca leir féin sup móir an truas nac é féin a cuiread go Baile-Áta-Cliat.

Áct cad a bí le déanam anoir? Bí an Béarla cailte i b'féit an Clotaig agus b'féirir go mbéad ré le fágáil fór:

Do gluair reirpar de muintir an oileáin anonn ar báó go dtí an dtír móir agus fear an Béarla le n-a goir. Tarrbáin ré dóib cár cail ré an Béarla i lár na féite.

Créadar go léir ar an áit a tóbac agus a taorad agus níor b'fada dóib ag fágáil do'n obair reo nuair do buail gao mapa leó.

"Sin é an focal," "Sin é an focal," arateachtair an Béarla, "gao mapa," "gao mapa."

English and that they would be rich for ever. The same ailment follows a good many who think they have much more sense than had the people of the island.

But where was the English to be had; that was now the question. They knew there was English in Ireland, but they had heard the best English in the world was in Dublin.

After much talk and discussion they fixed on one of themselves to be sent to Dublin in search of English.

The day the man was leaving you would think it was to America he was going. The day was a holiday on the island. The whole population of the island, young and old, came down to Port Erinn, and the man was put across on the mainland in the biggest boat on the island.

The English delegate bade them farewell, and proceeded on his way to Dublin. After being a short time in the city he had English, "Good morrow," two words, and he thought it was time for him to be returning home. He was tired enough from walking, and when he came as far as "the Left-handed Man's swamp," close to the sea, he sat down. He had the words correctly, and lest he should lose them, he used to be repeating them like a prayer—"Good morrow, good morrow."

The weather was wet and the swamp soft. Indeed it was a regular quagmire; and when the poor man was crossing he went bogging, and was near being drowned. He pulled himself out some way and got to dry land. But, sorrow and distraction, he had lost the English.

When he reached home, and when he told his tale to the people of the island, they were troubled enough, and it is what each said to himself, that it was a pity that it was not he himself that was sent to Dublin.

But what was to be done now. The English was lost in the swamp of the Left-handed Man, and maybe it would be found yet.

Six of the islanders went over in a boat to the mainland, and the "English" man with them. He showed them where he lost the English in the middle of the swamp. They all set to work to dig and shovel the place, and they were not long at the work when they came upon a gad mara, or sea rod.

"That's the word, that's the word," said the messenger, "Gad mara, gad mara."



## ῥΑΙΤ-ΣΣΕΑΙ:

ní macaíró mire go b'ráit ar gcúl  
 ná'r éigin beir úmál daobh 'r móir mo leun,  
 muna dtis liom riúbal, muna dtis liom riúbal,  
 muna dtis liom riúbal ar mo páirc-pe féin.

Éainis an trapaíona teit, 7 rin mé riap ar banca b'eads féir, ar  
 éaoib an bótar, agus níor b'fada sup éuit mo coislaó oim.  
 Agus im' coislaó connaire mé airtins.

Do bí mé as riúbal, mar faoil mé im' airtins, i dtír anaitnro  
 nac raib mé ariamí poime reó i n-aon tír coimíil léi, bí pí com  
 b'eads rin. Bí bóite ceaoia do-riúbalta as dul trío an tír  
 áluinn reó, agus do bí páirceanna glara agus féar bog uaitne,  
 agus h-uile fórt blát d'a b'acairó rúil ariamí, as fáir ar sad aon  
 taoib de'n bótar. Aet do bí an bótar féin cam corrac cloac,  
 agus bí rppúilleac as réioeas ari, do loit agus do dall rúile  
 na ndaoine do bí as riúbal ann.

Agus níor b'fada go b'acairó mé fear ós lútmair láioir amac  
 nóimam, as gabáil an bótar mar do bí mé féin. Agus connaire  
 mé an t-ógánac ro as fearamí go minic cum an púdar tírim do  
 bí d'a réioeas ar an mbótar do cuimilt d'a rúilí. Agus do  
 bí an bótar com h-aimeiró agus com cloac rin sup éuit ré  
 anoir agus ariar mar bí ré as riúbal. Agus an uair deireannac  
 do éuit ré níor féas ré éiríge no go dtáinís mire com fada  
 leir, agus éusar mo lám do sup tós mé ar a d'a coir ariar é,  
 agus dubairt mé leir go raib rúil agam nac raib ré gortuighe.  
 D'fpeasair reirean de b'iairíraib binne blarta nac raib ré gortuighe  
 go móir, aet go raib faicéoir ari nac dtuicéas ré go  
 deireas a airtir an lá rin, mar do bí an bótar com garb agus  
 com cuairó rin. Agus d'fearraíge mire de an fada do bí le dul  
 aise. Dubairt reirean náir b'fada, aet sup mian leir dul go  
 baile-móir do bí cúis míle amac uainn, rúil táinís an oirde ari,  
 óir buó mian leir ruo le n'íte, agus leabuir, fágar, agus gan  
 an oirde do éaitéam amuis ar an mbótar fiaóain rin.

Agus nuair éualaró mé rin do bí iongantap oim, óir bí d'a  
 uair de'n lá againn fóir, poim luirde na gréine, agus b'fopur do  
 duine ar bit do bí com lútmair láioir leir an ógánac rin cúis  
 míle do riúbal in ran am rin, d'a b'áspas ré an oirdebótar agus  
 d'a riúbalpas ré ar an macaire b'eads réir do bí le n-a éaoib;  
 agus dubairt mé rin leir:

"Ná bíó iongantap oir fúm-ra," a deir ré, "óir ní réoir  
 le duine ar bit in ran tír reó an bótar fágbáil: Com cloac  
 cnarac corrac agus aet an bótar, caicéiró duine fanamaint ari

## AN ALLEGORY.

DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D.

(Translated by NORMA BORTHWICK.)

THE evening became hot, and I stretched back on a fine grassy bank at the side of the road, and it was not long till I fell asleep. And in my sleep I saw a vision.

I was walking, as I thought in my dream, in an unknown country, such that I wa never before in any country like it, it was so fine. There were narrow roads, very bad for walking, running through this beautiful country, and there were green fields and soft green grass, and every sort of flower that the eye ever saw, growing on each side of the road. But the road itself was crooked and uneven and stony, and there was a dusty wind blowing on it that hurt and blinded the eyes of the people that were walking in it.

And it was not long till I saw a young, active, strong man out before me, going the same road as I was myself. And I saw this young fellow standing often to rub out of his eyes the dry dust that was being blown on the road. And the road was so uneven and so stony tha he fell now and again as he was walking. And the last time that he fell he could not rise until I came up to him, and I gave him my h'n till I raised him up on his feet again, and I said to him nat I hoped he was not hurt. He answered in sweet, pleasant-sounding words that he was not much hurt, but that he was afraid he would not come to the end of his journey that day, as the road was so rough and so hard. And I asked him if he had far to go. He said he had not far, but that he wished to go to a big town, that was five miles out from us, before night came on him, for he wanted to get something to eat and a bed, and not to spend the night outside on that wild road.

And when I heard that there was wonder on me, for we had two hours of the day yet before sunset, and it would be easy for anybody who was so active and strong as that young man to walk five miles in that time if he left the bad road, and if he walked on the fine, smooth plain that was beside it; and I said that to him.

"Do not be surprised at me," says he, "for it is impossible for any person in this country to leave the road. As stony and knotty and rugged as the road is, a person must stay on it. If he leaves the road to walk on the fine, smooth plain,

Má fágann ré an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire breáí réir, iocfaid ré ar go zéar. Tá luét gárda ar an mbótar ro agus ar h-uile bótar in ran tír seo, raiútuíraí móra duba. Is iad na raiútuíraí seo do rinne gac don bótar ann ran tír seo agus is oic do rinneadar iad, aet má fágann duine tuirpreac an bótar le riúbal ar an macaire, leanar é leir an ngárda dub ro, agus beirio air, agus tiomáinir pómpa é, go gcuirfio ar an mbótar ari é, gan buideacair dó.”

“Aet,” ar ra mire leir an rtrairéar, “ni féidir go bfuil an oiréar rin de raiútuíraib duba ar gac don bótar in ran tír le luét riúbailta na mbótar do rmaétuigar agus do fáruigar mar rin. Nac mbionn luét-riúbailta na mbótar níor iomardamla ’ná an gárda dub ro, agus nac bfeadar ríad an lám uactair fágail orra, agus bpiread arteac, in a n-aimdeoin, ar an macaire min áluinn rin, agus gan panamaint ar an mbótar gánna púdarac poll-lionmar ro?”

“D’fearóir rin déanam go cinnte,” ar ran rtrairéar, “oir bionn fice fear láir ar an mbótar i n-áir an don gárda amáin, aet acá róir oiródeacra rgarra as an ngárda dub, ann ran rpéir or cionn na mbótar, agus is dóig leir an luét-riúbail nac bfuil don neart aca na bóirre d’fágáil, agus tar éir gac oic agus doair agus dólar d’á tgasann orra ann rna rligéir millteaca malluighe reó, ní’l an cpoirde ná an copáirte aca iad d’fágáil, agus is dóig gur ab é rin mar gheall ar an oiródeacra do rgar na daoine duba. Aet is é an ruo is iongantaisge aca uile, nac bfuil in ran gcuir is mó de na raiútuíraib reó aet cormúileacra raiútuíraib; is rgalirde gan bpiú gan pubrtaint iad, aet is dóig le luét-riúbailta na mbótar gur fuil agus reóil iad, agus go loirfio ríad an duine fágfar an bótar le n-a gcuir arim.”

Do riublamar ar ár n-áir le céile ann rin, 7 níor brada go rabamar com ráruighe rin gur b’éigin dúinn ruidé rior ar an mbótar, agus do goill an tarac agus an tuirpre orrainn go móir. Dubairt mé ann rin leir an ógánac, “Ni béinn com dona ro dá mbeir deoc uirge asam.”

“Tá tobair breáí rior-uirge,” adubairt ré, “fá bun crainn breáí úball, ceatramá míle amac pómainn, aet tá ré ar an taob aris de’n élaide, in ran macaire, agus ní olirdeannac é dul com rada leir.”

Aet do goill an tarac orim com móir rin go ndubairt mé, “Cairt mé ól ar, dá marbóirde ar an móimio mé. Treóruig mé go rici an tobair ro.” Táiní raitéir ar an ógánac, agus dubairt ré, “Is i mo cómarle duit gan dul ann, aet má ’r éigean duit, ni bacfaid mé tu. Fágfaid mé do cuirdeacra nuair

He will pay for it severely. There are guards on this road and on every road in this country—great black soldiers. It was these soldiers who made every single road in this country, and 'tis bady they made them; but if a weary person leaves the road to walk on the plain, they follow him with this black guard, and they catch him and drive him before them till they put him on the road again in spite of him."

"But," said I to the stranger, "there cannot be so many black soldiers on every road in the country as to repress and overcome the people who walk the roads like that. Are not the people who walk the roads more numerous than this black guard, and could not they get the upper hand of them, and break in, in spite of them, upon that smooth, beautiful plain, and not stay on this ugly, dusty road, full of holes?"

"They could do that certainly," said the stranger, "for there are twenty strong men on the road against the one guardsman, but the black guard have scattered a sort of enchantment in the air over the roads, and the travelers think they are not able to leave the roads, and after all the want and trouble and misery that comes on them in these awful, accursed roads, they have not the heart nor the courage to leave them, and probably that is on account of the enchantment that the black fellows have scattered. But the most extraordinary of all these things is that most of these soldiers are only imitation soldiers; they are shadows without force or substance, but the people who walk the roads think that they are flesh and blood, and that they would wound anybody who would leave the road with their weapons."

We walked forward together then, and it was not long till we were so tired that we had to sit down on the road, and thirst and fatigue oppressed us greatly. I said then to the young man, "I would not be so bad if I had a drink of water."

"There is a fine well of spring-water," said he, "at the foot of a beautiful apple-tree, a quarter of a mile out before us, but it is on the inner side of the ditch, in the plain, and it is not lawful to go as far as it."

But the thirst troubled me so much that I said, "I must drink out of it, if I were to be killed on the instant. Lead me to this well." Fear came upon the young man, and he said, "'Tis my advice to you not to go there, but if you must, I will not hinder you. I will leave your company when I come as far as the well. Kill yourself, if you wish; but you shall not kill me."

We rose then, and we walked together till we saw a great,  
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tiucfar mé dom fáda leir an tobair. Marb tu féin, má'r mian leat; aét ní marbódair tu mire."

D'éirigeamar ann rin, agus fiublamar le céile, go b'facaamar cpann mór áluinn as éirige ar an macaire, timéioll ríde péirre arteac ó'n mbótar. Cuair mé ruar ar bárr an élaide do bí ar taoib an bótar, agus connaic mé tobair glan glé-geat ríor-uirge d'á rgeitead amac fá bun an érainn áro áluinn, agus connaic mé bláta bána agus úbla beaga agus úbla leat-apuir agus úbla móra deargá lán-apuir, as fáir le céile ar an gcpann rin. Aét do bí an oirlead rin de rmaét agus de r'ganntad ar d'aoimib na tíre rin náir baineat oirlead agus don uball aca, agus ba léir dom, ar an b'éar fáda páramail do bí éaric timéioll an tobair éom-áluinn rin, nac d'áinig don duine i n-áice leir le h-ól. Aét nuair connaic mire an méad rin do geit mo éiride i lár mo élaib, agus d'ubairt mé 's or-áro, "Bairtí mé curo de na h-ublaib rin agus ólfair mé mo d'ótar de'n tobair rin, má 'ré an b'ar adá i n'óan dom."

Agus leir rin d'éirig mé de léim áro éadrom aéiac de bárr an élaide-teópann agus arteac ar an macaire mín áluinn. Agus nuair connaic an t-óganac an n'ó rin, do leis ré orna ar, óir ba d'óig leir gur b'é mo b'ar do bí mé d'á d'oirgeaét:

Agus nuair éinig mire leat-bealaig roir an gclaire agus an tobair, d'éirig raióirí dub, mar b'eit armaét árbéal úr-ghánna, ruar, ar an b'éar fáda, agus do d'ós ré claiream mór le mo éann do r'goltaet, mar fáoil mé. Agus do éualair mé ar mo éul an r'glead do éuir an t-óganac ar an mbótar ar, le teann-faitéior. Níor lúga 'ná rin an faitéior do bí oim féin, óir ní raib áim ar bit agam le mo éoraint: Aét do érom mé ar élaic máit móir do bí fá mo éoir, com mór le mo d'oir féin, agus éug mé toga uréar de'n élaic rin leir an raióirí árbéal. Do buail an élaic é, mar fáoil mé, i gceart-lár a éadain, agus éualr rí amac ríro a éann, amail agus nac raib ann aét r'gáile. Agus ar an móimio níor léir dom éur ná cuma an raióirí, aét do bí ruo gan éur ann amail r'lam de'n céo, agus do leag an céo rin, agus do r'gar ré ann ran r'péir, agus ní raib d'adair éadain-re agus an tobair. Tuig mé ann rin nac raióirí ná fear cogair do bí ann, aét ruo b'leagac i r'gáile do rinneat le d'raoideat, cum na n'aoime do r'ganntuagad ó'n tobair. Cuair mé go d'ri an t-uirge agus níor bac ruo ar bit eile mé. Éromar ar an uirge agus d'ólar mo fáit d'é, agus d'ar tiom-fa go raib ré com máit le pion: Dom mé uball mór dearg de'n épann ann rin agus d'itear é; agus do bí ré com milir im' beal le mil. Nuair connaic mé rin, glao mé ar an óganac agus d'ubairt mé leir "ceat ar: ac éugam, óir nac raib d'adair

beautiful tree rising out of the plain, about twenty perches in from the road. I went up on the top of the ditch that was at the side of the road, and I saw a pure, bright-looking well of spring-water gushing out under the foot of the beautiful high tree, and I saw white blossoms and little apples and half-ripe apples and large, red, fully-ripe apples growing together on that tree. But there was so much repression and terror on the people of that country that nobody gathered as much as one apple of them, and it was clear to me, by the long-growing grass that was round about that lovely well, that no person came near it to drink. But when I saw that much, my heart leaped within my breast, and I said aloud, "I will gather some of those apples, and I will drink my fill of that well, if it is death that is in store for me."

And with that I rose in a high, light, active jump from the top of the boundary ditch and in upon the smooth, beautiful plain. And when the young fellow saw that, he gave a sigh, for he thought it was my death I was seeking.

And when I came half-way between the ditch and the well, a black soldier arose, like a great, hideous monster, up out of the long grass, and he took up a great sword to split my head, as I thought. And I heard behind me the scream that the young man on the road put out of him, with intense fear. No less than that was the fear that was on myself, for I had no weapon at all to defend myself. But I stooped for a good big stone that was under my foot, as big as my own fist, and I gave a choice throw of that stone at the terrible soldier. The stone hit him, as I thought, in the very middle of his forehead, and it went out through his head, as if he were nothing but a shadow. And on the instant the appearance and shape of the soldier were dim to me, but there was a shapeless thing there like a wreath of mist, and that mist melted, and it dispersed into the air, and there was nothing between myself and the well. Then I knew that he was not a soldier nor a warrior, but an unreal thing and a shadow, made by magic to frighten the people from the well. I went to the water, and no other thing hindered me. I bent down to the water and I drank my fill of it, and in my opinion it was as good as wine. I pulled a big red apple from the tree then and ate it, and it was as sweet in my mouth as honey. When I saw that, I called to the young man, and said to him "to come in to me, for there was nothing to prevent him." As soon as he perceived that, he came in over the ditch himself, and he in great fear, and he made for the well. He drank his fill out of it, and he ate

le n-a bacadh.” Com luath agus tug ré rin fá deapa; táinig ré féin arteaó tar an gclaidhe, agus é fá easla móir, agus rinne ré ar an tobair. D’ól ré a fáit ar, agus d’it ré a fáit de na n-úblaidh, agus fineamair riap le céile ar an bfeair bheadh bog, agus coruigeamair as caint. Agus d’faiarraig mé dhé ainm na tíre rin, “óir” ar fá mire leir, “ir i an tír ir iongantaisge d’a bfuil ar an domhan í.”

Torais ré ann rin as innrint rgeula na tíre rin dam, agus tudairet ré, “Tá an tír reó na h-oileán, agus do éruais Dia i amuis ann ran aigéin móir ar an taoib riap de’n domhan, an áit a gabann an sruan cum a leaptan ann ran oirde. Agus ir i an tír ir áille agus ir glaise agus ir úir i d’a bfuil fá’n ngréin. Agus veir tura gur tír iongantac í, aet ni tuisgeann tu leat a h-iongantair go fóill. Agus tá trí ainmneada uirri, banba agus fódla agus éire.”

Nuair eularó mé rin, do tug mé léim, agus buail mé mo ceann le géagán de’n érann, mar faoil mé,—agus dúirig mé.

Agus ar bporrait mo fáile dam, riú mé mo luíde ar an gclaidhe ar taoib an bótar, roir bail-á-cliaí agus bótar-na-bhuighe, agus mo éapa Diarmuid Bán ’s am’ fátaó i m’ ear-na-caib le marde: “’S micró duit beir dul a-baile,” a veir ré.

“Óra a Diarmuid,” ar fá mire, “ná bain liom: Ni fácair mac mátar ariam a leiteir d’ ariung agus connaic mire.” Agus leir rin d’innir mé mo bionglóir dó, ó túr go veiread.

“Mairead! mo fáid tu,” ar fá Diarmuid, nuair bí mé réir, “agus b’ fionn do bionglóir. Fáid agus fáile tu,” a veir ré.

“Cionnur rin?” ar fá mire, “minig dam é.”

“Ir ar éalam na h-éireann do bí tu san don amhar,” ar fá Diarmuid, “aet do bí tu as riúbal, mar tá na h-éireannais uile as riúbal, ar na bóirib do rinne na Sacpanais le n-a gcuir olisge agus le n-a gcuir fáiriún féin, agus rin bóirne nac féirir le Saedéal riúbal oirra san cuirliugad agus san tuirim, san doéar agus san dúlar. Aet má éreigeann riad bótar an tSacpanadair agus an Véarlacair, agus iad do dul arteaó ar a macaire bheadh feunmair féin in beir’ riad as riúbal go éruair ar fead an laé iomláin, mar an t-éireannac boet rin do connaic tura, le leabuir agus le ruipear d’fágail ran oirde; aet do fácair fá dhó nior farde, i leat an ama. Agus an tobair fionn-uirge rin do connaic tu, an tobair nac leigfead na fáirad d’ubha rin do na daoimib d’ól ar, nac dtuisgeann tu gur tobair na slan-Saedeilge é rin, agus cia bé éireannac óirar deoó ar, bíonn ré mar fionn in a beal, d’a neartugad agus d’a fionn-fuairad. Agus an fáiruir d’ubh rin d’éirig roir tura agus érann na n-úball, b’ é rin an fáiriún Sacpanac, agus nuair buail tu

his fill of the apples, and we stretched back on the fine, soft grass together, and began to talk. And I asked him the name of that country; "for," said I to him, "it is the most extraordinary country of all there are in the world."

He began then to tell me the history of that country, and he said, "This country is an island, and God created it out in the great ocean on the western side of the world, the place where the sun goes to his bed in the night. And it is the most beautiful and the greenest and the freshest country of all under the sun. And you say it is an extraordinary country, but you do not know half its wonderfulness yet. And there are three names on it—Banba and Fodhla and Ireland."

When I heard that I gave a jump, and I struck my head against a branch of the tree, as I thought—and I awoke.

And when I opened my eyes, there I was lying on the ditch at the side of the road, between Dublin and Boharnabreena, and my friend Dermot "Bán" was poking me in the ribs with a stick.

"'Tis time for you to be going home," says he.

"Oro, Dermot," said I, "let me alone. No mother's son ever saw the like of such a vision as I have seen." And with that I told him my dream from beginning to end.

"Musha, man dear!" said Dermot, when I was done, "and your dream was true. A prophet and a poet you are," says he.

"How so?" said I. "Explain it to me."

"'Tis on the soil of Ireland you were without any doubt," said Dermot, "but you were walking, as all Irishmen are walking, on the roads which the English made with their own laws and with their own fashions, and those are roads that a Gael cannot walk on without stumbling and falling, without trouble and distress. But if they leave the road of Anglicisation and of English-speaking, and go in on their own fine, grassy plain, they will not be walking hard all day long like that poor Irishman you saw, to get a bed and a supper at night, but they would go twice as far in half the time. And that well of spring water that you saw, the well that those black sentries would not let the people drink from, don't you understand that that is the well of pure Irish, and whatever Irishman drinks a drink out of it, it is as wine in his mouth, strengthening him and cooling him. And that black sentry that got up between you and the apple-tree, that was the English Fashion, and when you struck him he went out of sight, like a mist, for fashions come like mist, and if a person defends himself from them they



é τ'ímētis ré ar amárc map ceó, óir tigeann na páiríúin map ceó, agus má éornann duine é féin oppa imtígeann riad map ceó arís. Agus na bláta bána, agus na h-úbla, do éonnaic tu ar an gcéann aró aluinn, rin é an torad atá as fár ar mácaire na Saedaltácta, agus má págann na Saedeil na bóitre ip ar cuir na Sacpanais iad le dul arteaé ar a dtalam féin ara, na h-úbla rin nár blar riad le dá céad bliadan bainirí riadrapir so tuis iad. Agus as rin duit anoir, a Éraoibín, map míni sim re t'airling," ar ré.

"ní' anam a 'Óia, a 'Óiaruio," ar ra mire, "ní'l do samail de míništeoir ar talam na h-Éireann, agus an céad airling eile béirdear asam ip éugao-ra tiucfar me. Ir fearr 'ná Daniel tu, bhorruis opt anoir agus béiróir as dul a-baile."

## ΤΑΘΣ ΣΑΒΑ

### CAIBIDIL 1.

Bí Taðs ua bhoim 'na gaba, agus bí a ceapóca ar táoir an bócair i n-áice le bhoicead na Seadaige, veic míle i dtáoir tair do Cill Áinne:

Ceapóige maí do b'ead Taðs. Ní raib 'na párróirde féin, ná b'féoir i gCiarráide, fear do b'fearr a cuirfead crúó pá capall ná clár ar céadó. Aet map rin féin, ní raib Taðs gan a loctáir féin. Ir dóca nár táinís muam lá donais ná mapgaró ná feicirde Taðs ar ppáir Cill Áinne, agus ip mó-annam a bí ré as teact abáile tráctóna gan veic rúgac so leor, nó b'féoir ar meirge. Dá nócappad don'ne le Taðs ar maoin lae an donais, "An bfuilip as dul so Cill Áinne inoiu, a Taðs?" "ré an freagra a geobad ré, "Ní fearar," nó "b'féoir dom"—'ran am céadna as buataó buille dá cárrú ar an iarrann nó ar an inneoin, com maí ip dá mbéad ré as ráó. "Ir móir atá pof uait."

Nuair a bí lá an mapgaró ann bí 'fir as gac uile duine so raib gnó aige ar an gceapócair so mb'foearr do fuirdeac ra bail dá mbad maí leir a gnó veic déanta i gceairt. Ir iomda rgeat gceannmar a bí ar fuair na párróirde timceall Taðs agus a cuir oibre maoin lae donais, map ar cuir ré cairnge i mbeo, lá, i gcapall Seagán léit, agus map ar poll ré ar móir dtuacal clár a bí aige dá cur ar céadó le Doimnall ua bhuigín.

go away like mist again. And the white blossoms and the apples that you saw on the beautiful tall tree, that is the fruit that is growing on the Plain of Gaeldom, and if the Gaels leave the roads on which the English put them, to go back on their own land again—those apples which they did not taste for two hundred years they shall gather them again plentifully. And there is for you now, Δ Ἐραοῖβιν, how *I* interpret your dream,” said he.

“My soul to God, Dermot,” said I, “there isn’t your like of an interpreter on the soil of Ireland, and the next dream I have, ’tis to you I will come. You are better than Daniel. Hurry now, and we will be going home.”

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## TIM THE SMITH.

By JAMES DOYLE. Translated by MARY DOYLE.

TIM O’BYRNE was a smith, and his forge was on the side of the road close to Giddagh Bridge, ten miles west of Killarney.

Tim was a good tradesman. There was not in his own parish, nor maybe in Kerry, a man who could better shoe a horse or put a board in a plow. But, for all that, Tim was not without his own faults. It is probable that there never came a fair or market day that Tim was not seen in the streets of Killarney, and it was very seldom he came home in the evening without being pretty merry, or perhaps drunk. If any one would ask Tim on the morning of a fair, “Are you going to Killarney to-day, Tim?” the answer he would get would be, “I don’t know,” or “Maybe I would”—at the same time striking a blow of his hammer on the iron or on the anvil, as much as if he were to say, “It is much you want knowledge” (How inquisitive you are).

When the fair day came, everyone who had business at the forge knew that he had better stay at home if he wanted a job done well. Many curious stories were through the parish about Tim and his work on a fair morning: how he had put a nail in the quick in a horse of Jack Liah, and how he bored altogether wrong a board he was putting in a plow for Daniel Breen.

Bí feirmeoir beas 'na comhairde i mbéal na Seandaise dárú ainm do Mícheál Crón, aet níor tugadh namh air aet Mícheál na gCear. Tá mbéad don gnó as Mícheál na gCear ar an gcearócaim ní párócaid don lá do dul ann. aet lá an donais nó an lá go raib 'fíor aise go raib Taois as dul go Cill Áinne nó go Cill Orslan.

San am ro bíod maraib Cill Áinne ar an Satharn agus bíod donac ann an céad luan do'n mí, mar atá anois.

Mairdin lae donais bí Mícheál as an gcearócaim cun ríoníní 'fásail dá muga, agus donnac pé ná raib puinn le déanamh as Taois.

"Ír doéa, Taois," pra Mícheál, "go mbéid tú ar an donac."

"B'féidir dom," pra Taois. "Bí Séamur Táillúra as ráb liom iné go mbéad pé as sa áil roir timcheall an t-aon uair doas, 7 dá mbaid maic liom dul leir go bpaiginn marcaidheacht uair."

"Má'r mar rin atá an rgeal," pra Mícheál, "ní'l don maic dom mo céadca a bpeit anuas cun é 'cun i tpe."

"Ní'l, go deimhin; cáim san sual, agus caicfid m dul a d'iarraid beagán suail agus ádhar iarrainn."

Nuair a bí Mícheál na gCear as dul a baile do ear pé irteac cun tise ílilb óis, feirmeoir beas eile bí 'na comhairde i n-aise le Mícheál péin.

"Cá raibair, a mícheál?" pra ílilb.

"Bíor as an gcearócaim as féadaint an mbéad an gaba ullam i mbápaic cun pionnai 'cun im' bpaica. Bí Taois as tatant oim é 'cun euge iníu mar ná raib mópán le déanamh aise."

"Nac bfuil pé as dul go Cill Áinne?"

"Cuata é as ráb go mbéad iacail air an t-apat a cun go Cill Orslan a d'iarraid beagán suail."

"Ír maic liom sup gabair irteac eugam. Bíor as caint le Taois áruaib iné, agus 'pé dubairt pé liom ná bead am aise don ní a déanamh lem' céadca go tci Dia Céadocain peo eugainn. Tá an ampir as pleamnuaid uaim agus san puinn déanta aham. Sé ír fearr dom a déanamh mo cé eua a bpeit euge anois ó tá caoi as an ngaba. Mí beid don'ne as teac euge iníu."

Do deas Mícheál a píopa, agus d'imicis pé air a baile.

Nuair d'pás Mícheál an ceartca, agus ó ná raib don ní eile le déanamh as Taois cuair pé irteac cun é péin a bearrad 7 a glanaid i gcomair an donais. Mí raib pé aet leat-bearrca nuair do cuir ílilb a ceann irteac an doir as ráb, "Bail ó Dia annro."

"Dia 'r Muiré duit," pra Taois, aet ní ó n-a éiríde, mar bí

There was a little farmer living close to the Giddagh whose name was Michael Crone, but he was never called any other than Mick of the Tricks. If Tricky Mick had any job at the forge no day would satisfy him to go there but a fair day, or a day on which he knew Tim would be going to Killarney or Killorglin.

At this time the Killarney market was on a Saturday, and there used to be a fair the first Monday of the month, as now.

One fair morning Mick was at the forge to get nose rings for his pigs, and he saw that Tim had not much to do. "I suppose, Tim," says Mick, "you'll be at the fair?"

"Maybe I would," says Tim. "James Tailor was telling me he would be passing (east) about 11 o'clock, and if I liked to go with him I might have a lift from him."

"If that is the case," says Mick, "it is no use for me to bring down my plow to put it in order."

"No, indeed; I am without coal, and I must go for a little coal and some iron."

When Tricky Mick was going home he turned into the house of Phil Oge, a little farmer who lived close to Mick himself.

"Where were you, Mick?" says Phil.

"I was at the forge to see if the smith would be ready to-morrow to put pins in my harrow. Tim was pressing me to send to him to-day, as he had but little to do."

"Is he not going to Killarney?"

"I heard him say that he should send the donkey to Killorglin for a little coal."

"I am glad you came in to me. I was speaking to Tim yesterday, and he told me he could not do anything to my plow until next Wednesday. The time is slipping from me, and with little done. I had better take my plow to him now, as the smith has leisure. No one will be coming to him to-day."

Mick lit his pipe and went on home. When Mick left the forge, and since he had nothing else to do, Tim went in to shave and clean himself for the fair. He was but half-shaved when Phil struck his head in the door, saying, "God bless all here."

"God and Mary bless you," says Tim, but not from his heart, as he had a notion that Phil did not come without business. "I suppose you're going to town."

"Indeed I am not; I have something else to do besides street-walking," says Phil.



tuairim aise náir táinig Pilib san ḡnó; “ir doḡa go bfuilir as toul ar an tpráir.”

“ní’lim, go déimín; tá a málairt de ḡnó agam ’ná rriáirig-eaét,” arpa Pilib.

“Ir iomḡa lá beirḡ tú ar ḡaibḡ an teampall, a Pilib.”

“Má ’reaoḡ féin, ’ré ir ceart dom mo díceall a déanam an fáir acáim ar an raogal ro, 7 anoir baḡ máit liom dá gcuirpeá mo céaḡa i tḡreao ḡam. Cím naḡ bfuil tú ró-ḡnótaḡ.”

“Ir triaḡ liom, a Pilib, naḡ féirḡir liom don ní a déanam leḡ’ céaḡa inḡiu—ní’l don ḡual agam, agur tá iacall orm toul go Cill Áirne dá iarrairḡ.”

“Ní gábaḡ ḡuit don tḡoblóir a beirḡ ort mar ḡeall air rin; tá máilín ḡual ra tḡucaill agam.”

“Oróḡ-éiríḡ ort féin ir do céaḡa,” arpa Taoḡs rá n-a fíac-laib. “Caḡ tá le déanam ar do céaḡa, a Pilib?”

“Tá clár a cúir air, cḡuairḡ a cúir ar an roc, 7 é ’cúir beaḡán ra bḡó. Teartuḡeann beaḡán cḡuairḡe ó baḡir an cóltair 7 caiteḡir bolta nua a déanam do’n raca.”

“Ní l don cḡuairḡ agam aḡḡ don rḡuitín amáin a ḡeallar a cúir ar rann-aicín do Seagán Séamuir,” arpa an gáa.

“Tá lán mo doḡain cḡuairḡe agam-ra ra baile,” arpa Pilib. “Bí-re aḡ baite an tḡean-clár do’n céaḡa; beaḡ-ra ar n-air leir an gḡuairḡ san moill.”

“Buḡ máit liom, dá mb’féirḡir liom é, do ḡnó a déanam inḡiu, aḡḡ do rḡoil cor m’úirḡ nḡe nuair a bíor aḡ cúir iarrainn ar ríot le Seagán Bḡeac, agur beirḡ iacall orm cor nua cúir ann. Bíor cún cor a bḡeirḡ abaile liom inḡiu ó’n aonaḡ.”

Fear beaḡ canncarac do b’eaḡ Pilib Óḡ. Connaic ré go maít ḡur a do’iarrairḡ leir-rḡeíl do déanam do bí Taoḡs Saba, agur bí a cócal aḡ éirḡe.

“Sé mo tuairim, a Taoḡs,” ar rḡeirean ra deirḡeaoḡ, “naḡ bfuil don fonn ort m’obaḡir do déanam. Baḡ cóir go mbéaoḡ mo cúir aḡḡir-re cóim maít le haḡḡeao míicil na gCear, aḡḡ cím naḡ mar rin acá an rḡeal, agur ó tá mo cor ar an mbótar tá gáibne eile ’ra párróirḡe cóim maít leat-ra.”

“Déan do ríoga ruḡ; ní’lim-re a’ bḡait ar do cúir aḡḡir, a rḡannróir! Beir leat do rḡean-céaḡa pé áit ir maít leat,’ arpa an gáa.

“Ir maít é mo buirḡeacar, a Taoḡs; aḡḡ ir doḡḡ liom go mb’féarḡir ḡuit panamaint ’ra baile ’ná beirḡ io’ máirḡín laḡaḡe ar rriáir Cill Áirne, aḡ caiteam do cóo’ aḡḡir 7 do rḡláinte.”

“Ir cuma ḡuit-re, i n-aínn an diaḡail! Ní hé do cúir aḡḡir-re a bíim aḡ caiteam, a rḡpúnlóisin. B’féirḡir naḡ é gac don gáa beaḡ cóim bog leat ir bíor-ra aḡ déanam cḡuairḡe doḡ’

"You'll be many a day beside the church, Phil."

"Even so, I ought to do my best while in this world; and now I would like you to put my plow in order for me. I see you are not very busy."

"I am sorry, Phil; I cannot do anything to your plow to-day. I have no coal, and I am obliged to go to Killarney for it."

"You need not trouble about that, I have a bag of coal in the cart."

"Bad luck to you and your plow," says Tim, under his teeth. "What has to be done to your plow, Phil?"

"It wants a board, to steel the sock, and to put it a little in the sod. The point of the coulter wants a little steel, and you must make a new bolt for the rack."

"I have no steel but one little scrap I promised to to put on a furze spade for Jack James," says the smith.

"I have plenty of steel at home," says Phil. "You be taking the old board off the plow and I'll be back with the steel without delay."

"I would like if I could to do your job to-day, but the handle of my sledge split yesterday when I was putting tires on a wheel for Jack Brack, and I must put a new handle on it. I was going to bring home a handle from the fair."

Phil Oge was a cantankerous little man. He saw clearly that it was trying to make excuses Tim the Smith was, and his choler was rising.

"It is my opinion, Tim," says he at last, "that you have no intention of doing my work. One would think my money would be as good as Tricky Mick's; but I see that is not how the case stands, and as my foot is on the road, there are other smiths in the parish besides you."

"Do as you like; I'm not depending on your money, you fright. Take your old plow to where you please," said the smith.

"How well I am thanked, Tim, but I do think it would be better for you to stay at home than to be puddle-trotting on the streets of Killarney, spending your money and your health."

"You need not care a damn. It is not your money I am spending, you mean little creature. Maybe 'tis not every smith would be as easy with you as I have been, making shoes for your 'crock' out of your gathering of old iron. Be off now, and maybe you would pick up an old horseshoe on the road," and with that Tim shut the door.

fean-ghosa ar do bailiúgadh fean-iarrainn: Iméis leat anoir; agus b'féidir go fágá fean-éirí capall ar a' mbótar," agus leir rin do dún Cath an doiar.

Bí Pilib ag cur de gur bain pé amac ceapóca áro-a'-Cluigin. B'é an gaba bí i n-Áro-a'-Cluigin fear ós a bí tamall maí ó foin 'n-a príncipeac ag Cath Saba. Ó d'fág pé Cath bí pé tamall dá ainm i gCopaig 7 bliadain nó dó i nAlbain. Buacail ciallmair do bí ann 7 ceapóide maí. Eogan Ua Laochairpe do b'ainm dó: Ní raib móran fáilte aige roim Pilib nuair do éannaic pé é ag teac, agus ní mó 'ná rin bí aige roimhir nuair d'innir Pilib dó ar an gcairmir do bí roir é féin 7 an fean-gaba.

Dubairt an gaba ós le Pilib go raib eagla air ná béad caoi aige ar don ní do déanam le n-a céacda go dtí veipead na reachtmaine. Níor maí leir Pilib d'eiteac, ac bí rúil aige ná béad Pilib fáirta le feiteam com fada rin agus go mbéad pé ag breic a céacda leir ar n-air go dtí Cath nó go dtí gaba éigin eile, ac ní raib don maí dó ann.

"Fáspad-ra annro mo céacda," arfa Pilib, "dá mb'éigean dom fuieac leir go ceann coigtióir ó 'noiu, 7 tar éir an doide b'eil a fuairpear ó Cath Saba an lá ro ní baogal dó go brát arir pinginn uaim-re."

"Anoir, a Pilib," arfa Eogan, "tá a fiór agat go maí nac bfuil Cath mó-burdeac díom-ra i dtaoib teac annro, agus nílim a rád ac an fírinne nuair a veipim go mb'feair uim go móir ná fáspá-ra ceapóca Cath cun teac cun mo ceapócan-ra."

"Ar an fírinne ir córa maí a veit," arfa Pilib, "ac veipim leat muna mbéad don gaba eile ar ro go catair Copaige ná faigead Cath Ua Dpoin don ní le déanam uaim-re."

Bí a péarún féin ag Eogan Ua Laochairpe. Ní raib do élaín ag Cath Saba ac don ingean amáin. Ní raib pí ac 'n-a gearraicail ag dul ar rgoil nuair do bí Eogan 'n-a príncipeac ag a hacair. Bí pí ana-ceanamail ar Eogan, agus níor b'áon iongnad é. Buacail ghrádmair rubáileac do bí ann; níor b'feair leir veit 'meag buacail eile mar é féin 'ná veit i lár rgaia páiró agus gleó aca do cuirpead allairóir opt. Mar geall air seo ní raib leand 'ra baile gan veit ceanamail ar an ngaba ós, agus bíodair go léir go han-uaigneac nuair d'fág pé Cath Ua Dpoin. Da mó an t-uaignear do bí ar lleilli bis a' gaba 'ná ar don'ne eile nuair d'iméis Eogan, agus éaon pí go fuigead 'na díad.

D'fág lleilli fuar 'n-a cailín deap ghrátcamail. Do caillead a mátar nuair bí pí reac mbladhna déas d'aoir, agus ó b'ar a mátar 'pí lleilli bí mar bean-tige ag Cath, agus ní m'poe a rád go raib pí 'n-a mnaoi-tige maí. Ní raib ar pobal na Tuaithe

Phil continued on his way till he came to the forge of Ard-a-Clugeen. The smith at Ard-a-Clugeen was a young man who had been a good while ago an apprentice with Tim the Smith. Since he left Tim he spent part of his time in Cork, and a year or two in Scotland. A sensible young man was he, and a good tradesman. Owen O'Leary was his name. He had not much welcome for Phil when he saw him coming, and he had less for him when Phil told him of the row between himself and the old smith. The young smith told Phil that he was afraid he would have no time to do anything to his plow until the end of the week. He did not like to refuse Phil, but he was hoping that Phil would not be satisfied to wait so long, and that he would be taking his plow back to Tim, or to some other smith, but it was all in vain.

"I'll leave my plow here," says Phil, "if I had to wait for it till this day fortnight; and after the abusive language I got to-day from Tim the Smith, from this day forward there is no chance of his ever again receiving a penny from me."

"Now, Phil," says Owen, "you know very well Tim is not too thankful to me for coming here, and I am but telling the truth when I say that I would much rather you did not leave Tim's forge to come to mine."

"It is the truth which should thrive ('Tis in the truth the luck ought to be)," says Phil; "but I tell you, that if there was not another smith from this to the city of Cork, Tim O'Byrne would get nothing to do from me."

Owen O'Leary had his own reasons. The only family Tim the Smith had was a daughter. She was but a little girl going to school when Owen was an apprentice with her father. She was very fond of Owen, and little wonder. He was an affectionate, soft-natured boy. He would as soon be in the midst of a pack of children, who would deafen you with their noise, as with other lads like himself. On this account there was not a child in the village who was not fond of the young smith, and they were all very lonesome when he left Tim O'Byrne. The smith's little Nelly was more lonely than anyone else when Owen went away, and she cried bitterly after him.

Nelly grew up to be a pretty, graceful girl. Her mother died when she was seventeen years of age, and from the death of her mother Nelly was housekeeper to Tim, and it is not amiss to say that she was a good housewife. There was not a man in the Tuogh flock who had a prettier stocking than Nelly's



feap ba deire ríoca 'nád áitir Neilli, agus ar fion go raib Taois 'n-a Gabá, agus san cpoiceann ró-geal air, ní raib léine an tras-airt féin níor gile 'nád a léine ar maidin Dia Domnaig.

Ir beas an t-iongnad nuair táinig Eoghan Ua Laoisair abaitle go noubairt ré leir féin go mbéad Neilli ós mar mnaoi aige, agus ir dóig liom go raib ríre ar an aignead céadna, aet níor mar rin do'n tpean-Gabá. Ili raib don deabad air eun cleamhair do déanam dád ingin, mar bí a fíor aige go maic go mbéad ré an-leatlamac san Neilli, aet i n-a aignead féin bad maic leir, dád mbéad fonn pórtá uirri, go mbéad Séamur Táillúra mar cliamain aige.

Bí feirm beas talman as Séamur, aet ba minice é Séamur as an gcearúcaim, a píop 'n-a béal aige agus é as péiréad na mbuilg do'n Gabá, nó a' bualaó dó nuair do bí Taois as eun cruaid ar painn nó as déanam cruad do éapall, 7, ar nóir Taois féin, bí an-dúil aige i ríáirídeact. Bí trí pabailíní bó aige agus cúpla colpac, 7 iad go léir ar tógáil ar teact na Máirta. Ní raib Pilib i bpad tar éir imteacta nuair do bí Séamur Táillúra agus a érucail as doras an Gabá.

"Bfuil tú ullam, a Taois?" arpa Séamur.

"Táim i ngiorraet dó," arpa Taois; "ní'l agam le déanam aet mo bpróga do eun oim. Bhorruig ort, a Neilli; tá an bpróg rin maic go leór anoir. Cá bfuil mo éapabad? Ná bac leir a' ríatán. Anoir, a Séamur, táim ullam."

"Nac bfuil túra a' teact linn, a Neilli?"

"Ní'lim, a Séamur, go fóill; b'féidir ar ball go raiginn féin le coir mlaire éróim, agus béró a' t-aral agaim."

"Ir feárr dúit teact linn-ne. Dád oicar mo éapall, ir feárr é 'nád arailín mlaire."

"Go raib maic agat, a Séamur. Do geallar do mlaire fuiréad léi. Déam i n-am go leór i gCill Áirne; ní'l puinn le déanam agam-ra ar an donac."

"Beata duine a éoil," arpa Séamur, agus ar ríubal leó.

Nuair a bíodar tamall beas ar a' mbótar dubairt Taois le Séamur, "Ar buail Pilib ós umac?"

"Ilior buail; cat 'n-a taoib?"

"Bí pé annpo tamall beas ó foin le n-a céadna. Do geallar bó, tá peatlamain ó foin, go mbéinn ullam Dia Céadaim'; aet ní béad pé rápta san teact eugam ar maidin, agus mé tar éir mlicit na gCear do leigint abaitle mar geall ar ná raib don gual agam. Bí gac pe reat agaim le 'n-a céile go pabamair apson feargac. D'árouig Pilib a céadna leir, agus ir dóca ná béró ríad leir go mbuailreab ré ceapóca Eogainín Uí Laoisair."

"Raib míceal na gCear as an gcearúcaim ar maidin iníou?"

father, and though Tim was a smith, and without a very white skin, still the priest's alb on Sunday morning was no whiter than his Sunday shirt.

It is little wonder that when Owen O'Leary came home he said to himself that he would have young Nelly for a wife; and I think she was of the same mind; but such was not the case with the old smith. He was in no hurry to make a match for his daughter, for he knew very well he would be badly off without Nelly; but in his own mind he wished, if she had a notion of marrying, that he would have James Tailor for a son-in-law.

James had a little farm of land; but James was oftener at the forge, his pipe in his mouth, and he blowing the bellows for the smith, or sledging for him when Tim would be steeling a spade, or making shoes for horses, and like Tim himself he was very fond of street-walking. He had three little tatters of cows, and a couple of heifers that were lifting (ready to fall with hunger) on the coming of March.

Phil had not long gone when James Tailor and his cart were at the smith's door.

"Are you ready, Tim?" said James.

"I'm near it," says Tim. "I have but to put on my shoes. Hurry on, Nelly. That shoe is all right now. Where is my cravat? Never mind the looking-glass. Now, James, I am ready."

"Are you not coming, Nelly?"

"I am not, James, yet awhile. Maybe by and by I would go with Mary Crone, and we shall have the ass."

"You had better come with us. Bad as my horse is, he is better than Mary's little donkey."

"Thank you, James. I promised Mary to wait for her. We shall have time enough in Killarney. I have not much to do at the fair."

"Have your own way," says James, and away with them.

When they were a short time on the road Tim said to James, "Did you meet Phil Oge?"

"No. Why?"

"He was here awhile ago with his plow. I promised him a week ago that I should be ready on Wednesday, but he would not be content without coming to me this morning, and I after letting Tricky Mick home because I had no coal. We had every second word with each other until we were both angry,



and I suppose he will not stop now until he reaches Owney O'Leary's forge."

"Was Tricky Mick at the forge this morning?"

"Am I not after telling you that he was, to get something done to his plow?"

"I'll bet," says James, "that it is Mick put it into Phil's head to come to you?"

"On my soul, and not putting anything bad on my soul, I believe you are right, and if such is the case, I hope it won't be long until Mick gets the reward of his good works. I told Mick himself I had no coal, and Phil had a little bag of coal in the cart with him. Without doubt Mick is the root of the mischief."

"I would not put it past him."

"I think myself he would not be happy if he were not making mischief between neighbors," says Tim.

"'Tis true for you. Did you hear what he did to Daniel Roe? Daniel was going with a sock to the Cappagh forge, when Tricky Mick overtook him as he was going for a rail of turf to the bog."

"'Where are you going,' says Mick.

"'I am going with this to the forge, to put it a little bit "in the sod." We are plowing the little stony field, and it is very hard to plow it with a sock a little out of the sod.'

"'Pitch the sock into the cart and come in yourself. It is a good thing to get the lift.'

"'Thank you, Mick; and maybe, as I am very short of hands, you would leave the sock at the forge. Tell Tom to put it just a little in the sod.'

"'I will do that and welcome,' says Mick, and Daniel turned home. But what did the trickster do, but tell the smith to put Daniel's sock a little more out of the sod, so that his plow was far worse than before.

"Another day Mick was looking for a slaan over at Fortbee. He turned into the house of James the Bald. James was sitting on a stool opposite the door putting a patch on his shoe. As the day was sultry and James sweating, he took off his wig and hung it on a hook behind the door. Mick lit his pipe, and he was, as usual, going on with his pranks. After half an hour or so he moved down near the door. He stayed at the door a little while, with his hand on the half-door. He looked at the hook, pretending that he was ashamed. 'It is how,' says he, 'Mary sent me over to see if I could get the



áct, i n-ionad Míeil do bualaó leir an gcapúir, 'd'aimris ré corcán móir bí ar iapaóct ag a mínaoi cun ollan do dachuáó: 'Bfuil eógan ua laogaire 'na ceapóaise maite?"

"Cá bfuir dam-ra roin," arsa TadóS, 7 ní go ró-mílir; "áct ní dóis liom supab é feabhar a ceapóaireáct' acá ag carriac na n-daoine eúise; 'ré a cúro blaóair meallann iao. Bí an teanga go pleamain niam aise. Vad cuma liom dá gcuirfead ré ruar do péin ag Opoicead na leamna nó tíor ar a Mianur, áct ir dóis liom-ra supr móir an náire do teáct 7 ceapóca do cúir ruar cóim atcúmair nam asur tá ré 'noir."

### CABIDIL 11.

Captaí na daoine ar a céile,  
áct ní captaí na cnuic ná na pléibte.

Nuair do buail an beirt Cill Áinne b'éigean dóib deoc beit aca i dtíS Séamuir Uí Bhuigín 'ra Spáio Nuair, asur níor b'fada dóib go raib bpaon eile aca i Spáio na gCeapc nuair capad oíra beirt nó tríúr eile asur tapc oíra. Ní raib leat an lae caíte nuair bí an gaba rúgac go leór.

Ní raib Neilli i bpaó ar a' rpaio sup connaic pí a haóair asur é ar leat-meirge. Ir gairio do bí pí péin asur an cailín eile ag déanam a ngnóca. Nuair do bíodair ullam cun teáct abailte do dein Neilli a díceall a haóair do meallaó léi, áct ní raib maítear oi beit a tatant air; 'o'fan ré péin asur Séamuir ar an rpaio go dtí tuitim na hoiróce asur go rabadair apoon ar meirge nó i ngiorraóct do.

Bí capaitlin beag cneapca ag Séamur Táillíúra. Bí an bótar píro asur an oiróce geal, 7 dá mbéad an beirt pártá leir an méio do bí ólta aca nuair págadóair rpaio Cill Áinne déad an rgeal go maite aca, áct ní rabadair. Nuair tángadóair go Opoicead na leamna bí deoc le beit aca, 7 nuair bí an gaba ag teáct amac ar an oírucaill tuit ré ar plearg a ópoma ar an mbótar, asur 'fan am céadna do cúir puo éigin an capall ar ríubal. Cuair an not treapna láime TadóS. Do rgead an fear uóct cóim géar rin supr put na daoine amac eúise, asur nuair connaadóair é rinte ar an mbótar páoileadóair go raib a lámh bhuirte, áct ní raib.

Ua móir an ní go raib an doctúir 'n-a cóinnairde ar táoir an bótar ag Opoiróin na Spioóise; bí ré ag baile. Tar éir réadaint ar lámh an gaba 'ré tubairte an doctúir, "Ní'l don énam bhuirte, áct bíro ré tamall go mbéir speiróm agat ar capúir, a TadóS." Do b'fuir dóran; bí an gaba páite gan don níó do déanam map geall ar a lámh:

loan of that thing (the wig) to set a hen hatching in it.' James the Bald was mad; he jumped up, but if he did Mick was gone. James threw the hammer after him, but instead of hitting Mick with the hammer, he struck a big pot which his wife had borrowed to dye wool in. Is Owen O'Leary a good tradesman?"

"How do I know?" says Tim, and not sweetly; "but I don't think it is the excellence of his workmanship that is drawing the people to him; his blarney, that coaxes. He has always the slipping tongue. I would not mind had he set up at Laune Bridge, or below at Meanus, but I do think it is a shame for him to come and set up his forge so near to me as it is now."

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## CHAPTER II.

"People meet, but hills and mountains don't."

When the two reached Killarney they must have a drink in James Breen's house in the new street, and it was not long until they had another drop in Hen-street, where they meet three others with a thirst on them. Half the day was not spent when the smith was tipsy enough.

Nelly was not long in town when she saw her father, and he half-drunk. Herself and the other girl were but a short time doing their business. When they were ready to come home Nelly did her best to coax her father with her, but it was useless trying to persuade him. Himself and James stayed in town till nightfall, and until they were both drunk, or near it.

James Tailor had a gentle little horse. The road was good and the night bright, and had the pair been satisfied with what they had drunk when they left the town of Killarney things would have been well with them, but they were not satisfied. When they came to Laune Bridge they were to have a drink, and when the smith was coming out of the cart he fell on the flat of his back on the road, while at the same time something caused the horse to move. The wheel passed over Tim's hand. The poor man screamed so bitterly that the people ran out to him, and when they saw him stretched on the road they thought his hand was broken, but it was not. It was a great matter (it was fortunate) that the doctor was living close to

Λά'ρ na βάρὰς τὰρ εἶρ lae an donais, agus daoine as teac̃t go t̃o c̃eárhõa Tair̃s bi ré buãdapãt̃a go leóir. Cuir ré r̃séala cun ḡaba na Ceapãiḡe bi an-muinteap̃õa leir i ḡcóm̃nãiḡe, as réac̃aint an ḡcuirpeãõ ré a mac̃ c̃uise ar feãõ reac̃t̃mãine cun go mbéãõ am aise ar fear̃ eḡsin eile do polá̃t̃ar.

'Sé an f̃reag̃ra fuair an teac̃t̃aire go pãb̃aḡar ró-leãt̃-lámãc̃ ar an ḡCeapãiḡ, ac̃t b'féir̃oir i ñveirpeãõ na reac̃t̃mãine go mbéãõ an fear̃ ós ábal̃ta ar t̃ũl ar feãõ lae nó t̃ó cun cãb̃ruḡãõ le Tair̃s.

"An r̃p̃reallair̃ín ruḡaḡ," ar̃ra Tair̃s, nuair a c̃uala ré cao t̃ũbair̃t̃ a t̃uine muinteap̃õa, "tá f̃ior aḡam-ra go mãit̃ cao tá 'n-a c̃eann; ac̃t béir̃o an r̃séal go c̃ruair̃o oim-ra nó r̃ar̃ócão-ra é." Nuair c̃uala Eoḡan l̃a Laoḡaire cao do c̃uit amãc̃ ar á̃air̃ Neill̃i níor b'pãõ i go paib̃ ré as doḡar̃ t̃iḡe an ḡaba. Ní paib̃ mórãn fáil̃te as Tair̃s roim̃ir, ac̃t r̃ar̃ ar fás̃ ré an t̃eint̃eán bi taob̃ eile ar a' r̃séal.

"Iḡ t̃ruaḡ liom," ar̃ra Eoḡan, "t̃ur̃a beir̃ mar̃ 'taoi, ḡ ḡan don'ne aḡat ac̃t t̃ú f̃éin. An féir̃oir liom-ra don ní̃o do t̃éanãm t̃uit?"

"Ní feãõar," ar̃ra Tair̃s; "iḡ t̃óca go b̃fuil do t̃ó̃t̃ain le t̃éanãm aḡat f̃éin, agus béir̃o níor mó aḡat anoir̃ ó táim-re mar̃ a b̃fuilim.

‘An té bíonn r̃ior buãit̃ear̃ cor air,  
Aḡur an té bíonn r̃uar̃ õit̃ar̃ t̃eõc̃ air.’”

"Ní béir̃ i b̃pãõ r̃ior, le conḡnãm t̃ó; agus mó lá̃m iḡ m'f̃ocãl t̃uit nãc̃ b̃fuil don t̃raiñnt̃ oim-ra obair̃ a b̃reir̃ uair̃-re. Mar̃ a b̃fuil don ḡaba eile aḡat f̃ór̃ cuirpeãõ-ra mo p̃r̃innt̃íreac̃ c̃uḡat ḡan moill̃."

"Go paib̃ mãit̃ aḡat," ar̃ra Tair̃s, as cup̃ lá̃ime pl̃án amãc̃ aḡur as b̃reir̃ ḡreim̃ t̃aḡḡean ar lá̃m Eoḡan.

Nuair bi an ḡaba ós as im̃t̃eac̃t̃ ruḡ Neill̃i ar lá̃m air̃ aḡur ãũbair̃t̃ "Mite beannãc̃t̃ opt. Bíor a' cuim̃neam̃ opt; bi r̃ũil aḡam leat̃, ac̃t bi eas̃la oim t̃a t̃õt̃õc̃f̃á f̃éinḡ go mbéãõ m'á̃air̃ ró-ḡoirḡeac̃ leat̃, mar̃ bi f̃ior aḡam go mãit̃ ná paib̃ ré ró-bur̃t̃eac̃ t̃iõt̃."

"Ní móir̃ iḡ féir̃oir liom a t̃éanãm, ac̃t t̃éañpãõ mo t̃ó̃c̃eall; agus tá 'r̃ aḡat-ra, a Neill̃i, go ñt̃éañpãinn mórãn ar do f̃on-ra."

"Táim go han-bur̃t̃eac̃ t̃iõt̃, a Eoḡan," ar̃ra Neill̃i, ḡ t̃uir̃ne 'n-a c̃ionnãc̃air̃b̃.

C̃uair̃o an ḡaba ós á̃aite 'r̃ níor b'pãõa t̃ar̃ eḡr im̃t̃eac̃t̃ t̃ó go t̃ó̃c̃ainḡ S̃eamur̃ Táill̃iúra iḡt̃eac̃. Bi Neill̃i as an doḡar̃.

"Cannor̃ tá t̃'á̃air̃, a Neill̃i!"

little Spiddogque Bridge. He was at home. 'After looking at the smith's hand the doctor said "there was no bone broken, but it will be a while before you can handle a hammer, Tim." 'Twas true for him. The smith was three months without doing anything, owing to his hand.

Next morning after the fair, and people coming to Tim's forge, he was troubled enough. He sent a messenger to the Cappagh smith, who was always very friendly with him, to see if he would send his son to him for a week, until he had time to provide some other man.

The answer the messenger got was that they were very busy at Cappagh, but perhaps at the end of the week the young man might be able to go for a day or two to help Tim. "The little sooty sweep," says Tim, when he heard what his friend said, "I know what is in his head, but it will go hard with me or I'll be even with him."

When Owen O'Leary heard what had happened to Nelly's father it was not long until he was at the smith's door. Tim had not much welcome for him, but before he left the hearth there was another side to the story. "I am sorry," says Owen, "to see you as you are, with no one but yourself. Can I do anything for you?"

"I don't know," says Tim. "I suppose you have plenty to do yourself, and you will have more now since I am as I am."

"He that is down is trampled;  
He that is up is toasted."

"You won't be long down, please God, and my hand and word to you, I do not covet the taking of your work from you. If you have no other smith yet, I will send my apprentice to you without delay."

"Thank you," says Tim, putting out his sound hand and firmly grasping the hand of Owen.

When the young smith was leaving Nelly caught him by the hand, saying, "A thousand blessings on you. I was thinking of you, but I feared that even if you did come my father would be too surly with you, for I know very well he was not too thankful to you."

"It is not much I can do, but I'll do my best, and you know, Nelly, I would do much for your sake."

"I am very grateful to you, Owen," says Nelly, and a blush on her countenance.



“Tá ’r aghat go maith cannor tá pé, a Séamur: Tá pé ’na luige ar a leabair agur tá eagla orm go mbéid pé ann go fóill: buail ruar cuige; táim-re ag dul a d’iarrair cana uirge ó’n abhainn.”

D’fhan Séamur tamall maith agur nuair bí pé iméighe do glaoth-aigh Tadhg ar Neilli cun deoé uirge ruair do tabairt dó. “Suir ar a’ gcaitoir go fóill, a Neilli, a cur; tá ruo éigin agham le pád leat.”

Do fhuir Neilli ar an gcaitoir ag tair na leabha, aet san cuinne aici cao do bí ’n-a ceann:

“Tá eagla orm go mbéad im’ maithneac, a Neilli, i n-eapball mo faothail; aet baó cuma liom dá bfeicinn turra agur do teinteán féin aghat. Ir doóca dá mbéad go faiginn-re cuinne uait ann.”

“Táim pártá mar a bfuilim,” arfa Neilli; “agur ’otair turra beir id’ maithneac, ní mar rin a beir an rseal aghat, le congnam De.”

“B’féidir rin, a ghráó; aet mar rin féin baó maith liom dá bfeicinn tú pórtá.”

“Ní’l don fonn pórtá orm-ra, a áthar, agur dá mbéad féin ní anoir an t-am cun beir ag cumneam air.”

“Táim-re dul i n-aoir, aet baó mór an páram aighid orm é dá mbéideá-ra i d’ait big féin: Tá feirm beas deap ag Séamur Táilliúra, ní’l cior trom air, 7 tá fíor agham náe bfuil cailin eile ’ra párpóirde do b’feair le Séamur a beir mar mnaoi aige ’na tú féin.”

“Táim an-buideac do Séamur. Ní le hearbair mná tige a beir pé ag pórtá; tugann a máthar aige dor na buair agur leatann a deirbhíur an t-aoileac ar na ppátaí. An bean-treabha atá uair anoir?”

D’orfhail Tadhg a fúile: Ní raib don cuinne aige ná bead a ingean pártá le Séamur do pórtá. Bain a ndubairt rí an t-anál de agur ní raib’ fíor aige cao do b’feair do do pád aet i gceann tamall dubairt pé—

“Saoilear, a Neilli, go rabair féin agur Séamur Táilliúra muintearóda go leor le céile.”

“Táimid, ar fion náe bfuilim ró-buideac de ’otair oibre an lae inóe.”

“Goó é an leigear a bí aige air?”

“Dá mbéad pé ’ra baile ag tabairt aige dá ghró féin, ’n-ait ba córa dó beir, tiocfa-ra abail liom-ra, agur ní beirdeá mar aghat inóiu.”

“Tair ró-éuar ar Séamur boet, a Neilli: Cideann tú gur minic a tagann pé cun congnam a tabairt dom-ra nuair a bím

The young smith went home. It was not long after his departure when James Taylor came in. Nelly was at the door.

"How is your father, Nelly?"

"You know very well how he is, James. He is lying in bed. I fear he will be there awhile yet. Go up to him; I am going for a can of water to the river."

James stayed a good while, and when he was gone Tim called Nelly to bring him a drink of cold water. "Sit on the chair awhile, Nelly dear, I have something to say to you."

Nelly sat in the chair beside the bed, but without any notion what was in his head.

"I am afraid I shall be a cripple, Nelly, in the end of my life; but I would not mind if I saw you in possession of your own hearth. I suppose if you had it, I would get a corner from you in it."

"I am content as I am," says Nelly, "and as to your being a cripple, that is not how the case will be with you, with God's help."

"Maybe so, Nelly, my dear; but all the same, I wish I saw you married."

"I have no notion of marrying, father, and, even if I had, this is not the time to be thinking of it."

"I am getting into age, and it would be a great satisfaction to my mind if you were in your own place. James Taylor has a nice little farm, there is not a heavy rent on it, and I know that there is not another girl in the parish he would rather have for a wife than yourself."

"I am very thankful to James. It is not for want of a housekeeper he will marry; his mother minds the cows, and his sister spreads the manure on the potatoes. Is it a plow-woman he wants now?"

Tim opened his eyes. He had no notion that his daughter would not be ready to marry James. What she said took his breath away, and he did not know what he had better say, but after awhile he said—

"I thought, Nelly, that you and James were very friendly with each other."

"We are, though I am not too thankful to him as to the work of yesterday."

"How could he help it?"

as cup iarrainn ar poctuib nó nuair a bíonn obair trom mar rin ioir lám' asam."

"B'fearra dó go mór air a tabairt dá páirde beas talman. Nác minic ío' beal 'An té bíonn 'n-a dhócfearbiread dó féin; bíonn ré 'na feirbiread mairt do na daoine eile."

"Ír beas a fadóleat, a Neilli, ná déanfaí fuo orm."

"Bao mairt liom fuo a déanamh ort, a dtair; áct mar a mbéid ar talamh a' domáin áct é féin amáin ní béinn mar céile aige Séamur Táilliúra."

Le n-a linn rin d'fás Neilli an reómra, agus do shol rí go fuigead ar fearó tamall.

Nuair d'fás Séamur teac an gaba bí ré páirta go leór. Saoil ré ná faib anoir le déanamh aige áct dul agus an "páiréar" do bheir abairte leir cun Neilli an gaba do pórad. Bí ré san tobac agus éar ré irteac i riopa Seagáin an leara cun bliúne tobac do ceannac.

"An fíor," arfa Seagáin an leara, "sur b'fir an gaba a lám as teac ó Cill Áinne aréir?"

"Ní'l ré fíor agus ní'l ré b'féagac," arfa Séamur. "Ní'l a lám b'urte, áct tá rí goirteagte com mór rin go b'fuit eagla orm ná beir don mairt ann go deó. Tá an fear boct busdairta go leór, áct 'ré an fuo ír mó tá cup air anoir, san Neilli beir pórt."

"B'fearra duit féin i pórad, a Séamur. Ní fuidir nó tá mírle beas airgíto as Taois, agus tá Neilli 'n-a cailín ciallmair."

"B'féirir go b-pórfainn," arfa Séamur, agus d'imeis ré air abairte.

Lá ar na báirac bí ré leatá ar fuo na parróirde go faib cleamnar déanta ioir Séamur 7 ingin an gaba.

Ar fearó reactmaine tar éir goirteagte láime Taois do deim Coşan Ua Laoşaire agus a p'rintíreac obair an dá ceapócan cun go b'fuidir Taois gaba ós ó Baile an Mhuilinn. Ír beas laete fuo na reactmaine ná faib Coşan tamall as ceapócan Taois agus tamall beas as caint le Taois féin agus b'féirir le Neilli.

Nuair táinig an gaba eile ó Baile an Mhuilinn d'iarr Taois ar Coşan teac anoir agus aríur nuair a béad am aige, agus táinig go minic. Nuair bíod an beirt 7 duine aca ar gac taob do'n teime ír mó fuo do bíod aca as cup tré 'na céile, 7 Neilli i mbun a ngnóca féin timceall na cipóineac. Nuair fuair Coşan ríeala go faib cleamnar pocair ioir Neilli agus Séamur Táilliúra bí iongnac air, áct d'ubairt ré leir féin má'r mar rin do bí an ríeal ná faib ré ceart dó-ran a beir com minic irteac 'r amac i

"If he were at home attending to his own business, where he ought to be, you would have come home with me, and you would not be as you are to-day."

"You are too hard on poor James, Nelly. You see it is often he comes to give me help when I am putting tires on wheels, or when I have other similar heavy work on hands."

"It would be much better for him to mind his little bit of land. Have I not often heard from your own mouth, 'He who is a bad servant for himself is a good one for others'?"

"I little thought, Nelly, that you would not obey me."

"I would like to obey you, father; but if there was but him alone on the face of the earth, I would not be the partner of James Tailor." With that Nelly left the room, and she cried bitterly for awhile.

When James left the smith's house, he was satisfied enough. He thought that he had nothing to do but to go and bring home the lines in order to marry the smith's Nelly. He was without tobacco, and he turned into John of the Lis to buy a bit of tobacco.

"Is it true," said John of the Lis, "that the smith broke his hand coming from Killarney last night?"

"'Tisn't true and 'tisin't lying," said James. "His hand isn't broken, but it is hurt so much that I am afraid it will never be any use. The poor man is troubled enough, and the thing that is troubling him most is Nelly to be unmarried."

"You'd better marry her yourself, James. It isn't possible but Tim has a bit of money, and Nelly is a sensible girl."

"Maybe I would," said James, and went on home.

Next morning it was spread all over the parish that there was a match made between James and the smith's daughter. For a week after the injury to Tim's hand Owen and his apprentice did the work of the two forges until Tim got a young smith from Milltown. There were few days during the week that Owen wasn't at Tim's forge, and a little time talking to Tim himself, and maybe to Nelly.

When the other smith from Milltown came, Tim asked Owen to come now and again when he had time; and he often came, when the pair of them used to be one at each side of the fire. They used to discuss many things while Nelly was about her own business in the house. When Owen heard the news, that a match was settled between Nelly and James Tailor, he was surprised; but he said to himself, if that was the case, it wasn't right for himself to be in and out so often at the forge



uicis na ceáirdeán: D'imicis lá nó dó mar reo 7 san turar as  
Eogán ar an gceáirdeán. Arpa Tadhg le Neillí:

"A bpeaca tú Eogán iníu nó iníe?"

"Ní feaca," arpa Neillí.

"Tá fuil agam nac bfuil don ní air: Ní faib re annro 'nir ó  
aíruaó 'nóe; ní feadaí cad tá á coimeáó."

"Ní'l fíor agam-ra," adubairt ríre, aet bí amhar aici, mar  
euala rí ríeal an cleamhair.

Ir dóca ná faib Eogán ríó-farta i n'aigneáó: Bí fonn ir faic-  
dear air. Baó maí leir turar do tabairt anonn go ceáirdeán  
Tadhg, aet mar rin féin bí beagán náire air géilleaó go faib  
buaóairt air. Bí ré as obair go dian, aet ba cuma dó beic  
uimhoin nó ghnóac, níor b'féidir leir póraó Neillí do cup ar  
a ceann.

Trádnóna an tarra lá, nuair do bí deiréa le hobair an lae  
asur an ceáirdeá dúnca, buail Eogán trearna na páirceanna,  
asur bí ré as cup de go uáinís ré amac ar an mbótar i n-aice  
tíge na ceáirdeán. Bí Neillí as an doras.

"Canonr tá t'atair, a Neillí?" arpa Eogán:

"Tá ré dul i bpeadar. Tar irteac. Ní'l ré leat-uair ó bí  
ré as caint ort: Bí iongnáó air go raóair cóm fada san bualaó  
irteac eúige."

"Ní beaó as dul irteac anoir, a Neillí. Tá deadaó orm."

"'N é rin Eogán, a Neillí?" ar' an gaba:

"Sé, a atair."

"Cad 'n-a taob nac bfuil ré teact irteac?"

"Deir ré go bfuil deadaó air, a atair."

"Abair leir teact irteac. Tá gno agam de."

Do buail Eogán irteac:

Arpa an gaba, "Cá raóair le reactmáin? Bíor cun ríeala  
cup anonn eúgat féacaint cad a bí ort."

"Ó! ní faib píoe orm, aet go raóar an-ghnóac, asur sur  
faóilear go mbéaó ruo éigin eile búr scup tré 'n-a céile 'ná  
ríd a beic a cuimneam orm-ra."

"Aet go mbéaó mo lám bacac plán agam arí, asur buirdeáir  
le Dia tá rí dul cun cinn go maí, ní beaó don ní as cup buaó-  
arfa orainn."

"Go deimín, ní cúir buaóarfa an ríeal asuib, aet a maíairt,  
asur go n-éirigíó búr bpóraó lib," arpa Eogán, asur toct 'n-a  
cpóide.

"Arú goó é an póraó?" arpa Tadhg Saba:

"Nac bfuil Neillí asur Séamur Táillúra le beic póra i  
nóiaó an Capaigir?"

"Fíarraíó do Neillí féin an fíor é nó bpeas."

house. A day or two passed in this way without Owen taking a turn to the forge.

Says Tim to Nelly, "Did you see Owen to-day or yesterday?"

"I did not," says Nelly.

"I hope there's nothing wrong with him. He wasn't here since 'ere yesterday. I don't know what's keeping him."

"I don't know," says she; but she had a suspicion, for she heard the tale of the match.

It is likely Owen wasn't very easy in his mind. He was between hope and fear. He would like to take a turn over to Tim's forge; but for all that, he was a little ashamed to admit his trouble of mind. He was working hard, but it was all the same to him whether idle or busy, he couldn't put Nelly's marriage out of his head.

On the evening of the second day, when the day's work was finished and the forge shut up, Owen went over across the fields, and was going ahead until he came out on the road close to the forge house. Nelly was at the door.

"How's your father, Nelly," says Owen.

"He's improving. Come in. It isn't half an hour since he was speaking of you. He was wondering you were so long without dropping in to him."

"I won't be going in now, Nelly, I'm in a hurry."

"Is that Owen, Nelly?" says the smith.

"'Tis, father."

"Why isn't he coming in?"

"He says he is in a hurry, father."

"Tell him to come in. I want him."

Owen walked in.

Says the smith, "Where have you been this week past? I was going to send over a message to see what was wrong with you."

"Oh, there wasn't a bit wrong with me, but that I was very busy, and that I thought you would have other things to bother you than for you to be thinking of me."

"Were my lame hand but better again, and, thank God, it is going on well, there would be nothing troubling me."

"Indeed, your case is not a case of trouble, but the opposite, and I hope the marriage will be prosperous," said Owen, with a load at his heart.

"Why, then, what marriage?" said Tim the Smith.

"Are not Nelly and James Taylor to be married after Lent?"

"Ask Nelly if it is truth or falsehood."

“An fíor é, a Neillí?”

“Ní'l, aSur ní b'éir go deó,” agra Neillí, aSur amac an doirar léi.

Ari fear tamailt níor labair don'ne do'n b'eirt focal:

“B'féoirí, a Tairís,” agra Eoghan, “go dtabairfá Neillí d'ath-ra?”

“Sé ir fearra duit an b'eirt rin a cupi cuici féin?”

aSur do cupi, aSur ní gábad innrint cad é an fheadhna fuair ré ó Neillí. Bí an párróirde as magad rá Séamur Táillúra; aet fuair ré rtopóisin beas ó Gleann na sCoileac ná raib ríó-ós aet go raib ríce púnt rppiré aici:

## Τ Α Σ Ρ Α .

Atlaíóirí—deafness.

Rabalíní bó—miserable cows.

Ari tógáil—“lifting,” not able to lift themselves owing to winter want.

Γαé ari a fear or Γαé re fear—every second word, “one word borrowed another.”

Ir Γεαίρτο = ir Γεαίρι = ir Γοίρτο—soon, very soon.

Ari m'anam—by my soul. The m is aspirated.

παίρέα—dispensation from banns.

múirle beas ariγto—a little lump of money.

τοετ 'na époríe—a load at his heart.

Sean-γίοςα—an old, worthless horse.

"Is it true, Nelly?"

"No, and it never will be," says Nelly, and out the door with her.

For awhile neither of the pair spoke a word.

"Maybe, Tim," says Owen, "you'd give Nelly to me?"

"You'd better put that question to herself."

And he did, and it is needless to tell the answer he got from Nelly.

The parish was laughing at James Tailor; but he got a little **stump** from Glennagolagh, who wasn't too young, but who had a **fortune** of twenty pounds.



# ΔΙΤΡΙΣΕ ΑΝ ΡΕΔΟΨΑΙΣ:

Α ΡΙΣ ΤΑ ΑΡ ΝΕΙΜ 'Ρ Α ΕΡΥΤΑΙΣ ΑΔΑΜ.  
 'S Α ΕΥΡΕΑΡ ΕΑΡ Ι ΒΡΕΑΘΟ ΑΝ ΨΑΙΛ,  
 ΟΕ! ΡΣΡΕΑΘΑΙΜ ΟΡΤ ΑΝΟΙΡ, ΟΡ ΑΡΟ,  
 Ο ΙΡ ΛΕ ΟΟ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΤΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΡΨΙΛ.

ΤΑ ΜΕ Ι Ν-ΑΟΙΡ, Δ'Ρ ΟΟ ΕΡΨΙΟΝ ΜΟ ΒΛΑΤ,  
 ΙΡ ΙΟΜΘΑ ΛΑ ΜΕ ΑΣ ΟΥΛ ΑΜΨΣ',  
 ΟΟ ΤΥΙΤ ΜΕ Ι ΒΡΕΑΘΟ ΑΝΟΙΡ ΝΑΟΙ ΟΥΡΑΤ,  
 ΑΕΤ ΤΑ ΝΑ ΣΡΑΡΑ ΑΡ ΛΑΙΜ ΑΝ ΨΑΙΝ.

ΝΥΑΙΡ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΟΣ Β'ΟΙΕ ΙΑΘ ΜΟ ΤΡΕΙΤΕ,  
 ΟΥΘ ΜΟΡ ΜΟ ΡΡΕΙΡ Ι ΡΕΛΕΙΡ 'Ρ Ι Ν-ΕΑΕΡΑΝΝ,  
 Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΣΟ ΜΟΡ ΑΣ ΙΜΙΡΤ 'Ρ ΑΣ ΟΙ  
 ΑΡ ΜΑΙΟΙΝ ΟΘΜΝΑΙΣ ΝΑ ΤΡΙΑΙΛ ΕΥΜ ΑΙΡΡΙΝΝ:

ΝΙΟΡ Β'ΡΕΑΡΡ ΛΙΟΜ ΡΥΙΘΕ 'Ν ΔΙΕ ΕΑΙΛΙΝ ΟΙΣ  
 ΝΑ ΛΕ ΜΝΑΟΙ ΡΟΡΤΑ ΑΣ ΕΕΙΛΥΘΕΑΕΤ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,  
 ΟΟ ΜΙΟΝΝΑΙΘ ΜΟΡΑ ΟΟ ΒΙ ΜΕ ΤΑΒΑΡΤΑ  
 ΑΣΥΡ ΟΡΨΙΡ ΝΟ ΡΟΙΤΕ ΝΙΟΡ ΛΕΙΣ ΜΕ ΤΑΡΜ:

ΡΕΑΘΟ ΑΝ ΨΑΙΛ, ΜΟ ΕΡΑΘ 'Ρ ΜΟ ΛΕΥΝ!  
 ΙΡ Ε ΜΙΛΛ ΑΝ ΡΑΟΓΑΙ ΜΑΡ ΣΕΑΙΛ ΑΡ ΒΕΙΡΤ Ι  
 Δ'Ρ Ο'Ρ ΕΟΙΡ ΑΝ ΕΡΑΟΡ ΑΤΑ ΜΙΡΕ ΡΙΟΡ,  
 ΜΥΝΑ ΒΡΟΙΡΡΙΘ ΙΟΡΑ ΑΡ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ'ΒΟΕΤ.

ΙΡ ΟΡΜ, ΡΑΡΑΟΡ! ΤΑ ΝΑ ΕΟΙΡΕΑΕΑ ΜΟΡΑ,  
 ΑΕΤ ΟΙΨΤΟΕΑΘ ΟΘΙΘ ΜΑ ΜΑΙΡΜ ΤΑΜΑΙΛ,  
 ΣΑΕ ΜΘ ΒΥΑΙΛ ΑΝΥΑΡ ΑΡ ΜΟ ΕΟΛΑΙΝ ΡΟΡ,  
 Α ΡΙΣ ΝΑ ΣΙΟΙΡΕ 'ΣΥΡ ΤΑΡΡΤΑΙΣ Μ'ΑΝΑΜ.

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\* *Literally*: O King, who art in Heaven and who createdst Adam, and who payest regard to the sin of the apple, I scream to Thee again and aloud, for it is Thy grace that I hope for. I am in age, and my bloom has withered, many a day am I going astray. I have fallen into sin more than nine fathoms (deep), but the graces are in the hands of the Lamb.

When I was young, evil were my accomplishments, great was my

# RAFTERY'S REPENTANCE.

[From Douglas Hyde's edition of "Songs ascribed to Raftery," page 356.]

O King of Heaven, who didst create  
 The man who ate of that sad tree,  
 To Thee I cry, oh turn Thy face,  
 Show heavenly grace this day to me.\*

Though shed be now our bloom of youth,  
 And though in truth our sense be dull,  
 Though fallen in sin and shame I am,  
 Yet God the Lamb is merciful.

When I was young my ways were evil,  
 Caught by the devil I went astray;  
 On sacred mornings I sought not Mass,  
 But I sought, alas! to drink and play.

Married or single, grave or gay,  
 Each in her way was loved by me,  
 I shunned not the senses' sinful sway,  
 I shunned not the body's mastery.

From the sin of the apple, the crime of two,  
 Our virtues are few, our lusts run free,  
 For my riotous appetite Christ alone  
 From His mercy's throne can pardon me.

Ah, many a crime has indeed been mine,  
 But grant to me time to repent the whole,  
 Still torture my body and bruise it sorely,  
 Thou King of Glory, but save the soul.

---

delight in quarrels and rows. I greatly preferred playing or drinking on a Sunday morning to going to Mass. I did not like better to sit beside a young girl than by a married woman on a rambling-visit awhile. To great oaths (I was) given, and lustfulness and drunkenness, I did not let (pass) me by. The sin of the apple, my destruction and my grief! it is that which destroyed the world on account of two. Since gluttony is a crime I am down (fallen) unless Jesus shall have mercy on my poor soul.

Ὁ'έλαις αν λά α'ρ νίον εὖς μέ αν πάι;  
 Νο συρ ιτεαυῖ αν βάρη ανη αρ κυρ τῷ<sup>7</sup>οῦιλ;  
 Δετ α Διητο-μυς αν ἔειρε, ανοιρ πέιρ μο ἑάρ;  
 Α'ρ λε ρηυε να ηςράρα φλυε μο ρῦιλ:

Ιρ λε το ηράρα το ἔλαν τῷ Μάιρε,  
 Α'ρ ραορ τῷ Ὀάιβιρ το ριννε αν διέφυγε,  
 Το εῦς τῷ Μαιοιρε ρλάν ὁ'ν μβάταρ,  
 'S τὰ εροεῦσαρ λάιωιρ συρ ραορ τῷ αν ἑαυοιρε:

Μαρ ιρ πεααε μέ ναε ηδεαρηνα ρεόρ;  
 Νά ρόλάρ μόρ το Ὀια νά Μυιρε,  
 Δετ ράτ μο βρόιν τὰ μο εοιρεαα ρόμιαμ,  
 Μαρ ρεόιλ μέ αν ρεόρ αρ αν μέαρ ιρ ρυιρε.

Α Ρις να ἔλῳιρε τὰ λάν δε ηράρα,  
 'S τῷ ριννε βεόιρ α'ρ ριον δε'ν υιρςε;  
 Λε βεαζάν αράιν το ριαρ τῷ αν ρλυαζ,  
 Οε! ρρεαρταιλ ρόιρ αςυρ ρλάναις μιρε:

Ο α ἱορα Ερίορτ α ο'ρῦλαις αν πάιρ,  
 Α'ρ το αῦλαεαρ, μαρ το βι τῷ ὕμαλ;  
 Κυρμυμ κυμρμῖ\* μ'ανάμα αρ το ρζάε,  
 Α'ρ αρ υαιρ μο βάιρ νά ταβαιρ ὁαμ εῦλ:

Α Ὑαινρῖοζαιν ῖάρρηταιρ, μάταιρ α'ρ μαίςθεαν,  
 Σζάεάν να ηςράρα, αινγεαλ α'ρ ναοή,  
 Κυρμυμ κοραιντ μ'ανάμα αρ το λάιμ,  
 Ο τός μο πάιρε, 'ρ βέιρ μέ ραορ.

\* "Cymrui" i sConnactaib, i n-áit "comairce," .7. oíoiann.

It is on me, alas! that the great crimes are, but I shall reject them if I live for a while (longer), beat down everything upon my body yet, O King of Glory, but save my soul. The day has stolen away, and I have not raised the hedge, until the crop in which Thou delightedst was eaten. But, O High King of the Right, settle my case, and with the flood of graces wet mine eye. It was by Thy graces Thou didst cleanse Mary, and didst save David who made repentance, and Thou broughtest Moses safe from drowning, and, O Merciful Christ, rescue me. For I

The day is now passed, yet the fence not made,  
The crop is betrayed, with its guardian by ;  
O King of the Right, forgive my case,  
With the tears of grace bedew mine eye.

In the flood of Thy grace was Mary laved,  
And David was saved upon due repentance,  
And Moses was brought through the drowning sea,  
—O Christ, upon me pass gracious sentence.

For I am a sinner who set no store  
By holy lore, by Christ or Mary ;  
I rushed my bark through the wildest sea,  
With the sails set free, unwise, unwary.

O King of Glory, O Lord divine,  
Who madest wine of the common water,  
Who thousands hast fed with a little bread,  
Must I be led to the pen of slaughter !

O Jesus Christ—to the Father's will  
Submissive still—who wast dead and buried,  
I place myself in Thy gracious hands  
Ere to unknown lands my soul be ferry'd.

O Queen of Paradise, mother, maiden,  
Mirror of graces, angel and saint,  
I lay my soul at thy feet, grief-laden,  
And I make to Mary my humble plaint.

---

am a sinner who never made a store, or (gave) great satisfaction to God or to Mary, but, cause of my grief! my crimes are before me, since I sailed my scud (*aliter* score) upon the longest finger (*i.e.*, put things off).

O King of Glory, who art full of grace, it was Thou who madest beoir and wine of the water; with a little bread Thou didst provide for the multitude, oh, attend to, help, and save me. O Jesus Christ, who didst suffer the passion and wast buried, because Thou wast humble, I place the shelter of my soul under Thy protection, and at the hour of my death turn not Thy back upon me.



'Noir tá mé i n-aoir 'r ar bhuac an báir,  
'S ir gearr an rpár go dtéigim i n-úir,  
Acht ir gearr go deireannac ná go brát,  
Asgur fuaspaím náirt ar Rís na nÓul:

Ir cuaille san maic mé i scoirnéall fáil.\*  
No ir corinúil le báo mé a cáil a rtiúr,  
Do bairfidhe arceac a n-aíaró carraigs 'ra 'bhráig†  
'S do bheicéac dá báicéac 'rna tonntaib fuas.‡

A fopa Críort a fuair báp Dia n-Doine,  
A d'éirig arís ann do mág san loct,  
Nac tú tug an tlighe le aicpige do déanamh,  
'S nac beag an rnuaineac do minnear ort!

Do tárla, ar dtúr, míle 'r oet sceud;  
An fide go beacé, i sceann an do-déas;  
Ó'n am tuirling Críort do reub an gearraí;  
Go dti an bliadain a ngearraí Reacúrtais an aicpige.

\* Aliter, "ir cuaille cor mé i n-éadan fáil," G.

† = fairpige. Aliter, "ar bhuac na trá."

‡ Aliter, "bheicéac 'sá báicéac 'r a cáillreac a rnaím"; aliter, "reól," aliter, "ríúal"; acht d'áirí mé an líne le comfuaím do déanamh."

O Queen of Paradise, mother and maiden, mirror of graces, angel and saint, I place the protection of my soul in thy hand, O Mary, refuse me not, and I shall be saved.

Now I am in age, and on the brink of the death, and short is the time till I go into the ground, but better is late than never, and I appeal for kindness to (or perhaps, "I proclaim that I am on the side of") the King of the elements.

I am a worthless wattle in a corner of a hedge, or I am like a boat

Now since I am come to the brink of death  
And my latest breath must soon be drawn,  
May heaven, though late, be my aim and mark  
From day till dark, and from dark till dawn.

I am left like a stick in a broken gap,  
Or a helmless ship on a sunless shore,  
Where the ruining billows pursue its track,  
While the cliffs of death frown black before.

O Jesus Christ, who hast died for men,  
And hast risen again without stain or spot,  
Unto those who have sought it Thou showest the way,  
Ah, why in my day have I sought it not !

One thousand eight hundred years of the years,  
And twenty and twelve, amid joys and fears,  
Have passed since Christ burst hell's gates and defences,  
To the year when Raftery made this Repentance.

---

that has lost its rudder, that would be beaten in against a rock in the ocean, and that would be a-drowning in the cold waves. O Jesus Christ, who didst die on a Friday, and didst rise again as a faultless King, was it not Thou who gavest me the way to make repentance, and was it not little that I thought about Thee? There first happened one thousand and eight hundred (years), and twenty exactly, in addition to twelve, from the time that Christ descended, who burst the gates, until the year when Raftery made the "Repentance."

# AN CÚIS D'Á PLÉIR:

(Leir an Reachtúraí.)

Éirigíde ruar tá 'n cúrra ag teannaíó uib;  
 Bíod cloídeam a' r pleas aguib i bfaoban gear,  
 Ir gearr uair an Cúis, tá 'n dáta caite,  
 Mar rgríob na hAbroail na naoim 'r an éleir;  
 Tá an coinneall le múcaíó eug lúiteir larta leir,  
 Aét téiríó ar búr nglúnaib a' r iarrair aéuinge,  
 Suidíó an tUan 'r bíró an lá ag na Catolcais,  
 Tá an Mhumhan tre lapaíó 'r an Chúir d'á pléir.

Tá 'n dá Chúise Múman ar riubal, 'r ni rtaofair  
 So leagtar dóib deaímaíó a' r cior dá réir,  
 'S dá tucsaíde dóib congnam a' r éire [do] fearam  
 Bheiríó' gáiríóir lág a' r gac bearna péir.  
 Bheiríó' Saill ar a g-cúl, a' r san teacé ar air aca,  
 Agus 'Orangemen' bhrúigte i gciúmar\* gac baile 'Sainn  
 Bheiríóam a' r Júry† i rtaeá cúirte ag na Catolcais'  
 Sacraína marb, 'r an éróin ar ghaeídeal.

\* Sgríobta "ingéoin" 'ran MS. mar labairtear \*g-Connacáiríó é.

† 'S é "coirte" an t-ainm ceart coiréionn aét veirí an Reachtúraí "Júry" le "comairíó," no com-fuam, do déanaí le "cúl" agus "bhrúigte."

\* *Literally*: Rise ye up, the course is drawing near to you, let ye have sword and spear with sharp edge, not-far-off from you in the [mystic number] "Five," the date is expired, as have written the apostles, the saints, and the clergy. The candle is to be quenched which Luther brought lit with him, but go ye on your knees and ask a petition. Pray ye the Lamb and the day shall be won by the Catholics, Munster is on fire, and Cúis dá plé—i.e., the cause is a-pleading.

† This would make it appear that Raftery composed his song in 1833 or 1834, since the tithe war did actually come to a successful issue in 1835, and in the same year Thomas Drummond inaugurated a new regime at Dublin Castle.

‡ Pronounced "Koosh daw play," which means "the cause a-pleading."

§ The two provinces of Munster are afoot, and will not stop till tithes be overthrown by them, and rents according, and if help were given

## THE "CUÍS DÁ PLÉ."

(BY RAFTERY.)

(From "The Religious Songs of Connacht.")

Rise up and come, for the dawn is approaching,\*  
 With sword, and with spear, and with weapon to slay,  
 For the hour foretold by the saints and apostles,  
 The time of the "FIVE"† is not far away.  
 We'll quench by *degrees* the light of the Lutherans,  
 Down on your *knees*, let us pray for the Southernns,  
 God we shall *please* with the prayers of the Catholics,  
 Munster's afire and Cúis dá plé.‡

There's a fire afoot in the Munster provinces;§  
 It's "down with the tithes and the rents we pay."||  
 When we are behind her, and Munster challenges,  
 The guards of England must fall away.  
 Though Orangemen grudge our lives, the fanatics,  
 We'll make them budge, we accept their challenges;  
 We'll have jury and judge in the courts for Catholics,  
 And England come down in the Cúis dá plé.

them and [we were] to stand by Ireland the [English] guards would be feeble, and every gap [made] easy. The Galls (*i.e.*, English) will be on their back, without ever returning again, and the Orangemen bruised in the borders of every town, a judge and a jury in the court-house for the Catholics, England dead, and the crown on the Gael.

|| From this verse it appears that some at least of the peasantry, even at that early period, distinctly associated the struggle against tithes with the idea of a possible struggle against rents. Very few appear to have seen this at the time, though Dr. Hamilton, the collection of whose tithes led to the sanguinary affair of Carrickshock, in Kilkenny, where no less than 28 of the police were killed and wounded, said to the spokesman of a deputation of the peasantry who waited on him, "I tell you what it is, you are refusing to pay tithes now; you will refuse to pay rents by and by." To which the spokesman of the peasantry retorted, "There is a great difference, sir, between tithes and rents; we get *some value* for the rents, we get the land anyway for them; but we get *no value* at all for the tithes." The incredibly bitter feelings engendered by the struggle at Carrickshock, in 1831, found vent in an English ballad, founded on an Irish model, one verse of which I heard from my friend Michael Cavanagh, of Washington, D.C., who was once private secretary to John O'Mahony, and author of the "Life of Meagher," who was himself "raised" in that neighbourhood. This verse struck me as being so revoltingly savage and at the same time so good a specimen of



Béir d'gáinn faoi Chárz pléiráca 'r cuirdeáca,  
 Ói a' r imirte a' r rporc t'á réir,  
 Béir maire 'sur blát d'gur fár ar éirannab,  
 Snuaó 'sur rnar d'gur t'púcc ar feur:  
 Feiciríó ríó fán a' r neam-áir ar Shacranais',  
 Áir námair le fán d'gur leasáó a' r lear (?) orra,  
 Teinnteaáca cnám ann gac áir d'g na Catolcais',  
 'S nac rin i gan brabad (?) an Chúir t'á pléir.

Ir iomá fear breá faoi an trát ro teilgte\*  
 O Chorca go h-Innir 'r go Baile Roircé;  
 d'gur buscailiríó bána le fán d'g imteaó  
 O íráir Chille-Chainnis go "Bantirí Báe."  
 Áet iompócaíó an cáir a' r béir lám máit d'gáinn-ne  
 Seapfáir an máó ar élar na h-imirte,  
 T'á breicirinn-re an pára o phoirtláirge go Biorra 'mha  
 Sheinnfirinn go deimín an Chúir t'á pléir:

\* Laidirtear an focal ro mar "teilgte." Ir focal coitíonn i gConnacáir é.  
 Ir ionann "bí ré teilgte" d'gur "Chuaíó breiteamnar na cúirte 'na d'gáir."

Irish vowel-rhyming, that it were a pity not to preserve it. It runs thus, as well as I can remember it—

"Oh, who could desire to see better *sporting*,  
 Than the peelers *groping* among the *rocks*,  
 With skulls all fractured, and eyeballs *broken*,  
 Their fine long *noses* and ears out *off*!  
 Their roguish *sergeant* with heart so *hardened*,  
 May thank his heels that so nimbly ran,  
 But all that's past is but a *token*,  
 To what we'll *show them* at Slieve-na-man!"

It is worth mentioning that the Kilkenny peasants who made this desperate attack gave their words of command in Irish, and, no doubt, felt that they were the "Gael" once more attacking the "Gall."

When Easter arrives we'll have mirth and revelry,\*  
 Eating and drinking, and sport, and play,  
 Beautiful flowers, and trees, and foliage,  
 Dew on the grass through the live-long day.†  
 We'll set in amaze the Gall and the Sassenach,  
 Thronging the ways they will all fly back again,  
 Our fires shall blaze to the halls of the firmament,  
 Kindling the chorus of Cúis dá plé.

‡ There are many fine men at this moment a-pining  
 From Ennis to Cork, and the town of Roscrea,  
 And many a Whiteboy in terror a-flying  
 From the streets of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay.  
 But there's change on the cards and we'll now take a hand again,  
 Our trumps show large, let us play them manfully,  
 Boys, when ye charge them from Birr into Waterford,  
 It is I who shall liit for you the Cúis dá plé.‡

---

Joseph Sheridan Lefanu, almost the best of our Anglo-Irish novelists, prophesied of the landlords who looked on quiescent during the tithe war: "Never mind, their time will come; rents will be attacked as tithes are now, with the same machinery and with like success." "His prophecy," says his brother, W. R. Lefanu, "was laughed at." Long after, one who had heard him said to him, "Well, Lefanu, your rent war hasn't come." All he said was, "'Twill come, and soon, too," as it did.

\* By Easter we shall have revelry and company, drinking and playing, and sport according; there shall be beauty and blossom and growth on trees, fairness and fineness and dew upon the grass. Ye shall see falling-off and contempt on the Sassenachs, our enemy precipitated, and overthrow and defeat (?) upon them, bonfires in every art, (*i.e.*, point of the compass) for the Catholics, and is not that, and nothing over, the Cúis dá plé.

† The Celtic imagination of this verse, and its "revolt against the despotism of fact," is characteristic in the highest degree of the Irish peasant.

‡ There is many a fine man at this time sentenced, from Cork to Ennis and the town of Roscrea, and White Boys wandering, and departing from the street of Kilkenny to Bantry Bay. But the cards shall turn, and we shall have a good hand; the trump shall stand on the board we play at. If I were to see the race on them [*i.e.*, them driven to fly] from Waterford to Birr, I would sing you indeed the Cúis dá plé.

Éirighíde ruar, a'r gluaíde uile,  
 Téiríde ar an gcnoc agus glacaig buir ngleur,  
 As Dia tá na gráda a'r béir pé 'n buir scuirdeacta,  
 Bíod' agus meirneac, ir breáig an rseul é.  
 Snótócair rib an lá ann gac áirí de Shacranaig',  
 Buailíde an clár 'r béir na cáirdear teact eugaid,  
 Ólaidé ar lámh, anoir, pláinte Rairterir,  
 'S é cuirfead' daoib bail ar an gCúir o'a pleiró:

---

\* Rise up and proceed all of you, come upon the hill and take your equipment, God has the graces, and He shall be in your company. Let ye have courage; it is a fine story [I have to tell you], ye shall gain the

**Up then and come in the might of your thousands,  
Stand on the hills with your weapons to slay ;  
God is around us and in our company,  
Be not afraid of their might this day.  
Our band is victorious, their cards are valueless,  
Our victory glorious, we'll smash the Sassenachs,  
Now drink ye in chorus, " Long life to Raftery ;"  
For it's he who could sing you the Cúis dá plé.\***

---

day in every quarter from the Sassenachs. Strike ye the board and the cards will be coming to you. Drink out of hand now a health to Raftery ; it is he who would put success for you on the Cúis dá plé.



# IS FADA O CUIREAD SÍOS

(Leir an Reachtúraí.)

Is fada ó cuiread ríor go dtiocfaid ré 'ran traoḡal  
 Go ndóirctíde fuil 'r go ndeunfaíde pléuēta,  
 Do péir mar rḡríob na naoim̃ l mbliadain an naoi\* tá 'n  
 baḡal

Má géillimid do'n rḡmoptúir naom̃ta:  
 An baille deuntar fuar ni fanann ré a bfaḡ fuar,  
 Sḡiorpánn ré ó'n tpoē-“ foundation,”  
 Aēt an áit a ndeacáir an t-aol ni cōpōcáir cloē ar cōirōē;  
 Tá an cāppais faoi 'na ruidē naē bpleurḡfaíde.

Is ríorruide rean an Chúirt do raoilead tādairt anuar  
 Aēt 'ré meapaim-re ḡur nīd naē fēitir,  
 Tá naom̃ pēadair le n-a bpuac aḡur Cpiort [do] cēur an pluas  
 A'r congḡōcáir ríad na h-uain le céile:  
 Adaltanur 'r tūir do tōrais an rḡeul ar tūir,  
 Aḡur hānnraoi an t-Oēt do tḡeīs a céile,  
 Aēt diogaltar nīc a'r puais ar “ Opangemen ” go luac  
 Naē bpuair ariam̃ an “ conpaction.”

\* Is corḡúil go raib an tḡean-cāppaingīeac̃t reo i ḡ-cuim̃ne aḡ an Reachtúraí.

Nuair cailḡear an leóman a neap̃  
 'S an fótanán bpeac a bḡḡ,  
 Seim̃p̃rō an cláirpēac̃ go binn binn  
 Ioir a h-oēt aḡur a naoi.

Is corḡúil go meap̃ann re an rḡríobtúir aḡur rean-cāppaingīeac̃ta le  
 céile! Labairḡear “baḡal” mar “baḡeal” ann ro, aēt “naom̃ta” mar  
 “naēm̃ta.” Dá bpoirpēad ré o'a rānn deunfaḡ ré “baēḡal” de “baḡal”  
 aḡur “naom̃ta” de “naēm̃ta”!

\* No doubt Raftery is alluding to the old prophecy scarcely yet forgotten, which may be thus translated :—

“ When the tawny Lion shall lose its strength,  
 And the bracket Thistle begin to pine,  
 Sweet, sweet shall the wild Harp sound at length,  
 Between the Eight and the Nine.”

## HOW LONG HAS IT BEEN SAID ?

(BY ANTHONY RAFTERY, OF THE CO. MAYO.)

How long has it been said that the world should be bled,  
 And blood flow red like a river?  
 In the year of the "NINE," when the crimson moon shall shine,  
 (It stands written in the Scripture for ever).  
 The wall that has been built where no blood-cement is spilt  
 Slips forth from its uncertain foundation,  
 But where blood has gone and lime, it shall stand through tide  
 and time,  
 As a bulwark and a rock to the nation.†

Everlasting is the court that they thought to make their sport ;  
 But that court can stand wind, rain, and weather?  
 St. Peter is on guard, with Christ to watch and ward,  
 And to gather all his lambs in, together.  
 Adultery and lust began the game at first,  
 When Henry the Eighth ruled the nation ;  
 But shout and rout pursue that bloody Orange crew,  
 Never favored by our Lord's consecration.‡

*Literally*: "When the Lion shall lose his strength and the speckled thistle his vigor, the harp shall play sweetly, sweetly, between the Eight and the Nine." In another poem of his called the "History of the Bush," he alludes to a prophecy that the "Gaels would score a point in the 29th year."

† *Literally*: It is long since it was set down that it would come into the world that blood should be spilt and slaughter made, according as the saints wrote, in the year of the Nine is the danger, if we submit to the Holy Scripture. The wall which is built cold [*i.e.*, without mortar] it does not stay long up, it slips from the bad foundation, but where the lime went, a stone shall not move out of it forever; the rock is under it settled, which shall not burst.

‡ Everlasting and ancient is the Court that it was thought to bring down, but 'tis what I think, that it is a thing impossible, St. Peter is at its brink (*i.e.*, by its side), and Christ, whom the multitude crucified, and they will keep the lambs together. Adultery and lust began the story first, and Henry VIII. who forsook his consort, but vengeance, running and rout [fall] speedily on the Orangemen, who never got the consecration.

Aḡ éiríge d'aoib' 'r aḡ luíde, rnuadíníod' ar an nís;  
 'Do éiríde ar fad an cine daonna,  
 1ṛ ionnó cor' 'ran nḡaoit, aet ni lia 'ná 'ran traoḡal;  
 'ḡur 1ṛ beaḡ an éaoi le' b'ruigimír p'íod'ead:  
 1ṛebél do f'aoil an easlaír t'abairt f'aoi d'lig'e  
 Aḡ cur anḡaib' an beata naom'ta,  
 Tá rí i nḡeibíonn fíor a'ṛ lúiteir le n-a taoib',  
 'ḡ ioc ḡo cruaid' f'aoi an "reformation." \*

A Dha, naé mór an r'póit an t'ream do f'aoil ar n'odḡad  
 ḡo mbuó éigin d'óib' a b'ota do f'eunad,  
 A'ṛ William do t'ionrḡain ḡleó a'ṛ do cur na ḡaeb'il d'a  
 t'p'ed'ir  
 Ni f'eic'íod' f'ad níor mó é ḡleup'ta:  
 Dainp'ear clog 'ran Róim, b'íod' t'einn'te cnám a'ṛ ceól;  
 Ann 'r ḡaé beaḡ aḡur [ḡaé] mór t'p'é éirinn,  
 O táinḡ Seóir're i ḡ-c'p'óin tá O'rangemen f'aoi b'p'ón;  
 A'ṛ ḡan neap't aca a r'p'ón do f'íod'ead:

A f'ora éur'ta i ḡc'p'ann ná f'euc ar lár an t'ream  
 Nár' díol an bean d'óil tu ar don cor,  
 Aet lúiteir 'r a d'lig'e cam 'r an bunad éirídear ann  
 Naé oic an ceap't ḡo b'ruig'íod'ir ḡéillead.  
 Má'ṛ fíor do O'rangemen ní'l maí't do'n éléir i ḡc'aint  
 'ḡa é'p'ot'ḡad ar r'úo le léig'ead aḡ éirinn  
 ḡur eugc'óir f'ionḡail 'r feall aḡur clípead clainne ḡall  
 D'íomp'ais an díobla anonn 'ran mbéap'ta:

\* Tá d'óil mór aḡ an Reaet'p'ac, mar é'óim'io, ann r'na f'oclaib' á'p'a-ḡl'p'ac'a  
 ḡall'oa ro é'p'íoc'nuig'ear i n-"aet'ion" (= "éirinn"). Na ceuo f'í'í'í'oe de na  
 ḡaet'p'ac'aib' do r'p'íod' i mbeup'ta r'ug'ad'ar na f'ocla ro a'p'teac ann 'r ḡaé p'ann,  
 beaḡ-naé!

\* On rising up of you and on your lying down, think ye upon the King  
 who created, throughout, the human race; there is many a change in  
 the wind, but not more plentiful than are in the world, and it is a little  
 way through which we might find rescue. Isabel (*i.e.*, Elizabeth), who  
 thought to bring the Church under law, opposing the holy life, she is  
 down in chains, and Luther at her side paying dearly for the Reformation.

Whene'er ye rise or lie, think upon God on high,  
And practise all his virtues—we need them—  
This strange world changes fast, as change both wind and blast;  
From a small thing may arise our freedom.  
Elizabeth, who thought Faith might be sold and bought,  
And who harassed all the just of the nation,  
In chains she now is tied with Luther at her side,  
They are paying for their "Reformation."\*

Dear God! but this is play! they thought to burn and slay,  
But their courage ebbs away down to zero;  
Their William clad in mail, who left in chains the Gael,  
They shall never again see that hero.  
A bell is rung in Rome, it says our triumph's come,  
With bonfires, and music, and cheering,  
Since George is on the throne the Orangemen make moan,  
They run cold in every bone—they are fearing! †

O Christ for us who died, *we* never sold Thy bride,  
Do not see us set aside we beseech Thee;  
But they who sing the praise of Luther's crooked ways,  
Shall their impious petitions reach Thee!  
The Orangemen assert that our clergy are but dirt,  
Insulting us since Luther's arrival;  
May treachery and shame be their lot who bear the blame  
Of turning into English the Bible.‡

---

+ Oh, God! is it not great the sport, the lot that thought to burn us, how they had to deny their vote? And William, who began the fight, and who put the Gael out of their way, they shall see him no more prepared [for fight]. A bell shall be struck in Rome, there shall be bonfires and music in every little and in every great [place] throughout Erin. Since George came to the throne the Orangemen are under grief, and without power to blow their nose.

‡ O Jesus crucified on tree, do not see the people put down who never sold the woman who reared thee, on any consideration; but Luther and his crooked way, and the family that believe in him, is it not a bad right that they should get submission. If it is true for the Orangemen, there is no use for the clergy in their talk, and the proof of that, Ireland has to read, that it is injustice, murder and treachery, and the deception (?) of the children of the Galls that turned the Bible over into English.



Chualaid mé, munab breug, go dtiocfaid ré ran trasáil  
 Go s-cuirfidhe máigirtir léigín ann gac cúinne,  
 Ní bfuil 'ran gcár aet rseim\* as meallad uainn an tseio  
 Asur diúltaiḡid do ḡnóḡaiḡib lúiteir;  
 Creidid do'n éleir 'r ná téidid ar malairt féir;  
 No caillfid ríob Mac Dé 'r a cúmácta;  
 'S an long ro éuaid a léis (?) má téideann ríob ann de léim  
 Iompócaid rí a'r béid ríob fúite:

Altaigid le Dia, tá an t-áthair Dairtliḡ ríar;  
 'S conḡbócaid ré ar na caoréaid ḡáirda,  
 An rlióct i ḡ-cat ná i nḡliac nár díol an páir aríam  
 Asur rearfaid ré anaḡaid búrcais a'r Dálaig;  
 Tá Clanna ḡall 'n ár ndiaḡ mar bheidead maḡra alla ar rliab  
 Bheid' as iarraid an t-uain do ḡoir o'n máthair.  
 Aet ['r] O Ceallais deunfad a briaḡac ḡan cú ḡan eac ḡan  
 rriuan  
 Le toil a'r cúmáct ríḡ na nḡrára:

Ní'l ríḡeasḡoir láun na bheide ná ḡréaraid anḡiais a láe  
 Náe mbionn as ríocaḡ breug ar úḡoair,  
 A mbíobla ar bárr a méar, as dearbḡaḡad 'ran éiteac,  
 Aet iocfaid ríad i nḡeirre cúire.  
 Féar ḡan ríadair ḡan léigean a míníḡear ḡaoib an rḡeul,  
 Raifteirid o'éirt le ar' oubrad,  
 '[S] aḡeir go ríaitear Dé náe raḡaid neac go h-eug  
 Bheidear as plé le leabraid lúiteir:

\*= an focal béarla "scheme."

\* I heard, unless it be a lie, that it shall come in the world that a master of learning shall be placed in every corner. There is nothing in the case but a scheme deceiving the flock from us, and refuse ye the works of Luther. Believe in the clergy and go not exchanging grass, [*i.e.*, remain on your own pasture] or ye shall lose the Son of God and His power, and this ship that went to ruin (?), if ye go into it of a leap, it will turn and ye shall be underneath it.

I heard, if it be true, a rumor strange and new,  
That they mean to plant schools in each corner;  
The plan is for our scaith, to steal away our faith,  
And to train up the spy and suborner.  
Our clergy's word is good, oh seek no other food,  
Our church has God's own arm round her;  
But if ye will embark on this vessel in the dark,  
It shall turn in the sea and founder.\*

But thanks be to the Lord, Father Bartley is our sword,  
Set fast in our midst as a nail is;  
'Tis he shall guard the sheep, his clan was not for sleep,  
He will stand against the Burkes and the Dalys.†  
The Gall is on our tracks. like wolves that rage in packs,  
They seek to tear the lamb from the mother;  
But O'Kelly is our hound, and to hunt them he is bound,  
Till we see them fall to tear one another.‡

The man who weaves our frieze, the cobbler who tells lies,  
They read learned authors now!—cause for laughter—  
Their Bible on their lips and at their finger tips!  
But they'll pay for it all hereafter.  
A blind unlettered man expounds to you his plan,  
Raftery, whose heart in him is burning,  
Who bids ye all to know that none to heaven can go  
On the strength of their Luther's learning.§

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+ The Dalys of Dunsandle, no doubt.

† Render thanks to God, Father Bartley [*i.e.*, Bartholomew] is in the West, and he will keep guard over the sheep, he is of the race that in battle or conflict never sold the passion [perhaps a mistake for "sold the pass"], and he will stand against Burkes and Dalys. The children of the Gall are after us, as it were wolves upon the mountains, that would be seeking to steal the lamb from the mother; but O'Kelly will hunt them without hound, horse, or bridle, by the will and the power of the King of the Graces.

§ There is not a weaver of lawn or frieze, or a cobbler after his day, that does not be picking lies out of authors, their Bible on the top of their fingers, assuring and perjuring; but they shall pay at the end of the case. A man without sight, without learning [it is] who expounds to you the story, Raftery, who listened to all that was said, and who says that to the heaven of God no one shall ever go who will be pleading with the books of Luther.

malluḡað an bóeir ar sacṣanaib;

(leir an "nḡéagán glar.")

Δ Όια ὑπὲρ ὑοῖμῳ  
 Δν υαῖρ 'ῖρ Δν λά  
 Δ ὑφειρῖμῳ Ὡερῶν  
 Ὡεḡῦα Δρ Ὡῖρ!

Δ Όια ὑπὲρ ὑοῖμῳ  
 Δν Ὡά 'ḡῖρ Δν υαῖρ,  
 Δ ὑφειρῖμῳ Ὡ  
 Δ'ῖρ Δ ροῖρδε-ρε ḡο ῖρῶρ.

ḡο ῖρῶρ Δ'ῖρ ḡο ρῖῖῦῦα,  
 'ḡ Ὡ ρῖῖῖῖῦῦ ḡῖν ὑῖḡ;  
 ḡῖν ροῖ ἄνν Δ Ὡῖῖῖῖ  
 ḡῖν ροῖ ἄνν Δ ροῖρδε:

ὑῖῖῖῖḡῖḡῖν ὑῖ ἰννῖ;  
 ὑῖῖῖῖḡῖḡῖν ḡῖν ὑῖῖῖ;  
 Δῖῖῖ ὑῖῖῖῖῖῖῖ ὑῖ-ῖῖ  
 ḡο ῖῖῖῖ Δ ρῖῖῖῖ:

ὑῖῖῖ Δν ὑῖῖῖῖḡῖḡῖν Δῖῖῖῖῖ  
 ḡο ρῖῖῖῖῖ Δ'ῖρ ḡο ὑῖῖῖῖ,  
 Ὡῖρ ḡῖῖῖῖῖ ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖḡῖḡῖῖ  
 Δν Ὡ ῖῖῖ, Δ'ῖρ Ὡῖῖ;

Ὡῖῖ ἢῖ ῖῖῖῖ  
 Ὡῖ Ὡῖῖῖ ῖῖ 'ῖῖ ῖῖῖῖ;  
 ῖῖῖ ἢῖ ὑῖῖῖῖ Ὡῖῖ  
 Δḡῖρ ῖῖῖ ἢῖ ὑῖῖῖῖ Ὡῖῖ;

Ὡῖῖ ἢῖ ḡῖῖῖῖ ῖῖῖ  
 Ὡῖ ὑῖῖῖ ῖῖ ḡο ῖῖḡḡ,  
 ροῖρῖῖῖ Ὡῖ Ὡῖῖ  
 Δḡῖρ ροῖρῖῖῖ Ὡῖ Ὡῖῖ.

Ὡῖῖ ἢῖ ḡῖῖῖῖ  
 Ὡῖ Ὡ'ḡ Ὡῖῖῖḡῖḡῖ ἄννῖῖ,  
 ḡῖῖῖῖ ἢῖ Ὡῖῖῖ  
 Δḡῖρ ḡῖῖῖῖ ἢῖ Ὡῖῖῖ.

Ὡῖῖ Δν Ὡῖῖῖῖῖ  
 ḡῖῖῖ ῖῖ Δν Ὡῖῖῖῖ,  
 Ὡῖῖ ἢῖ ὑῖῖῖῖῖῖ  
 ḡḡῖῖῖ ῖῖ Ὡῖ Ὡῖῖῖ.

## THE CURSE OF THE BOERS ON ENGLAND.

(TRANSLATED BY LADY GREGORY )

O God, may it come shortly,  
 The hour and this day,  
 When we shall see England  
 Utterly overthrown.

O God, may it shortly come,  
 This day and this hour,  
 When we shall see her  
 And her heart turned cold.

It is she was a Queen,  
 A Queen without sorrow ;  
 But we will take from her,  
 One day her Crown.

That Queen that was beautiful  
 Will be tormented and darkened,  
 For she will get her reward  
 In that day, and her wage.

Her wage for the blood  
 She poured out on the streams ;  
 Blood of the white man,  
 Blood of the black man.

Her wage for those hearts  
 That she broke in the end ;  
 Hearts of the white man,  
 Hearts of the black man.

Her wage for the bones  
 That are whitening to-day ;  
 Bones of the white man,  
 Bones of the black man.

Her wage for the hunger  
 That she put on foot ;  
 Her wage for the fever,  
 That is an old tale with her.



Luaé na mbaintreabac  
 D'fás rí san rí,  
 Luaé na ngairgideac  
 Cuir rí ar bioir.

Luaé na n-illeaceta  
 D'fás rí fá érad,  
 Luaé na n-ibipteac  
 Cuit rí ar pán.

Luaé na n-Inoianac  
 (Truag a gcár),  
 Luaé na n-Airpiceac  
 Cuir rí cum báir.

Luaé na n-Éireannac  
 Céar rí ar éoir,  
 Luaé gac cinid  
 D'a n-éarnaid rí r-éoir.

Luaé na milliún  
 Do lúb rí 'r do bair,  
 Luaé na milliún  
 Fá ocup anoir.

A tigeapna go dtuitid  
 Ar mullaé a cinn  
 Mallaét na n-aoine  
 Do tuit le n-a linn.

Mallaét na ruapac  
 A'r mallaét na mbeas,  
 Mallaét na n-anbpann,  
 A'r mallaét na las.

Ni éirteann an Tigeapna  
 Le mallaét na móir,  
 Aét éirteir Sé coirde  
 Le orna faoi deoir.

Éirteir Sé coirde  
 Le caoinead na mboet,  
 'S tá caointe na miltid  
 D'a r-caoitead anocht.

Her wage for the white villages  
She has left without men ;  
Her wage for the brave men  
She has put to the sword.

Her wage for the orphans  
She has left under pain ;  
Her wage for the exiles  
She has spent with wandering.

For the people of India  
(Pitiful is their case) ;  
For the people of Africa  
She has put to death.

For the people of Ireland,  
Nailed to the cross ;  
Wage for each people  
Her hand has destroyed.

Her wage for the thousands  
She deceived and she broke ;  
Her wage for the thousands  
Finding death at this hour.

O Lord, let there fall  
Straight down on her head  
The curse of the peoples  
That have fallen with us.

The curse of the mean,  
And the curse of the small,  
The curse of the weak  
And the curse of the low.

The Lord does not listen  
To the curse of the strong,  
But He will listen  
To sighs and to tears.

He will always listen  
To the crying of the poor,  
And the crying of thousands  
Is abroad to-night.

Éireócaíó na caointe  
 So Dia, tá fuar,  
 Ní fáda go rroirfiró  
 Sác mallact a éluar.

Béiró cúmaect; an lá ru  
 As sác uile deor  
 Long-cogaíó do bátaó  
 'S an bfaiprge móir.

Asur tuitfiró, mar mallact,  
 So trom ar an luét  
 O'fás aipne 'na fárae  
 A'r bópaig go boet.

### CÚMA ÉRÍDE CAILÍN:

Donnéad ua Dagháin o'áir, 7 Taóis ua Donnéada do éur ríor.

A Dómnail Ois, má téiróir tar faiprge  
 Veir mé féin leat, ir na déin do deapmao,  
 Ir béiró asat féirín lá donais ir margaíó,  
 Ir ingean Ríog Spéige máir céile leaptá asat.

Má téiróir-pe anonn tá comarcta asam opt;  
 Tá cúl pionn asur dá fúil glara asat  
 Dá cocán déas ió' cúl buirde bacallac,  
 Mar béad béal-na-bó nó ríor i naghairte:

Ir déirdeanac aipir do labair an sádar opt;  
 Do labair an naorfac 'ra' cupraicín doimín opt;  
 Ir tu ió' "caozaíde donair" ar fuo na scoillte;  
 'S go rabair san céile go brát go bfaigir me:

Do zeallair dam-ra, asur o'innir bpeas dam;  
 So mbeiteá nomam-ra as cró na scaorac;  
 Do leigear fead asur trí céad glaoúac cuíat,  
 'S ní bfaipar ann aet uan a' méiliró.

Do zeallair dam-ra, ní ba deacair duit,  
 Loingear óir fá épann-reoil aipiró;  
 Dá baile déas do bailtib margaíó;  
 Ir cúirt bpeas aolú coir taob na faiprge.

That crying will rise up  
To God that is above ;  
It is not long till every curse  
Comes to His ears.

Every single tear  
Shall have power in that day,  
To whelm a warship  
In the great deep.

And they shall fall for a curse  
Heavily upon the people  
Who have left Africa a waste  
And the Boers in poverty.

1907.

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### THE GRIEF OF A GIRL'S HEART.

O Donall og, if you go across the sea, bring myself with you and do not forget it ; and you will have a sweetheart for fair days and market days, and the daughter of the King of Greece beside you at night.

It is late last night the dog was speaking of you ; the snipe was speaking of you in her deep marsh. It is you are the lonely bird through the woods ; and that you may be without a mate until you find me.

You promised me, and you said a lie to me, that you would be before me where the sheep are flocked ; I gave a whistle and three hundred cries to you, and I found nothing there but a bleating lamb.

You promised me a thing that was hard for you, a ship of gold under a silver mast ; twelve towns with a market in all of them, and a fine white court by the side of the sea.

Do gheallair dam-ra, ní nár b'féidir,  
 Go dtuairpá laimhinne do éirícean éirí dam;  
 Go dtuairpá bhróga do éirícean éan dam;  
 Ir culair do'n trío-da ba daoire i nÉirínn.

A Domhnall Óig, b'féarr duit mire asat  
 'Ná bean uasal uairpeac iomarca;  
 Do éirícean bó asur do-géannainn cuisean duit;  
 Ir, dá mbaó éruair é, do buailfínn buille leat.

Oc, ocón, asur ní le hocpar,  
 Uirparba bíó, oíge, ná corlata;  
 Fá ntearr damra beic tanairde truaclaída;  
 Aet sráó fíir óig ir é b'reoir go follur me!

Ir moé ar maidin do éonnac-ra an t-óigféar  
 Ar muin éapail as gabáil an bótair;  
 Níor éruir pé liom ir níor cuir pé ríróó orm;  
 'S ar mo éarad ábaile dam 'r ead do góilear mo bótaim;

'Nuair éiríom-re féin go Tobair an Uaignir,  
 Suiríom ríor as téanam buadarca,  
 Nuair éim an raogal ir ná feicim mo buacail;  
 Go raib ríáil an ómair i mbair a sruadna;

Síú é an Domnac do tugar sráó duit,  
 An Domnac dípeac poim Domnac Cárga;  
 Ir mire ar mo glúinib a' léigead na páire,  
 'S ead bí mo dá fúil a ríor-tabairt an sráó' duit;

O! adé, a máirín, tabair mé féin do,  
 Ir tabair a bfuil asat do'n traogal go léir do;  
 Éirí féin as iarrad déirce,  
 Asur ná gab riap ná amair im' éileam;

Dubairt mo máirín liom san labairt leat  
 Inniu ná i mbáireac ná Dia Domnais;  
 Ir oic an tráó do tug rí roga dam;  
 'S é "dúnaó an doirair é tar éir na roga."

Tá mo éiríde-re com dúb le háirne,  
 Nó le gual dúb a béad i sceárcóain,  
 Nó le bonn bhróige béad ar hallaib bána;  
 'S gur deirir lionn dúb díom or cionn mó pláinte;

Dó bainir roir díom, ir do bainir riap díom,  
 Do bainir poim, ir do bainir im' diair díom,  
 Do bainir seala, ir do bainir srían díom;  
 'S ir ró-móir m'eagla gur bainir Dia díom!



You promised me a thing that is not possible, that you would give me gloves of the skin of a fish ; that you would give me shoes of the skin of a bird ; and a suit of the dearest silk in Ireland.

O Donall óg, it is I would be better to you than a high, proud, spendthrift lady : I would milk the cow ; I would bring help to you ; and if you were hard pressed, I would strike a blow for you.

O, ochone, and it's not with hunger or with wanting food, or drink, or sleep, that I am growing thin, and my life is shortened ; but it is the love of a young man has withered me away.

It is early in the morning that I saw him coming, going along the road on the back of a horse ; he did not come to me ; he made nothing of me ; and it is on my way home that I cried my fill.

When I go by myself to the Well of Loneliness, I sit down and I go through my trouble ; when I see the world and do not see my boy, he that has an amber shade in his hair.

It was on that Sunday I gave my love to you ; the Sunday that is last before Easter Sunday. And myself on my knees reading the Passion ; and my two eyes giving love to you for ever.

O, aya ! my mother, give myself to him ; and give him all that you have in the world ; get out yourself to ask for alms, and do not come back and forward looking for me.

My mother said to me not to be talking with you to-day, or to-morrow, or on the Sunday ; it was a bad time she took for telling me that ; it was shutting the door after the house was robbed.

My heart is as black as the blackness of the sloe, or as the black coal that is on the smith's forge ; or as the sole of a shoe left in white halls ; it was you put that darkness over my life.

You have taken the east from me ; you have taken the west from me ; you have taken what is before me and what is behind me ; you have taken the moon, you have taken the sun from me, and my fear is great that you have taken God from me !

## bÁn-énoic Éireann óg:

(Le Donnchad Mac Conmara.)

Beir beannaect óm' éroide go tír na h-Éireann;  
     bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!  
 Cum a maireann de ríolrao l'p a'p Éibir,  
     Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.  
 An áit úo 'nar b'aoibinn binn-ghuē éan,  
 Mar fáim-éruit éaoín as caoineao Shaoal;  
 'Sé mo cáp a beit míle míle i gcéin,  
     Ó bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.

Biréann barru bog ríim ar éaoín-énoic Éireann,  
     bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!  
 'S ír fearra ná 'n tír ro oit gac pléide ann,  
     bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!  
 Dob áro a coillte 'r ba dípeac péio,  
 'S a mbláct mar aol ar máoilinn geus;  
 Tá ghráó as mo éroide i m'íntinn péin  
     Do bÁn-énoic Éireann óg:

Tá garra lionmar i dtír na h-Éireann,  
     bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!  
 A'p fearaóoin ghoide ná claoirpeao ceuota  
     Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!  
 m' fadóuirpe éroide 'r mo éumne rgeul,  
 Iao as Gallapóic ríor fá gheim, mo leun!  
 'S a mbailte o'a roinn fá éior go daor,  
     bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!

I'p fairring 'r ír móir iao cruaca na h-Éireann;  
     bÁn-énoic Éireann óg!  
 A gcuio meala 'sur uactair a'gluairaeat 'na ríaoa;  
     Ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg:  
 Raóao mé ar cuairt no ír luac mo fáogal,  
 Do'n talam beas fuairt rin ír dual do Shaoal!  
 'S go mb'fearra liom 'ná duair o'a uairleact é  
     Beit ar bÁn-énoic Éireann óg.

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\* Composed whilst the poet was in exile, on the Continent (at Hamburg), during the penal régime. The name Eiré (Ireland) is dissyllabic and may be pronounced as "eyrie." The bard was born at Cratloe, Clare County, about 1710, and outlived the century. In spite of the penal laws against education, he succeeded in acquiring, at home and

## THE FAIR HILLS OF EIRE.

(BY DONCADH MAC CONMARA. CIRCA 1736.)\*

(Translated by Dr. Sigerson in "Bards of the Gael and Gall.")

Air: "Uileacan Dub O."

Take my heart's blessing over to dear Eiré's strand—  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 To the Remnant that love her—Our Forefathers' Land!  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 How sweet sing the birds, o'er mount there and vale,  
 Like soft-sounding chords, that lament for the Gael,—  
 And I, o'er the surge, far, far away must wail  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O.

How fair are the flowers on the dear daring peaks,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Far o'er foreign bowers I love her barest reeks,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Triumphant her trees, that rise on ev'ry height,  
 Bloom-kissed, the breeze comes odorous and bright,  
 The love of my heart!—O my very soul's delight!  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Still numerous and noble her sons who survive,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 The true hearts in trouble,—the strong hands to strive—  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Ah, 'tis this makes my grief, my wounding and my woe  
 To think that each chief is now a vassal low,  
 And my Country divided amongst the Foreign Foe—  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

In purple they gleam, like our High Kings of yore,  
 The Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 With honey and cream are her plains flowing o'er,  
 Fair Hills of Eiré O!  
 Once more I will come, or very life shall fail,  
 To the heart-haunted home of the ever-faithful Gael,  
 Than king's boon more welcome the swift swelling sail—  
 For the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

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on the Continent, a mastery of classic and foreign languages. Besides short poems, he wrote a mock-heroic *Æneid*, detailing his adventures. In his old age he became blind, and the Irish teachers and pupils in Waterford, with old-time liberality and appreciativeness, laid a tribute on themselves for his maintenance.

Sgairpeann an bhrúct ar gceann ar aghar féar ann;  
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg;  
 Aghar tagaidh rin uíla cumha ar geugaidh ann;  
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.  
 Bíolair aghar rann i ngleannaidh ceo  
 'S na rrota 'ran trann a' labhairt ar neoin;  
 A' r uirge na Siúire a' bhrúct 'na ríolá,  
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg:

I' orghailte fáilted an áit rin Éire,  
 Bán-énoic Éireann óg!  
 Aghar toirid na ríáinte a mbáir na déire;  
 A mbán-énoic Éireann óg.  
 Ba binne 'ná meura ar téadaidh ceoil;  
 Seinn 'sur géimpead a laos 'r a mbó,  
 Aghar taitneam na gréine orda doirde 'r óg  
 Ar bán-énoic Éireann óg.

The dew-drops sparkle, like diamonds on the corn,  
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Where green boughs darkle the bright apples burn  
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Behold, in the valley, cress and berries bland,  
Where streams love to dally, in that Wondrous Land,  
While the great River-voices roll their music grand  
Round the Fair Hills of Eiré O!

Oh, 'tis welcoming, wide-hearted, that dear land of love!  
Fair Hills of Eiré O!

New life unto the martyred is the pure breeze above  
The Fair Hills of Eiré O!

More sweet than tune flowing o'er the chords of gold  
Comes the kine's soft lowing, from the mountain fold,—  
Oh, the Splendor of the Sunshine on them all,—Young and Old.  
'Mid the Fair Hills of Eiré O!



## SEADHNA:

(Coir na teinead: peg, nóra, sobnuic, síle beas, cáit ní bhuaéalla).

Nóra. A peg, innir rgeul dúinn.

Peg. B'aic liom rin! Innir féin rgeul:

Sob. Ní'l don maic innti, a peg; b'fearr linn do rgeul-ra:

Síle. Déin, a peg; beidmíó ana-focair:

Peg. Nac maic náir fanaí rocaí aréir, 'nuair bí "Maora na n-Oét 5Cor" agam dá innirint!

Síle. Mar rin ní rtaíod Cáit ní bhuaéalla ac am' ppiocad:

Cáit. Thuíair d'éiteac! Ní raíar-ra ad' ppiocad, a cáit léin!

Sob. Ná bac í féin, a Cáit; ní raib doinne' dá ppiocad ac í dá leigint uirreí.

Síle. Do bí, artoin; agur muna mbeidead go raib, ní liug-fainn.

Nóra. Abair le peg nac liugfair anoir, a Shíle, 7 inneórad rí rgeul dúinn.

Síle. Ní liugrad, a peg, pé puo imteodair oim:

Peg. Má'r ead, ruig annro am' aice, i otreo ná feutrad doinne' tú ppiocad gan fíor dom:

Cáit. Bidead geall go bppiocair an cat i: A toice big, beidead rgeul bpeas againn, muna mbeidead tú féin 7 do cuio liugraige.

Sob. Éir; a Cháit, no cuirfir ag sul í, 7 beidmíó gan rgeul: Má cuirtear fearg ar peg, ní inneórad rí don rgeul anocht: Sead anoir, a peg, tá gac doinne' ciuin, ag brat ar rgeul uait:

Peg. Bí fear ann rad ó, 7 ir é ainm do bí air, Seadhna; 7 spreairde b'eac é; bí tig beas deap clúcthar aige, aig bun cnuic, ar taob na foitine; bí cataoir fúgán aige do dein pé féin do féin, 7 ba gnát leir fuide innti um éiríóna, 'nuair bidead obair an lae cpiocnuighe; 7 'nuair fuidead pé innti; bidead pé ar a fártact. Bí meabóg mine aige, ar cpiocad i n-aice na teinead; 7 anoir 7 airí cuirtead pé a lám innti, 7 tógad pé lán a dúirn de'n mín, 7 bidead dá cogaint ar a fuaimneap: Bí cpann uball ag fáir ar an otaob amuic de doirp aige, 7 'nuair bidead tarit air, ó beit ag cogaint na mine, cuirtead pé lám 'ra cpann ran, 7 tógad pé ceann de 'rna h-ublaib, 7 o'itead pé é—

Síle. O a Thiarcair! a ppeg, náir deap é!

Peg. Cíaco, an cataoir, nó an mín, nó an t-uball, ba deap?

Síle. An t-uball, gan amirp!

## SEADNA'S THREE WISHES.

FROM SEADNA (SHAYNA), BY FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

(BY THE FIRESIDE—PEG, NORA, GOBNET, LITTLE SHEILA,  
KATE BUCKLEY.)

NORA.—Peg, tell us a story.

PEG.—I'd like that. Tell a story yourself.

GOBNET.—She is no good, Peg; we prefer your story.

SHEILA.—Do, Peg; we will be very quiet.

PEG.—How well you did not keep quiet last night, when I was telling "The dog with the eight legs."

SHEILA.—Because Kate Buckley would not stop, but pinching me.

KATE.—You lie! I was not pinching you, you little hag!

GOB.—Don't mind her, Kate. There was no one pinching her, but she pretending it.

SHEILA.—But there was; and only that there was I would not screech.

NORA.—Tell Peg that you won't screech now, and she will tell us a story.

SHEILA.—I won't screech now, Peg, whatever will happen to me.

PEG.—Well, then, sit here near me so that no one can pinch unknown to me.

KATE.—I'll engage the cat will pinch her. You little hussy, we would have a fine story but for yourself and your screeching.

GOB.—Whist! Katè, or you'll make her cry, and we'll be without a story. If Peg is made angry she will not tell a story to-night. There, now, Peg, everyone is mute, expecting a story from you.

PEG.—There was a man long ago and the name that was on him was Seadhna, and he was a shoemaker. He had a nice well-sheltered little house at the foot of a hill, on the side of the shelter. He had a chair of *soogauns* which he himself made for himself, and it was usual with him to sit in it in the evening when the work of the day used to be completed, and when he sat in it he was quite at his ease. He had a *malvogue* of meal hanging up near the fire, and now and then he used to put his hand into it and take a fist-full of the meal, and be chewing at his leisure. He had an apple-tree growing outside his door, and when he used to be thirsty from chewing the meal, he used to put his hand into that tree and take one of the apples and eat it.

Cáit: b'fearr liom-ra an min; ní bainfeadh an t-uball an t-ocpar de duine.

Job. b'fearr liom-ra an cátaoir; 7 cuirpinn peg i n-a fuide innti, aís innpint na rgeul.

Peg. 1r maít cum plámáir tú, a Jobnuic.

Job. 1r fearr cum na rgeul túra, a phes. Cionnur d'imtís le Seadhna?

Peg. Lá dá raib ré ag déanamh brós, tug re ré ndeara ná raib a tuille leatáir aise, ná a tuille rnáite, ná a tuille céiréac: bí an taoibín déirdeanac fuar, 7 an greim déirdeanac curta; 7 níorb fuláir do toul 7 adbar do folácar pul a bfeutrad ré a tuille brós do déanamh.

Do gluar ré ar maidin, 7 bí trí ríllinge 'n-a póca, 7 ní raib ré aet míle ó'n dtí 7 nuair buail duine boet uime, aís iarraib déirce. "Tabair dom déirce ar fon an tSlánuigheora, 7 le h-anmannaiib do marb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte," ar an duine boet. Thug Seadhna rílling do, 7 annran ní raib aise aet dá rílling. Dubairt ré leir féin go mbféidir go ndéanrad an dá rílling a gnó.

Ní raib ré aet míle eile ó baile 'nuair buail bean boet uime, 7 i cor-noctuighe. "Tabair dom congnad éigin," ar ríri, "ar fon an tSlánuigheora, 7 le h-anmannaiib do marb, 7 tar ceann do pláinte." Do glac truaige di é, 7 tug ré rílling di, 7 d'imtís di. Do bí don rílling amáin annpoin aise, aet do tiomáin ré leir, a bpat air go mbuailfeadh rianr éigin uime do cuirfeadh ar a cumur a gnó a déanamh. Níorb fáda gur caraib air leant 7 é ag sul le fuadé 7 le h-ocpar: "Ar fon an tSlánuigheora," ar an leant, "tabair dom puo éigin le n-ite." Bí tíg órta i ngar dóib, 7 do cuair Seadhna irteac ann, 7 ceannuig ré bpic aráin 7 tug ré cum an leint é: 'Nuair fuair an leant an t-arán d'atruis a dealb; d'fár ré fuar i n-áirde, 7 do lar polar ionganac 'n-a fúilib 7 'n-a ceanaicaiib; i dtreo go dtáinig ríganrad ar Sheadhna.

Sile. Dia linn! a Peg, 1r dóca gur tuit Seadhna boet i luige:

Peg. Níor tuit; aet má'r ead, ba ticeall dó: Chom luat asur d'feud ré labairt, dubairt ré: "Cad é an radar duine túra?" asur 1r é preasra fuair ré: "A Sheadhna, tá Dia buideac díot. Ainseal iread míre. 1r mé an triomad h-ainseal gur tugair déirce do anoiu ar fon an tSlánuigheora, 7 anoir tá trí gurde agat le faíal ó Dia na glóire. Iarr ar Dia don trí gurde 1r toil leat, 7 geobair iad; aet tá don comairle amáin agampa le tabairt duit,—ná dearmuid an Trícaire."

SHEILA.—Oh, my goodness! Peg, wasn't it nice?

PEG.—Which is it; the chair or the meal or the apple, that was nice.

SHEILA.—The apple, to be sure.

KATE.—I would prefer the meal. The apple would not take the hunger off a person.

GOB.—I would prefer the chair, for I would put Peg sitting in it telling the stories.

PEG.—You are good for flattery, Gobnet.

GOB.—You are better for the stories, Peg. How did it go with Seadhna?

PEG.—One day as he was making shoes he noticed that he had no more leather nor any more thread nor any more wax. He had the last piece on, and the last stitch put, and it was necessary for him to go and provide materials before he could make any more shoes. He set out in the morning and there were three shillings in his pocket, and he was only a mile from the house when he met a poor man asking for alms. "Give me alms for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health," said the poor man. Seadhna gave him one shilling, and then he had but two shillings. He said to himself that possibly two shillings would do his business. He was only another mile from home when he met a poor woman, and she barefooted. "Give me some help," said she, "for the sake of the Saviour and for the souls of your dead and for your health." He felt compassion for her and gave her a shilling, and she went away. He had one shilling then; still he went on expecting that he would meet some good fortune which would put it in his power to do his business. It was not long till he met a child and he crying with cold and hunger. "For the sake of the Saviour," said the child, "give me something to eat." There was a stage house near them and Seadhna went into it, and he bought a loaf of bread and he brought it to the child. When the child got the bread his figure changed. He grew up very tall, and light flamed in his two eyes and in his countenance, so that Seadhna became terrified.

SHEILA.—Oh! God help us! Peg, I suppose poor Seadhna fainted.

PEG.—He did not, but then, he was very near it. As soon as he could speak, he said, "What sort of person are you?" The answer he got was, "Seadhna, God is thankful to you. I am an angel. I am the third angel to whom you have given alms to-day for the sake of the Saviour. And now you have



“Asgur an n-deirniú liom go bpaigead mo gairde?” arsa Seathna: “Deirniú, gan amhar, ar an t-aingeal. “Tá go maith,” arsa Seathna, “tá cataoir beag dear fúgán agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann artea, ní fuláir leir fuidhe innte. An ceud duine eile a fuiridh innte, aet mé féin, go sceanglaib ré innte!” “Faire, faire! a Sheathna,” ar an t-aingeal; “rin gairde bpeas imtighthe gan tairbe. Tá dá ceann eile agat, 7 ná dearmuio an Trócaire.” “Tá,” arsa Seathna, “mealbóigín mine agam ’ra baile, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann artea, ní fuláir leir a dhorin a fátaib innte. An ceud duine eile a cuiridh lám ’ra mealbóigín rin, aet mé féin, go sceanglaib ré innte,—feuc!” “O a Sheathna, a Sheathna, ní l fars agat!” ar an t-aingeal: “Ní l agat anoir aet don gairde amáin eile. Iar Trócaire Dé do t’anam.” “O, ir fíor duit,” arsa Seathna, “ba dóbair dom é dearmuio: Tá crann beag uball agam i leat-taobh mo dhoruip, 7 an uile dailtín a tagann an treo, ní fuláir leir a lám do cup i n-áirde 7 uball do rtaib 7 do bpeit leir. An ceud duine eile aet mé féin, a cuiridh a lám ’ra crann roin, go sceanglaib ré ann—O! a daoine!” ar reirdean, as rgaritead ar gáirde, “nac agam a beir an rporc oppa!”

‘Nuair táinig ré ar na tritidib, o’feuc ré ruar 7 bí an t-aingeal imtighthe. Dein ré a maetnam air féin ar fead tamail maith, 7 ré deirdear fíar tál, duibairt ré leir féin: “Feuc anoir, ní r don amadán i n-éirinn ir mó ioná mé! Dá mberdear tríue ceangailte agam um an taca ro, duine ’ra’ cataoir, duine ’ra’ mealbóigín, 7 duine ’ra’ crann, cat é an maith do d’éanfar ran dompa 7 mé i bpad ó baile, gan biaib, gan deoc, gan ais geat?” Ní túirge bí an méir rin cainte páirde aige ná tu, ré fé n’deara ór a cómar amac, ’ran áit a paib an t-aingeal-fear fada caol dub, 7 é as glinneamaint air, 7 teine éreara as teact ar a dá fúil n-a rpreaib nime. Bí dá adairc air mar berdear ar pocán gabair, 7 meigioll fada liat-gorm garb air, eirboll mar berdear ar maib ruad, 7 crúb ar cóir leir mar éirb tairb. Do leat a beir 7 a dá fúil ar Sheathna, 7 do rtaib a caint. 1 sceann tamail do labair an fear dub. “A Sheathna,” ar reirdean, “ní gá duit don eagla do beir ort róm-amra; ní lim ar tí do díogbála: Ba mian liom tairbe éigin do deanam duit, dá nglactá mo cómarle. Do éoirdear tú, anoir beag, dá páib go rabair gan biaib, gan deoc, gan airgeat. Cúib-rainn-re airgeat do dótain duit ar don cóingíoll beag amáin.” “Asgur speadad tré lár do rgarit!” arsa Seathna, 7 táinig a caint do; “ná feurpá an méir rin do páib gan duine do millead leo’ cuio glinneamna, pé n-é tú féin?” “Ir cuma duit cia n-é mé, aet beirpá an oirdear airgeat duit anoir asgur ceannócaib



three wishes to get from the God of Glory. Ask now of God any three wishes you please, and you will get them. But I have one advice to give you. Don't forget Mercy." "And do you tell me that I shall get my wish?" said Seadhna. "I do, certainly," said the angel. "Very well," said Seadhna. "I have a nice little *soogaun* chair at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to sit in it. The next person that will sit in it, except myself, that he may cling in it!" "Oh, fie, fie! Seadhna," said the angel; "there is a beautiful wish gone without good. You have two more. Don't forget Mercy!" "I have," said Seadhna, "a little *malvogue* of meal at home, and every *dalteen* that comes in makes it a point to stick his fist into it. The next person that puts his hand into that *malvogue*, except myself, that he may cling in it, see!" "Oh, Seadhna, Seadhna, my son, you have not an atom of sense! you have now but one wish more. Ask the Mercy of God for your soul." "Oh, that's true for you," said Seadhna, "I was near forgetting it. I have a little apple-tree near my door and every *dalteen* that comes the way makes it a point to put up his hand and to pluck an apple and carry it away with him. The next other person, except myself, that will put his hand into that tree, that he may cling in it!--Oh! people!" said he, bursting out laughing, "is'n't it I that will have the amusement at them!"

When he came out of his laughing fits and looked up, the angel was gone. He made his reflection for a considerable time, and at long last he said to himself, "See now, there is not a fool in Ireland greater than I! If there were three people stuck by this time, one in the chair, one in the *malvogue*, and one in the tree, what good would that do for me and I far from home, without food, without drink, without money?"

No sooner had he that much talk uttered than he observed opposite him, in the place where the angel had been, a long, slight, black man and he staring at him, and electric fire coming out of his two eyes in venomous sparks. There were two horns on him, as there would be on a he-goat, and a long, coarse, greyish-blue beard, a tail as there would be on a fox, and a hoof on one of his feet like a bull's hoof. Seadhna's mouth and his two eyes opened wide upon him, and his speech stopped. After a while the black man spoke: "Seadhna," said he, "you need not have any dread of me. I am not bent on your harm. I should wish to do you some good if you would accept my advice. I heard you just now say that you were without food, without drink, without money. I would

an oirlead leatdair agus coimeadofaidh ag obair tú go ceann tré mbliadhain nòeus, ar an sgoingíoll ro-go dtiocfaidh liom an uair rin ? ”

“ Agus má péirteigim leat, cá faghadóir an uair rin ? ” “ Cá beas túit an ceirt rin do éir, ’nuair beir an leatdair iomáite 7 beiróidh ag sluairead ? ” “ Táir seiréiréad—bíodh agat, feiceam an t-airgead.” “ Táir-re seiréiréad, feuc ! ” “ Do éir an fear dúb a lámh ’n-a póca, 7 tarrainis ré amad rparán mór, 7 ar an rparán do leis ré amad ar a bair capn beas d’ór breas bairde.

“ feuc ! ” ar seiréan ; 7 rin ré a lámh 7 éir ré an capn de píoraibh gleoite gléineamla ré fúilbh Sheathna boict. “ Do rin Seathna a d’a lámh, 7 do leatdair a d’a lagair cum an óir. “ Go péir ! ” ar’ an fear dúb, ag tarrainis an óir éirge arcead ; “ ní’l an marzad d’éanta fóir.” “ Bíodh ’n-a marzad ! ” ar’ra Seathna.

“ San teir ? ” ar’ an fear dúb. “ San teir,” ar’ra Seathna:

“ Dair bpiis na mionn ? ” ar’ an fear dúb. “ Dair bpiis na mionn,” ar’ra Seathna.

[An oirde na d’iaig rin.]

Nóra. Seath !—a pég—támadóir annro—air—tá raotair orm—bíodh ag ruit—bí eagla orm—go mbeiréad an rgeul ar riubal roimam, 7 go mbeiréad cuir de caillte agam.

pég. Am’ bpiatair go bpanfamadóir leat, a Nóra, a laois. Ní’l i bpat ó táinis Sobnuit.

Sob. Mar rin do bí cuigion agam d’a d’eunam, 7 b’éigin dom-ra d’ul riap teir an im go Deul an Seairra, - ’nuair bíodh ag tead a baile an cóimgar, do túit an oirde orm, 7 seallaim túit gur baineadh ppeab aram. Bíodh ag cuimniúad ar Seathna 7 ar an óir 7 ar an bfeair noub, 7 ar na rpreaduibh bí ag tead ar a fúilbh, 7 mé ag ruit ruit a mbeiróinn déiréanad, ’nuair tógar mo ceann 7 cat do éirinn adt an ruit ’n-a fearam ar m’ agair amad

give you money enough on one little condition." "And, torture through the middle of your lungs!" said Seadhna, as soon as he got his talk, "could you not say that much without paralysing a person with your staring, whoever you are?" "You need not care who I am; but I will give you as much money now as will buy as much leather as will keep you working for thirteen years, on this condition, that you will come with me then."

"And if I make the bargain with you, whither shall we go at that time?" "Will it not be time enough for you to ask that question when the leather is used up and we will be starting?" "You are sharp-witted. Have your way. Let us see the money." "You are sharp-witted. Look!" The black man put his hand into his pocket, and drew out a large purse, and from the purse he let out on his palm a little heap of beautiful yellow gold.

"Look!" said he, and he stretched his hand and he put the heap of exquisite glittering pieces up under the eyes of poor Seadhna. Seadhna stretched both his hands, and the fingers of the two hands opened for the gold.

"Gently!" said the black man; "the bargain is not yet made."

"Let it be a bargain," said Seadhna.

"Without fail?" said the black man.

"Without fail," said Seadhna.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things?" (shrines: *hence* oaths) said the black man.

"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" said Seadhna.

(NEXT NIGHT.)

NORA.—There!—Peg—we are here—again—. There's a *saothar* on me—. I was running. I was afraid—that the story would be going on before me, and that I would have some of it lost.

PEG.—Indeed, Nora, my dear, we would wait for you. It is not long since Gobnet came.

GOB.—Yes, for we were making a churn, and it was necessary for me to go west with the butter to Beul-an-Ghearrtha; and when I was coming home the short cut, the night fell on me, and I promise you that there was a start taken out of me. There was not the like of it of a jump ever taken out of me. I was thinking of Seadhna, and of the gold, and of the black man, and of the sparks that were coming out of his eyes, and I running before I would be late, when

—An Gollán! ar an gceud amáire dá dtuair ar, do thuairinn an leabair go raib aáarca air!

Nóra. A diamaire, a Gobnait, éir do beul, 7 ná bí dár mboí-  
rao leó' gollánaib 7 leó' aáarcaib. Aáarca ar an nGollán!  
feuc air rin!

Gob. B'éirir, dá mbeirteá féin ann, sup beas an fonn mairé  
do beirteá opt.

Sile. Feuc anoir! cia atá as cora an rseil? B'éirir go  
gcuirfeá Cáit ní Buacalla oim-ra é.

Cáit. Ní cuirfeó, a Sile. Táir do' cáilín maíe anocht, 7 tá  
ana-éion asam opt. Mo spáó i rin! Mo spáó am' éiríde  
irtis i!

Sile. Seo go díreac! fan go mbeir feara opt! 7 b'éirir ná  
deárrá "Mo spáó i rin!"

Nóra. Seo, reo! rtaoair, a cáilíníde: Mire 7 mo gollán ra  
nóair an obair reo: Cáit uait an rtoea roin, a pēs, 7 rgaail  
cúgair an rseil: An bfuair Seathna an rparán? Ir iomóa  
duine bí i roict rparáin o'raáil 7 nac bfuair.

pēs. Com luat 7 dubair Seathna an focal, "dar bñs na  
mionn!" do táinis áruaó gné ar an bfeair noib. Do noict  
ré a fiacla ríor 7 truar, 7 ir iad do bí go dlúite ar a  
céile. Táinis róro crónáin ar a beul, 7 do teip ar Seathna a  
deunam amac cia 'co as gáiríde bí ré nó as rparntuáó: Áct  
'nuair o'feuc ré ruar roir an dá rúil air, ba dóbair go rtiucraó  
an rgaillraó ceutha air a táinis air i rtoeac. Do tuis ré go  
maíe nac as gáiríde bí an díolmúineac. Ní feacair ré riam  
roime rin don dá rúil ba meara 'ná iad, don feucaint ba mall-  
uigte 'ná an feucaint do bí aco, don clár eudain com dúr, com  
roic-áigeanta leir an gclár eudain do bí ór a gcionn. Níor  
labair ré, 7 do rin' ré a díceall gan a leigint air sup cúg ré  
fé nóeara an rparntuáó. Le n-a linn rin, do leis an fear  
rúb an r-ór amac arí ar a bair, 7 do cómarim.

"Seo!" ar reirean, "a Seathna: Sin céad punt asat ar an  
gceud rillíng cúgair uait inoiu. An bfuilir díolta?"

"Ir móir an bñir i!" arpa Seathna: "Baó cóir go bfuilim."

"Cóir nó eugcóir," ar' an fear rúb, "an bfuilir díolta?"  
7 do gcuir 7 do bporuig ar an rparntuáó.

"Ó! táim díolta, táim díolta!" arpa Seathna, "go raib  
maíe asat-ra."

"Seo! má 'reac," ar reirean: "Sin céad eile asat ar an  
dara rillíng cúgair uait inoiu."

"Sin i an rillíng cúgair do'n mnaoi a bí cor-noctuígte."

"Sin i an rillíng cúgair do'n mnaoi uapail ceutha."



I raised my head, and what should I see but the thing standing out overright me—the *Gollan*! On the first look I gave it I'd swear there were horns on it.

NORA.—Oyewisha, Gobnet, whist your mouth, and don't be bothering us with your *Gollans* and your horns. Horns on a *Gollan*! Look at that!

GOB.—Maybe if you were there yourself, 'tis little of the inclination of fun would be on you.

SHEILA.—See, now! who is stopping the story? Maybe Kate Buckley would put it on me.

KATE.—I will not, Sheila; you are a good girl to-night. I am very fond of you. My darling she is! My darling in my heart within she is!

SHEILA.—Yes, indeed! Wait till you are angry, and maybe then you would not say "my darling she is."

NORA.—Come, come! stop, girls. I and my *Gollan* are the cause of this work. Throw away that stocking, Peg, and let us have the story. Did Seadhna get the purse? Many a person was on the point of getting a purse, and did not.

PEG.—As soon as Seadhna uttered the words—"By the virtue of the Holy Things!" a change of appearance came on the black man. He bared his teeth above and below, and it is they that were clenched upon each other. A sort of low sound came out of his mouth, and it failed Seadhna to make out whether it was laughing he was or growling. But when he looked up between the two eyes on him, the same terror was near coming on him that came on him at first. He understood well that it was not laughing the "lad" was. He never before then saw any two eyes that were worse than they, any look that was more malignant than the look they had, any forehead as evil-minded as the forehead that was above them. He did not speak, and he did his best to pretend that he did not notice the growling. At the same time the black man let the gold out again on his palm and counted it.

"Here!" said he, "Seadhna, there are a hundred pounds for you for the first shilling you gave away to-day. Are you paid?"

"I should think I am."

"Right or wrong!" said the black man, "are you paid?" and the growling became sharper and quicker.

"Oh! I am paid, I am paid," said Seadhna, "thank you!"

"Here! if so," said he, "there is another hundred for you, for the second shilling you gave away to-day."



“Ma ba bean uafal i, cad do beir cor-noctuisgte i, 7 cad do beir di mo rsgilling do bheir uaim-re, 7 san agham aet rsgilling eile i n-a diaid?”

“Ma ba bean uafal i! Dá mbeirdeas a fiór aghat! Sin i an bean uafal do mill mire!”

Le linn na bprocal pain do pád do, do táinig críe cor 7 lám air, do ríad an bpanntán, do luis a ceann riar ar a muineál, d’feud ré ruar inr a’ rpeir, táinig bhuic báir air 7 clód cuirp ar a ceannaduib:

‘Nuair donnaic Seathna an iompáil li rin, táinig iongnad a éiríde air.

“Ní fuláir,” ar peirean, go neamhguiréad, “nó ní hé reo an céad uair aghat as aipeadain teadé táirri riú.”

Do léim an fear tub: Do buail ré buille dá crúib ar an bcalam, i dtreo gur críe an fóo do bí fé coir Seathna.

“Ciorrbad ort!” ar eirean: “Éir do beul no barzfar tú!”

“Sadhaim párdún aghat, a duine uafail!” ar Seathna, go modamail, “ceapar go mb’ éirri gur bpaon beas do bí ólta aghat, d’pád ’r gur tugar céad punt mar málairt ar rsgilling tam.”

“Tiubrainn—7 readé scéad dá dtiocfaid liom baint ó’n tairbe do rin’ an rsgilling céadna, aet ’nuair tugar uait i ar ron an tSlánuisgteóra, ní féirri a tairbe do lot coirde.”

“Aghur,” ar Seathna, “cad ir gá an mait do lot? Ná fuil fé com mait aghat tairbe na rsgillinge úo d’fásbáil mar tá fé?”

“Tá an iomad cainte aghat—an iomad ar fad: Dubair leat do beul d’ éirteadé. Seo i rin é an rparán ar fad aghat,” ar an fear tub.

“Ní héirri, a duine uafail,” ar Seathna; “ná beirdeas daicín na haimprie ann. Ir iomda lá i dtí bliadnaib déas: Ir iomda bps beirdeas deunta as duine i scaiteam an méir rin aimprie, 7 ir iomda cuma i n-a n-oirpead rsgilling do.”

“Ná bíod ceir ort,” ar an fear tub, as cup rmuta gáire ar. “Tarrainis ar com geur i néirinn 7 ir mait leat é. Beir fé com teann an lá beirdeas 7 tá fé moir: Ní beir puinn gnóta aghat de ar pain amad.”

"That is the shilling I gave to the woman who was barefooted."

"That is the shilling you gave to the same gentlewoman."

"If she was a gentlewoman, what made her barefooted? and what made her take from me my shilling, and I having but another shilling left?"

"If she was a gentlewoman! If you only knew! she is the gentlewoman that ruined me!"

While he was saying those words a trembling of hands and feet came on him. The growling ceased. His head leaned backwards on his neck. He gazed up into the sky. An attitude of death came on him, and the stamp of a corpse came on his face.

When Seadhna saw this deadly change, the wonder of his heart came on him.

"It must be," said he, in a careless sort of way, "that this is not the first time with you hearing something about *her*."

The black man jumped. He struck a blow of his hoof on the ground, so that the sod which was under Seadhna's foot trembled.

"Mangling to you!" said he; "shut your mouth or you will be maimed!"

"I beg your pardon, sir," said Seadhna, meekly; "I thought that perhaps it was a little drop you had taken, and to say that you gave me a hundred pounds in exchange for a shilling."

"I would, and seven hundred, if I could succeed in taking from the good which that same shilling did; but when you gave it away for the sake of the Saviour it is not possible to spoil its good for ever."

"And," said Seadhna, "what need is there to spoil the good? May you not as well have the good of that shilling as it is?"

"You have too much talk; too much altogether. I told you to shut your mouth. Here! there is the purse entirely for you," said the black man.

"I suppose there is no danger, sir," said Seadhna, "that there would not be enough for the time in it. There is many a day in thirteen years. 'Tis many a shoe a man would have made in the lapse of that portion of time, and many a way he would want a shilling."

"Don't be uneasy," said the black man, putting a bit of a laugh out of him. "Draw out of it as hard as ever you can. It will be as plump the last day as it is to-day. You will not have much business of it from that forward."

## "NÍ AR DIA A BUÍDEACAS."

'Do tarruais Diarmuid a dúioín dub' donn ar a póca, 7 'do fín cuise í, 7 'd'iméig 7 'do cuaid reirean annsan go meatalacán teinead' do bí ar bair na trága, beirear ar mheacán airte 7 réirdear, réirdear í go tréan tuig tearuibe; aet dá tréine a anál 7 da tuiga a réirdear, ní faib maic' do ann; réirdear aipr 7 aipr eile níor tréine, níor tuiga, níor tearuibe ná ceana, aet do bí a gno' n-a fárac air, mar do bí an tear ion éas anr an rpréig. Beirear ar rpréig eile 7 réirdear fúití go feargac fuinneamail pioemair, 7 a fúile ar dearglaid, 7 réiteanna a muinil cóm atuisge rin go rabadar i peact a bpléargta: 'dob' fárac do a réirdear am. Beirear ar an rpréig 7 caitear irteac i scoim-leactan an cuain í, as ráo, "Go réirdear mátair an áirbeirdeora tú mar teimr!" 7 tugtar buille dá coir deir do'n cuir eile do'n teimr 7 rcairdear ar fuo an bán i. 'Do connaic an cuir eile é oirdear donn le n-a linn rin, 7 'do cuirdear don ula-dáirpéig amán arca do tóspad na maib ar a n-uaisib. Éirigir uile—an méir a'p nac faib i n-a rearm oib—7 tagair i n-a timcioll, as lúbarraig le leactan-gáire 7 as rcairdear ar a lán-dicioll. Beirear uine ar rpréig, uine eile ar rpréig eile, 7 mar roin doib riap ríor go hearball timcioll, an beas 7 an móir, an t-ós 7 an t-dorta; 7 reo as réirdear iad, ar enám a noicill; as tnué le teimr 7 tear do cup aipr i n-gac rpréig, 7 é riap orra; do bpié sup rgar teodact le gac rmeacair oib beas nac o lúir laóair.

"Atá teine im' rpréig-re," arpa neac éigin:

"Séir leat a buacail!" arpa Donnall: "Cá bfuil tú?—réir leat go ttagad éigat."

'Do léim ré de lúir-preib 7 táinic i n-a aice—"Séir! réir, a diabail!" ar reirion, "7 ná leis an rmeacair ion eug—réir!—ar do báp réir!"

'Do léis an buacail rcairte 7 'do rtop de'n tréirdear:

"Tairbeáin orú, a diabail!" ar reirion:

'Do tuit an buacail ar báinid gáir; beirior féin ar an rpréig, le amplad 7 airc eun gail, tógtar a óróg 7 caitear an rpréig uad' o'iarraet. Tuit rí ar an mbán; níor bpié rí amáet. Cuirdear a óróg i n-a beal le coir na piopa:

"Tarruais! tarruais anoir!" arpa áilleoir éigin i n-a mearg:

'Do bí ré ar buite,—beirior ar an rpréig le n-a lám éle, 7

## THE THANKFULNESS OF DERMOT.

BY PATRICK O'LEARY.

DERMOT drew his dark-brown *dudeen* from his pocket and handed it to him, and he went then to a smouldering fire which was at the top of the strand. He catches a dying coal of fire out of it and blows, blows it strong, quick, fierce; but though strong his breath, and though quick his blowing, it was in vain for him. He blows again and again stronger, quicker, fiercer than before, but his labour was of no avail, for the heat had died in the ember. He seizes another ember and blows it angrily, lively, wrathfully, his two eyes flaming, and the veins of his neck swelled to such an extent that they were ready to burst; his blowing was to no purpose, however. He catches the ember and flings it into the centre of the harbour, saying, "May the devil's mother blow you for a fire!" and deals a blow of his right leg to the rest of the fire and scatters it about the *bawn*. The others saw him just at that very moment, and they raised one wild, ringing shout that would wake the dead out of their graves. They all rise—such of them as were not standing—and they gather round him, breaking their sides with broad mirth, and laughing their level best. One catches up an ember, another another, and so on of all the rest from first to last, small and big, young and old, and they set to blowing as well as ever they could, fain to put fire and heat again into each ember, and it impossible, for warmth had parted from each little coal of them all but a few.

"There is fire in my coal," said someone.

"Blow on, my boy!" said Donal. "Where are you?—blow on till I come to you."

He jumped quickly and came to his side. "Blow! blow, you devil!" says he; "and don't let the little ember die—blow!—for your life, blow!"

The boy laughed and stopped blowing.

"Fetch it to me, aroo, you devil!" says he.

The boy burst into a fit of insuppressible laughter; himself seizes the coal through greed and burning desire for a smoke; he burns his thumb and throws down the coal all of a sudden. It fell on the *bawn*; but it did not break though. He puts his thumb in his mouth along with the pipe.

"Smoke! smoke now!" says some arch fellow in the crowd.

He was raging mad. He seizes a coal with his left hand and blows it so furious that sparks flew from it. He blows



féidear cóm hairtínneac roim i sup rppéac rí: Séidear arís 7 léimear rmeacáir do’n dearg-laraip irteac i n-a uet, mar do bí buillac a léimead ar leatad; 7 dógar é láirpeac: Do con-  
saib ré sneim ar an rppéis ámh, 7 bpiúgar an laraip ríor i mbéal na píopa 7 tarrpaigear, tarrpaigear; tarrpaigear, ar cúma sup seárrí go faib deatad as éirise go sorim glórmar n-a flamaip-  
cúib of cionn a éinn.

Annran do bí fé ar a toil: Do fuir na daoine go léir as bpeitniugad ar an múr as luargad of a scómar, 7 é as teact irteac go meap: Do bí Dómnall as diúrad a píopa 7 san don duine as cup éirise ná uair: Níor b’fada sup éirise rtaile dá píopa ámaet, do tarrpaig fé i dár n-dóig ar énam a díclil, aet níor b’fúú duir feucaint ar an ngal deas báir do bí as teact amac air. Annran do cup fé rgrugad ar féin, ir ríobead ná’r ceangail a béal iocáir dá béal uacáir le doic tarrpaigete aet ní faib bpiú i n-a gno.

“Faghad duine éigin réiteoir dom—ar ron Dé faghad!” ar reirion, 7 do luig fé níor dúluigete ar an tarrpac; i n-asaid beir as baint an tralacáir ar poll na píopa, ir amlaib bí re as a daingniugad ann—san coinne leir san amhear. Faoi deir-  
iob, ’nuair do fuair fé an réan rgarra le n-a faotair, 7 go faib as dul de, dá tréine luig re éirise, do tóg fé an diur ar a béal, 7 do glaoir go hairtínneac ar duine éigin, réiteoir o’fag-  
bail do. O’iméig triúr nó ceárrar de buacailiúib go luig páirc do bí lán de tráitíníúib, aet do bí fé rteannas maie uair-  
ran. O’fan reirion as reitíom oppa go dtiocfaíoir éar n-air, anoir as cup na píopa ion a béal, 7 arís as a baint ar, 7 arís eile as ráad a lúirín innti o’feucaint a faib motáil an teair iméigete air. ’Nuair do éuair fuil éar reiteamantar aise, do léim fé féin éar élorde irteac; reo as cuartac é anonn ’r anall, 7 bíor ar a fúilíle le fagairt cun fagbála, dá mb’féirí. Do bí pac ion áiríom air fá ceann tamail—fuair fé bpoib cuibeapac reamair, 7 do rácuig i gcró na píopa é go tapair. Annran éus fé foza faoi n-a tarrpac, aet o’fan an bpoib mar a bí, 7 ní cor-  
ócad ar a lúiríacáib. Do tréall fé an at-uair, aet b’é an rgeal céatona é. I ndeiríob rtracra do, bpiur an tráitíní go caillte air, ircis i gcró na píopa. Do léim fé i n-a éaoir buile éar élorde, ní faib fulag (=fulang) na foirne aise, 7 do éait an diur fad a upéair amac annran múir móir. Ili faib méam ar donneac le heagla bpiúgne, mar do bí toga an eolair aca go léir ar Dómnall, 7 cad é an fagar b’eac é, ’nuair do beiréad fé amuis leir féin. O’ fan na daoine go léir i n-a fuirde go



again, and a spark of the red flame jumps into his breast, for the front of his shirt was open, and it burns him immediately. He kept his hold on the coal though. He bruises the flame down into the mouth of the pipe, and draws, draws, draws, in a manner that soon smoke was rising blue and glorious in wreaths above his head.

Now was he perfectly happy. All the people sat looking at the seaweed rocking right before them, while it was coming in fast. Donal was smoking his pipe, and nobody interfering with him. But it was not long till his pipe grew sulky; he pulled it, of course, as best he could, but it would not be worth your while to look at the little dying fume that was coming out of it. He then put a long neck on himself, the lower lip all but adhered to his upper lip through the strain of pulling, but his work was to no purpose.

“Let someone get a ‘*cleaner*’ for me—for God’s sake, let him!” says he, and he applied himself more earnestly to pulling, but instead of taking the dirt out of the hole of the pipe, he was only fastening it in it—unwittingly, of course. At last, when he found success separated from his labour, and that he was failing, though energetically he set about it, he took the *diuid* out of his mouth, and called furiously to somebody to fetch him a ‘*cleaner*.’ Three or four boys went to a field that was full of *trahneens*, but it was a good distance from him. He remained behind waiting till they should come back, now putting the pipe in his mouth, again taking it out, and again thrusting his little finger into it to ascertain whether the feeling of heat had left it. When at length he could bear this waiting no longer, he himself jumped in over a fence, he commences searching hither and thither, and his eyes blazing through madness for finding, if possible. Luck was his in a little while. He got a pretty thick *brobh* and shoved it quickly into the tube of the pipe. He then tried to pull it back, but the *brobh* remained as it was, and would not move from its place. He tried again, but it was the very same as before. In the end of the pulling, the *trahneen* meanly broke *on him* inside in the tube of the pipe. He jumped out over the fence blazing mad; he could not keep his passion in check, and he threw the *diuid* as far as he could cast it into the great sea. There was not a tittle out of anybody for fear of a quarrel, for they all knew Donal full well, and what manner of man he was when he would happen to be ill at ease within himself.

ceann fearaid, 7 ar an bfeadh go bí an múr as dhuibh leir an t-uraidh go bog rí. Táinig don tonn amháin, i ndeireadh na dála, do líon an cuan ruar go baic le múr ríogógaí fada deaigh. Do phead Dómnall i n-a coilg-fearaigh 7 do cáit é féin ar a shrua anuas ar éarín do'n múr 7 do bí as a réitíocht le fuirre, nuair seo irteadh tonn eile, do cuair lea'rtuair de 7 rúla ra feuto reirion cuimhneadh ar don-ní (aet ar an múr) do ríuab ar léi amach é roir fuí feadh. Do béic 7 do ríneadh ar éobair, iict ní raib bheir dea'dair ar donne'—níd nár b'iongha'—dul b'riúntar a caillte cun eirion do fadair:

“Cuimh' iarraid ar téir ruar go tig Dairmu' leir,” arfa Diair fadair.

“Beirtear re báite rúla a ríoiríde lea'rtuair ruar,” arfa fadair bheir.

“Cuir an raicín amach 7 b'feuto go n'greasóga' ré é,” arfa Míeál óg.

Le n-a linn rin do lúig an báiteadán 7 do glaoib i n-áir a éinn 'ra guta as iarraid cabra, as rá, “Ar ron Dé 7 fadair mé! fadair mé! a daoine, fadair mé! ó a Dia, táim báite! fadair mé, fadair mé órá!” Níor ríad ré do beir as callairíocht mar rin, mar do bí uéad maí aige.

“Rágho 7 ríadair amach cuige,” arfa Dairmu' mac Amhlaoib.

“Ná teighis,” arfa na daoine go léir i n-aon béal.

“Rágho,” ar reirion: “Ní beirtear a cuilleadh as feucaint ar anrair amuis, as fagbáil báir ar ár gcómair.”

Rug Míeál Meata ruar ar b'ollad a léineadh 7 dubairt, “Máire, go deimín ní raighair, ir fada ruar go gcuimhneóga' ar tú liogaint amach cuige.”

“Bog díom,” arfa Dairmu', “bog do gheim díom.”

“Ní bogfaid,” arfa Míeál Meata, “ní beag a bfuil caillte 7 fain-re irígh.” Díríad donn do béic Dómnall de caoiríneadh amuis. “Ní' donne' caillte fíor,” arfa Dairmu'. “Bog díom, a deirim leat, bog díom;” aet ní bogfaid. Do ríad reirion é féin uad 7 do cáit de a cuir éadair 7 do léim irteadh 'ran mair 7 'ran mair; do ríad amach cun Dómnall do bí beag nae tabairt 7 do ríad irteadh leir é ar cuma éigin go rí an t-uraidh. Cuir Dómnall i laige 'mar ar go ríad ar an t-alam tír 7 do fain innti go ceann i b'ead. Nuair táinig ré cuige fein, dubairt duine éigin leir gur éad do bheirtear do bheir le Dia i t-abad nár báid é:

All the people remained sitting for some time, and during that time the seaweed was drawing near the strand slowly and gradually. One wave came at long-last which filled the harbour up to the brim with branchy, long, red seaweed. Donal jumped to his feet, and flung himself on his hunkers down on a heap of seaweed, and was freeing it in a great fuss, when in comes another wave which went above him, and before he could think of anything (except the seaweed) it swept him clear out. He screamed and shrieked for help, but there wasn't too much haste on anybody—a thing not to be wondered at—to go at the peril of his life in order to save him.

"Let us send up for a rope to Dermot Liath's," said Pierce Power.

"He would be drowned before one would reach half-way up," says Paddy Buidhe.

"Put out the rake, and perhaps he would catch on to it," says Mick Oge.

Just then, the drowning man screeched and called with erect head, and at the highest pitch of his voice, imploring aid, saying, "For God's sake and save me! save me! O men, save me! O God, I am drowned! save me, save me, oroo!" He never stopped but calling thus, as loud as he could, for he was long-winded.

"I'll go and swim out to him him," says Dermot MacAuliffe.

"Don't," said all the people in one voice.

"I will," said he. "I won't be any longer looking at him there outside, dying before our very eyes."

Meehawl Meata seized him by the bosom of his shirt, and said, "Wisha faith you won't. It is long, indeed, till I'd think of letting you out to him."

"Let me go," says Dermot MacAuliffe; "loose your hold of me."

"I won't," says Meehawl Meata; "there is enough lost, and let you stay inside." Just then Donal screamed with a shrill shriek outside. "There's nobody lost yet," says Dermot; "let me go, I tell you, let me go," but he wouldn't. He tore himself from him, divested himself of his clothes, and jumped into the sea and into the seaweed, swam out to Donal, who was nearly exhausted, and dragged him with him, some way or other, to the beach. Donal fell into a faint just as he reached the dry ground, and remained in it a long time. When he came to himself, somebody said to him that he ought to

"Ná bí im bódhaid," ar reirion; "má táim pábáilte; ní ar Dia a buidéadar, mar ní mór do bí ré im cánam; o'fásfaid annan amuis mé go mbeirínn báitte, múcta, 7 ip beas an gearraduaid do cuirfead ré ar aileir, seallaim-re duit; áct beiréad buiréad do Dáirmaid MacAmhlaoib, an fear glan glánta, cuaid i n-einead a cáillte cun mé fadhad. A! a duine, má táim pábáilte,

Ní ar Dia a buidéadar!"

## SEATRÚN CÉITINNÍ

[Leir an Achar O Duinnín.]

Ní'í don ughad do pinne an oipead le Céitinn cum léigean ip litrigheact do congáil beo i mearf na ndaoinead, go mór-mór daoine leata moga. Níor b'eas sup reiríob Seatrún reanad ríó-beact, ríó-cinnite, áct sup cuir ré le céile i n-aon bolg amáin na tuairpírdí do bí le fagbáil ar éirínn in na rean-leabhaib. Ní raib tuairpírdí eile le fagbáil com veap, com fuinnite ip do leat ré ar fuaid na tíre. Ní raib doinne 'n-a reoláirí rofanta ná raib eolar aise ar ríáir Céitinn, ip ní raib epíocnuíad véanta ar reoláirí i reoil go mbead macramail véanta aise do'n "b'fopar feara." I mearf na dtuatac rimpírdí ní leompad doinne ampar do cuir ar an gcunntar tugann Céitinn ar gabáil na h'éiréann le paptolan, ip leir an gcuid eile do'n tpeib rin tar leap. Ní leompad doinne réanad sup epéim-eas fadéad glar le natar mme, ip sup éneapúg Maoir a énead 'ran éirípt le fearthaib Dé. Bíodar na daoine reatbuidte o'pípinne na ríéal rain, ip bí a n-up-mór 'n-a mbéat aca, ip ní raib d'an ná laoirí gan tagairt éigin doir na mór-fairgírdí ar ar éradet Céitinn. Ip dóig linn muna mbead sup ríspíodad an "fopar feara" ná bead cuinne na rean-airpíre, ná ainmeada na rean-flait, ná éacta na leomian leat com abaid i n-aighead na ndaoinead ip bíodar leit-céad bliadán ó foim.

Ip fíor, go deimhín, go raib na neite reo i leabhaib eile ar ar tóg Seatrún iad, áct ní'í up-mór doir na leabhaib reo le fagbáil i n-riu. Do cáilleamap iad, ip tá an "fopar feara" 'n-ar mearf, gan focat, gan licih ag teartabáil uaid. Tamall ó foim ip ar éigin do bí duine uapal i gcúigead Muihan ná raib a macramail do'n "fopar feara" go ceanamail i gcóiméad aise. Bí



return thanks to God since he was not drowned. "Don't be bothering me," says he; "if I am saved, God is not to be thanked for it, for 'tisn't much He was in my care; He would leave me there outside till I'd be drowned and suffocated, and it is little it would affect Him, I assure you; but I will be thankful to Dermot MacAuliffe, the good, decent man, who in the face of his being lost went to save me. Why, man alive, if I am saved,

God is not to be thanked for it!"

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### GEOFFREY KEATING.

Extract from "Irish Prose," by Rev. PATRICK S. DINEEN.

No author has done as much as Keating to preserve literature and learning amongst the people, especially the people of Leath Mhogha. Not that Keating wrote a very accurate or critical history, but he amassed into one repository the accounts of Ireland given in the old books. There was no other record to be found so neat, so well constructed as his, and it circulated throughout the country. No one was considered a good scholar who was not acquainted with Keating's History, and at school no student was considered finished till he had made a copy of "The Forus Feasa." Amongst the simple country folk no one dared to cast a doubt on the account Keating gives of the occupation of Ireland by Partholan and the rest of that band from across the sea. No one dared deny that Gaedheal Glas was bitten by a serpent, and that Moses healed his wounds in Egypt by the power of God. The people were convinced of the truth of these stories, and the greater portion of them were ready on their lips, and there was no poem or song that did not make some reference to the great heroes of whom Keating makes mention. It seems to us that had "The Forus Feasa" not been written, the remembrance of by-gone times, or the names of the old chieftains, or the exploits of the heroes would not have been half so fresh in the minds of the people as they were some fifty years ago.

It is true, indeed, that these things were to be found in other books, from which Keating extracted them, but the greater part of these books are not to be found at the present day. These are lost to us, while "The Forus Feasa" is with us, with not even a word or a letter wanting to it. Some time



ré a5 na daoineib bocta com mair leir na huairib: 1r cuimín linn féin fígeadhóir boct do mair i nIarthar Chiarraide, nár mór i tceannta dóctain na hoirdce do bí 'n-a feilt, do tairbeáin dom a macraimail do Céitinn go ceanaimail, carpa i linn-éadac, 1r san dul a5 páirte breit air, ná díogháil ar bit do déanam dó. Da gheall le leabhar naomta é ar a mear, 1r níor díomáoin do bí an leabhar rain, mar 1r blarta cruinn do bí tuairpiz ar gac leatónac de i gceann an fígeadhóra, agus ba deacair áiteam air go raib focal aet fírinne 'ran méid do rghíob Céitinn ar fenniur fear-rad, ar parrtolan, 1r an cúro eile aca. Tá cuimne Céitinn fór i mearg daoinead nár léig, 1r ná feacaid riam a cúro raotair. 1r dóig leir a lán go raib tpsoidéacé éigin ar an nduine, nó gur ó neam do táinig ré cum cunntar ar rean do tábairt dúinn. Ní mór an t-ionghad gur éire na daoine nár duine daonna Seatrún. Do tpeib Gallta do b'eac é, aet 'n-a diaid rin bí ré ioir *Hiberniores Hibernicis ipsis*. Catoiliceac ó éroideiamac, Sagar; Doctúir Diaáda do b'eac é. Fear léigeannta i laioin 1r i leabhair na n-áitpeac do b'eac é, 1r áit ré a lán dá raogal 'ran bfrainc: Aet 'nuair d'fíl ré a baile tug ré é féin ruar ar rad d'obair na heaglaire le díoghair iongantais gur cuiread ruasairt peata air, 1r gur b'éigean dó dul i bpolac i gcumair doilb i ngleann eatarlac. 1r é an ruo 1r iongantais i mbeacaid Seatrún go bfuair ré uain 1r caoi ar na leabair do tairtuis uaid i gcóir a feandair, do bailuagad an fair do bí pán 1r ruasairt air. Do fiubail ré go Connacair 1r go Doire, aet ní mór do mear do bí a5 fearaib Ula ná a5 Connacair air. I gcionn trí nó ceatair do bliadantais bí an "fopur feara" go léir curta i gceann a céile aige (1631). Do rghíob ré fór dá leabair diaáda, "Eocair Sgiat an Airpinn," agus "Trí bioir-gaoite an báir."

Dála an "fopair feara," cornuigeann ré ó'n bpiortpac, 1r tagann anuar go 1200. Tá ré lán do fean-pannaib i n-a mbailig-tear ainmeaca na tpead do táinig go héipinn, 1r i n-a gcuirtear le céile na héacra do bain leo. Tá a bfuil i bpiór de, leir; annro 1r annró mucta le ainmeacair tairpeac 1r flait 1r a gcpaob geinealac: Níor ceap Seatrún don nro ó n-a meabair féin; gac a tucann ré dúinn—na rgealta, na heactraide, na gabá-lair, na héacra ar muir 1r ar tír—fuair ré iad go léir i reanleabhair do bí fá mear a5 ollamnaib 1r fáidib: Ní pinne ré aet iad do cup le céile 1r d'aontugad. Dá mbead ré a5 áit-rghíobad na neitead rin i noiu, agus a aignead lán do léigean na haimpire reo, ní'l dearmad ná go gcuirfead ré a lán díob i leat-taoid, do bpiú ná bainneann ríad le fíir-feandair. Aet do

back there was hardly a gentleman in Munster who had not his copy of "The Forus Feasa" affectionately guarded. The poor people as well as the upper classes had it. I myself remember a poor weaver who lived in West Kerry, who had little more than enough of food for the passing day, showing me his copy of Keating, which was fondly wrapt up in a linen cloth, while children were forbidden to handle it or injure it in any way whatever. He looked upon it as a sacred book. Nor did he possess it in vain, for that weaver had an accurate, perfect knowledge of every page of it in his head, and it would be difficult to persuade him that there was any error in any word Keating wrote about Fennius Fearsad, Partholan and the rest. There is a traditional remembrance of Keating still amongst the people who never saw or read his work. Many think that the man was under the spell of magic or that he came from heaven to give us an account of our ancestors. It is not so strange that the people believed that Keating was not a mere human being. He sprang from a foreign stock, yet he was among those who were "more Irish than the Irish themselves." He was a Catholic of heart-felt sincerity, a priest, a Doctor of Divinity. He was a man versed in Latin and in the works of the Fathers, and he passed a good deal of his life in France. But when he returned home he devoted himself altogether to the work of the Church with astonishing zeal, until he was hunted and was obliged to conceal himself in a gloomy cave in the Glen of Aherlow. The strangest circumstance connected with the life of Keating is that he found opportunity while in a state of flight to collect the books he required for his History. He travelled to Connaught and to Derry, but the Ulstermen and the Connaughtmen paid little heed to him. He completed the whole "Forus Feasa" within three or four years (1631). He also composed two spiritual books, "The Key-Shield of the Mass" and "The Three Shafts of Death."

As regards "The Forus Feasa," it begins at the very beginning and comes down to 1200. It is full of old verses in which the names of the tribes who came to Erin are mentioned and in which the exploits with which they were connected are recorded. The prose portion, too, is here and there overcrowded with the names of chieftains and princes and with their pedigrees. Geoffrey did not invent anything himself; what he sets before us—the tales, the adventures, the invasions, the exploits on land and sea—he found them all in old books which were held in esteem by *ollamhs* and seers. All he has

reíob ré an “fópur feara” tá geall le trí céad bliadan ó fóin, agus ní hiongnadó ná faib an oiread rain amhair 1 otaoib pírinne na n-éact ro an trát rain. Agus ir mar an gcéadna atá an rgeal as tíoréaib eile: Tá a lán éact ir eactra 1 reandár na Rómá do éire na Románaig go hiomlán 1 n-aimpír bígíir ir Oibíó—ná fuil ionnta aet úir rgealta na bpilead. Ar an nóir gcéadna ní géilleann don rgeoláire anoir d’éactaib Henzírt ir Nórra agus dá leitéoiróib d’éactraoib 1 reandár na bneataine:

Aet ’n-a díaró rin, ní ceart a deapmao go mbíonn bunadóir pírinne inr na rgealtaib reo do gnát. Níor éum na filíde rgeal ar oúir gan deallraim éigin do beir air—*nec fingunt omnia Cretae*—ciod go sguirtear leir 1 iú na mbliadan, 1 otreo ná haitneocairde é fá deiread. B’oic an bail ar tír ná beir úir-rgealta do’n tragar rain cruinnighe ir meargta trío a cuio reandáir. Ba comárta é ná faib ríle ná fáir le rinrearaib 1 mearg a daoinead, ir náir móir aca a cáil ná a glóir.

Ir álainn an díon-bpollac a cuireann Seatrún le n-a “fópur feara.” O teact an dara Henrí anall eugainn ir noime, níor gab por ná ruaimnear na hugóir Sagrannaié aet as cur ríor bréaga ir rgealta aetire ar an ndútear. Gíorrio de bapra, Stanhuprt, Camden, Hanmer, ir an treab rain uile—ní faib uata aet rínn do cur fá coir ar oúir, ir ó teir rin oíra, rínn do marluad 1 rtaíraib fallra. Agus tar éir ar bdeapann do baint dínn, ba bréaguirge ir ba tarcairighe do bíodar ’ná ríam. Do eug Seatrún púta ’ran díon-bpollac le fuinneam ir le feirg. Do rtoil ré ar a céile an ráiméir marluighead do cuir an baprac ’n-a leabair, níor fáir-ré puinn do Stanhuprt gan réabad, ir trom é cupraing a láime ar Camden ir ar Spenrer. Go deimín ir geall le fairgídead móir éigin é—le Coin Cúlainn nó Aicill—a cuio airm gléarta ’n-a láim, éadac pláta ó mullaé cinn go troigheir ari, ir é as gabáil le díograir ir le dian-feirg ar na daoimib beaga ro do deapbuig éitead 1 scoinnib a dútear, ir do marluig a muinntear. Dá mbead ré ar maritean 1 noiu, tabar-pad ré faobar bata dor na reandáiróib atá anoir fá móir-meag, ar fíroude ir ar íllac Amílaom, ir ar Hume:

Adeir ré ’n-a díon-bpollac:—

“Ní’l rtairíde dá rgríobann ar éirínn nac as iarrair locta agus toibéime do tabairt do rean-fallaib agus do faeadealaib bíó; bíod a faidhuire rin ar an teirt do beir Cambrenir, Spenrer, Stanhuprt, Hanmer, Camden, bapclíó, Moríon, Dabir, Campion, agus gac nuad-fall eile dá rgríobann uirte ó

done is to put them together and reconcile them. If he were to re-write these things now, having his mind filled with the learning of to-day, there is no doubt that he would set aside a good deal of them as not pertaining to true history. But he wrote "The Forus Feasa" almost 300 years ago, and it is not strange that so little doubt was cast on the truth of these events at that period. Such, too, is the case in other countries. There are many stories and wonders in Roman History which the Romans fully believed in the time of Virgil and Ovid, but which are only the romances of the poets. In the same way no scholar now believes in the exploits of Hengist and Horsa nor in such like wonders in the History of Britain.

At the same time it should be remembered that there is usually a substratum of truth in such stories. The poets did not originally invent a story without there being some appearance of reality in it. "The Cretans even do not invent all they say"—though the tale is added to in the course of years, in such wise that one would not recognise it at last. It were not well for a country not to have romances of this kind amassed together and mingled with its history. It were a sign that there did not spring up for generations either a poet or a seer amongst her people, and that the people did not prize her honour and glory.

Geoffrey prefixes a splendid *Apologia* to his "Forus Feasa." From the coming over to us of Henry the Second and previous to that date the English authors never ceased from writing lies and disgraceful calumnies about our country. Gerald Barry, Stanihurst, Camden, Hanmer and all that tribe only wanted to trample us under foot at first, and since that failed them, to insult us by fallacious histories, and when they took our land from us, they were more lying and insulting to us than ever. Geoffrey attacked them in the *Apologia* with vigour and fury. He tore asunder the insulting rubbish Barry had put together in his book, he did not leave much of Stanihurst that he did not rend to bits; heavy is the weight of his hand falling on Camden and on Spenser. Indeed, he is like some great champion, like Cuchulainn or Achilles, his arms ready in his hands, clad in armour from head to foot, while he strikes down with zeal and fierce wrath those diminutive persons who gave false evidence against his country and who insulted his people.

Were he alive to-day he would belabour with his staff's edge the historians who are held at present in esteem, Froude, Macaulay and Hume. He says in the *Apologia*:—

"There is no historian who treats of Ireland that does not



foin amac, ionnup supabé nór beagnac an phriompolláin 'do ghnó aS rsgriobad ar éipeannaicib . . . : ip é 'do ghnó enomad ar béarab fo-'daoinead asur caillead mbeas n-úir-íreal ar 'daobairt maic-ghnóm na n-uapal i n-dearmad, asur an méio a bainear fir na sean-Šaedealaib 'do bí aS áitiugad an oileáin reo ma ngabáltair na sean-Šaill," 7c.

Ir minic a goirtear an hepothotur Šaedealac ar Seathrún, asur ip deimhin sup mór a bfuil 'do cormáileacat eatortá araon. Tá caint Seathrún deap, rimpliúe, mliir-bmaicpac, map caint "Átar an tSeancair." Séanair araon baot-foicail, neam-briogmápa, neam-fairmeamla, acé 'n-a n-ionad atá fuinneam ip taac i ngac line dá rtaráib. Cuipio araon ipceac na huir-rséalta bainear le n-a otir, gan ampar 'do cup ar a bfuinne. B'é hepothotur an céad rtaráirde 'do cuip reancap na nŠpéigeac i n-easap ip i gcuinneap, asur ciot sup b'páda 'n-a diair 'do rsgriob ré, b'é Céitinn an céad reancairde 'do órtuig ip 'do ceapcuig i placé, ip i n-easap reancap na nŠaedeal: 'Do bain na filirde—na Špéigis ip na Románaig—á lán ar rtaráib hepothotuir, asur 'ran gcuma gceadna cus Céitinn innbear a noótain dor na filirib Šaedealaca, o' doóagán Ua Rataille, 'do Šeagán Clápac Mac Domnáill, ip o'Eogan Ruad. Acé ní feicimio biošpáir i 'daob na fuinne, ná fearg cum namad a típe ar an nŠpéagac: Bionn ré cuin, pocair, réim i gcomnuirde i meap rará ip úir-rséil, *et quidquid Grecia mendax audet in historiis*, acé ní léigead an Šaedealac fuinne 'do ceap ná 'do cáil a típe le n-a deapg namad.

Obar léigeanca, doimn ip ead "Tri Bior-Šaote an Báir," lán 'do rmuaintib diaá ip 'do máctnam fairmeamla l ar an beacair daonna, ip ar a cpioc. Ir ionganac ar cós ré ar rean-ušdapaib ip ar oibpéacab na naom, asur ip blarta tá an obair ar paó ponnite i leabpaib asur i n-altaib. Acé ip tnom, lairineamail an caint atá ann ó cúir go deiréad, bíot go bfuil ri larta fuar annpo ip annpúo le ršéal beas Špéannmápa map an eacra paín ar "Mac Reccan."

Obar an-léigeanca i ndiaacé ip i nópanaib na heaglaire ip ead "Eocair Sgiac an Aipinn." Ní léir dúinn don ušdair eile cuipap an oiréad paín 'do tuapirg ar neitib bainear leir an Aipreann, com beacé, com einnte rin i leabap dá méio. Acé 'n-a ceannta paín, tá an caint com rimpliúe, com Špéannta, com binn, com briogmápa paín, gan baot-foicail ná páirtib carpa sup fupáirte o'aoinneac é léigead sup i noiu:



endeavour to vilify and calumniate both the old English settlers and the native Irish. Of this we have proof in the accounts of Cambrensis, Spenser, Stanihurst, Hanmer, Camden, Barclay, Morrison, Davis, Campion, and every other English writer who has treated of this country since that time, so that when they write of the Irish, they appear to imitate the beetle . . . This is what they do, they dwell upon the customs of the vulgar and the stories of old women, neglecting the illustrious actions of the nobility and everything relating to old Irish who were the inhabitants of this island before the English invasion."

Geoffrey has often been called the Irish Herodotus, and, indeed, both closely resemble one another. Geoffrey's style is pretty, simple, smooth and harmonious, like that of the Father of History. Both avoid turgid, feeble, unsubstantial words, but instead there is vigour and strength in every line of their narratives. Both insert the romances that pertain to their country, without raising a doubt as to their truth. Herodotus was the first historian who gave a regular methodical history of the Greeks, and, though he came long after, Keating was the first historian who regulated and arranged in proper order the history of the Gaels. The poets, both Greek and Roman, drew largely on the accounts of Herodotus, and in the same way Keating gave food enough to the Irish poets, to Egan ORahilly, to John Claragh MacDonnell and to Eoghan Ruadh. But we miss zeal for his country and rage against her enemies in the Greek. He is ever calm, gentle, steady in the midst of history and romance, "and whatever lying Greece has the courage to put in her histories." But the Irishman would not let a particle of his country's fame and right go undisputed with her inveterate foe.

"The Three Shafts of Death" is a deep, learned work, full of holy thoughts and of profound meditation on human life and on its end. He has drawn with astonishing fulness on the old authors and on the works of the saints, and the entire work is neatly divided into books and sections. But from beginning to end, the style is heavy and Latin-like, though it is occasionally lit up with a humorous story like that of "Mac Reccan."

"The Key-Shield of the Mass" is a work of great learning in theology and in Church ritual. We do not know any author who gives such a full account of the things that pertain to the Mass, so exact, so accurate in a book of its size. But in addition to this, the style is so simple, so delightful, so melodious, so forceful, without turgidity of words or entangled

Ó aimpirí Céitinn anuas níor fígníodas a lán do phóir buna-  
daraí. Do cuirtear dóibh eacraíde le déile agus ríealta ar  
gníomairtí aca, agus ní mór 'n-a tceannraí. Do luig-  
eadar na huídearí Gaedelaí ar panna do mhíre, ír ba  
míle, doibinn a gcuid d'an ír aimpí.

Sóir nó fíar ír fearr an baile—An Cneamhaire.

(Le h-Ua ní fíarceallais.)

Ní raib an rinneoiréad i b'as ar fíubal nuair fleannuis an  
Cneamhaire amac uata a san-fíor dóib.

Suar an carán leir as déanam ar taoib na n-ailltead do'n  
oileán. Thiomáin ré air go dtí go raib ré ar bair na tulca:  
Do rtao ré annsin. Sé gur érean láirí an fear é, do bí an  
soir as ceannas go daingean air, 7 níor míre do a ríe do  
leigean.

Uí an gealaí go háirí 'ra ríe, agus do b'féirí an t-oileán  
agus an fíaríe do'féirí go glan foilíe.

Do b'áluinn ciúin an t-amair do bí or a comair amac, aet  
iríe i gcóirí an tfean-fíar do bí anas ar fíubal. B'amlaí  
nár airí ré a com deir ír do fámleis an domán i n-a timéilí:  
Ní raib a fíor aet as Dia amáin cao do bí 'sá fuaíe.

Chraí ré a láma or cionn a cinn, agus do'ubairt or áirí:

"Liom féin ír ead é! Liom-ra amáin! Ní fuil éan-bairt as  
duine ar bí eile leir. D'íocar go maíe ar—go dian-maíe!"

Ar aísle leir airí as fíubal agus as fíar-fíubal, díre ar ír do  
mbéad 'n-a aighead ríorí a éiríe do laíuagad ar an nóir  
poin.

Níor b'as do aet iméad mar rin go dtí go raib ré i ngar  
do na hailtead.

Ansin do rtao ré go hobann, mar ba dóir leir go gcualar  
ré gur duine éirí. Chuir ré cluar le héiréad air féin, agus  
do b'amlaí do'ér as do'ampir go raib ré cinnce 'n-a taoib.  
Gur mna as caoi do b'as é, san go.

Ar mbreathuag do ar an áirí ar a dtáirí an fuaíe, ba léir  
do, ríatam beas uair, duine éiríe leasla leir an gclaire.

Uíre ré leir an áirí, agus do'airí ré san móil gur b'í mlaíe  
Uíre do bí ann poime.

Ní raib a fíor aet duine ná do'asairíe do beir i n-a haice;  
agus do p'ead rí le neair ríeíe nuair do leas ré a láir ar a  
ceann.

expressions, that anyone might easily read it even at the present day.

From Keating's time onward not much original prose was written. A number of adventures and stories about the exploits of giants was composed but very little more. Irish authors betook themselves to the composition of verse, and sweet and delightful were the poems and songs they composed.

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## EAST, WEST, HOME'S BEST.

FROM "AN CNEAMHAIRE."

By UNA NÍ FHAIRCHEALLAIGH.

(Miss Agnes O'Farrelly.)

THE dancing had not long begun when the Cneamhaire slipped out unnoticed.

Up the path he went towards the cliff side of the island. Still onwards until he was on the top of the height. He paused there. Though a strong, stout man, age was pressing on him, and he had, perforce, to rest.

The moon was high in the sky, and the island and the sea could be plainly seen. The scene before him was beautiful and calm, but within the heart of the old man a storm was raging. Thus it was he did not notice how beautiful the world seemed about him. God only knew what was oppressing him.

He waved his arms above his head and spoke aloud:

"It is my own! Mine alone! Nobody else has any claim to it. I paid well for it—right well."

On he went again, walking, ever walking, just as if he had it in his mind thus to subdue the storm in his heart.

He was not long walking at that rate until he drew near to the cliffs.

Then he stopped suddenly, for he thought he heard somebody's voice. He set himself to listen, and after a short space of time he was certain of it. The voice of a woman crying, that it was, without doubt.

When he looked towards the place whence the sound came he saw clearly somebody leaning against the fence.

He drew near, and perceived at once that it was Máire Bhán who was there before him.

“Ná corruis, a leanaib: Ná bíod faiteagar ort, éor ar bit!”

Ní dubhairt Máire focal, agus reo ar aghaid é le n-a cúro cainte:

“Ní ceart duit, a Mháire, a ríoir, beir amuis i n-donraic 7 an oirde atá ann: Tá an comluadar as fuirdeat leat ‘ra scir-din.”

Ní mearrad éinnead sup b’é an Cneamáire do bi as cainte:

“Ué! a Shéamair! an tura atá ann? Ná bac liom! Cait-píó mé leigint dom’ cúro bróin: Béad níor fearr dá bárr i gceann tamail.”

“Aé dubhadar liom, a Mháire, sup tú féin ar cionntac leir an turar 7 an airdéar reo: Tuige nac bpanfá as do mátair ‘ra mbaile 7 as peadar fáda!”

“Tuige, a n-eaó? tá fáé go leór leir, muir, aé cia an máit beir as caint anoir?” Ar an toirt, do ríl na deóra léici 7 érom rí ar sul arí:

Níor cúir an Cneamáire irtead uirri an fáro do lean rí ar beir as caoi, aé nuair d’éirig rí níor ciúine ar ball d’fíarrpúig ré dí cia an fáé dí beir as imtead ar éireann:

“Ná ceil oim éin-éó do’n fírinne” ar’ reirean ra deóir: “Cad faoi ndéara go bfuil tú as imtead uainn?”

“Do bús go bfuil earbair airdio oim” ar’ an cailín boét:

“An t-airgead! an t-airgead!” ar’ an Cneamáire go neam-fóighead, “S é an rgeal céadna é i gcomhairde; aé bíod ‘fíor asat, a cailín, go bfuil a lán ruadai ‘ra domán níor fearr i bpaó ‘ná an t-airgead féin.”

Ní tug Máire rreagha ar bit air, do bi an oiréad roin iongan-tair uirri:

“Nac bfuil peadar asat!” ar’ reirean “agus nac leór duit é rin?”

“Tá—peadar—agam; ir fíor duit é, “arra Máire i ndeir-eaó na dálaé, “aé—ní tuigim tú: Nac bfuil dúil asat féin ‘ran airgead? Sabaim párdún asat, a Shéamair; ní ‘gá éaraó leat atáim, éor ar bit.”

“Ní fuil focal bréige ann, a ingean ó: Ir móir i mo dúil ‘ran airgead le leat-céad bliadan, aé ní raib an rgeal mar rin agam suam. Uirí lá eile agam. Uirí mé ós 7 bíor i ngráó com máit leat-ra, 7 b’féirir níor domíne ‘ná mar atáir-re: Uiríor boét, 7 bí ríre boét, rreirín. D’fásdair mo céad plán aici 7 do baili-gear liom go haimenpocá le capnán airdio do éur ar muin a céile 7 le bean uapal do déanam dom’ rreir-bean. D’imtigear liom riar sup ríroidear lartair na Stát n-dontuighe: Chaitear poimnt bliadanta ann 7 d’éirig an raogal liom go geal: Ir



She did not know that there was man or mortal near her, and she started in affright when he laid his hand on her head:

"Do not stir, child. Don't be the least afraid."

Máire did not say a word, and he proceeded:

"It is not right for you, Máire a stóir, to be out alone this night. The company are watching for you in the kitchen."

Nobody would think it was the Cneamhaire who was talking.

"Och! Séamas! Is it you that is in it? Don't mind me! I must give way to my sorrow. I shall be the better of it after a little."

"But they told me, Máire, that it is you yourself are accountable for this journey. Why would you not stay at home with your mother and with Peadar Fada?"

"Why is it? There is plenty of reason for it; but what is the use of talking now?" Her tears fell on the moment and she began to cry again.

The Cneamhaire did not disturb her whilst she wept, but when she grew calmer by-and-by, he asked her why she was leaving Ireland.

"Don't conceal one scrap of the truth from me," he said at last. "What is the cause of your leaving us?"

"Because I am in want of money," said the poor girl.

"Money! money!" said the Cneamhaire impatiently. "The same story always; but know, girl, that there are plenty of things in the world better far even than money."

Máire was so surprised that she did not answer him.

"Have you not Peadar," he said, "and is not that enough for you?"

"I have—Peadar—it is true for you," said Máire at long last; "but—I don't understand you. Don't you yourself care for money? Forgive me, Séamus; it is not upraiding you with it I am at all."

"There is not a word of lie in it, girl. I have been eager for money for the past fifty years; but it was not so with me always. I was once otherwise. I was young, and I was in love as well as you. I was poor, and she was poor also. I bade her a long farewell, and I took myself off to America to put some money together, and to make my sweetheart a lady. I moved on till I reached the west of the United States. I spent some years there, and the world throve with me. I used seldom get a letter from Ireland, except, now and again, a couple of words from her, to say she was well, or the like of that.

Once, a year went by, and never a word from her. I could



annam a gheibinn leithir ó Éirinn aet amáin cúpla focal anoir 7 aipir uaiti-pean 'gá náo go raib rí go maic, agus a leicéirí rin.

“Don uair amáin éuaib bliadain tarainn 7 gan focal aham uaiti. Níor b'féirip liom a fulang beic gan tuairpís uirpí, 7 ó tápla an t-am rin go raib poinnt maic aipis 1 tairpís aham, tuis mé aghair ar an mbaile aipir. Oc? mo léan gear ip mo lomaó luain! ní raib poimam aet a huais. 'San uais éaona cuirpead na comurpáin uilis nac móir, bliadain na gorta. Sait-eaó irpeac le céile iao 1 n-éan-poll amáin.

“Ó a Uha na ngráta! i as pasbáil báir leir an ocpas ar taoib an bótaip 7 mire 1 bpaó uaiti 7 gan rmeáipóio eólaip aham ar a cáir! Sipe gan puó le cup 1 n-a béal aici 7 mire tall 1 n-aimpeipocá, mo póca lán go béal d'airgead.”

Do samluis éadan an tpean-fip go militeac fa folas na geat-aige. O'iompuis ré uaiti beasán 7 éipom ré ar amáic amac tar an bpaiprige ó éuaib.

Uhi a fipor as Máire go raib ré as déanam mapanta ar uais móir bliadna na gortan tuar 1 gCondae Mhuigeó 7 níor leis rí focal ar lár. 1 n-a leabair rin, ip amlaib go pus rí ar lámh aipir. O'airpís rí puar gan bpiis gan fuinneam í.

Uhi an cailín as bailleipit aet ní puac na hoirde fa n-deara é. Níor b'é an Cneamáire do bí or a comáir aet tairbpre d'éipis éuic-ar laeteannataib a óige.

“A Shéamair boicé! A Shéamair boicé!” ar' rípe or íreal. Níor cuip an pean-fear éan-tfuim innri, aet d'fan ré as amáic amac do taoib an Uhá Uheinn Déas gan corpaige ar.

Uhiotar map rin ar pead tamail maic aimpire.

“b'féirip supab é an pác go bfuil dúil aham 'ran airgead,” ar' an Cneamáire fa deipead, “sup iocap com daor rin ar. Bionn an t-airgead map fuil or comáir mo dá fuil—go deap, go deap 1 gcomairde. Ip map rin a cím-pe é.”

Do éipom Máire a ceann ríor 7 póg rí a lámh. O'airpís Séamair deóir as tuitim léiti.

Uhiotar apoon 1 n-a otort go ceann tamail:

“Ní imteóga ar an oileán, cor ar bí,” arpa Máire go haibid.

“Ní imteóga tú, an n-eaó? An é rin a n-abpánn tú? Aet an otuigeann tú 'n-a éapic méad na boctanaéca a beap as goill-eaó ort annreo, má fanair?”

“Ní fuil uaine 'pa doimán a tuigeannr níor fearr 'na mire com éipom 7 a bionnr an gannrar 7 an boctanaéca as gabáil do muinnrip Ápánn—aet 'n-a díair rin féin fanpaó 'pa mbaile 1 n-aimm Dé.”

not bear to be without tidings of her, and since it happened, that time, that I had a good deal of money saved, I faced for home. Och! my sharp sorrow and my lasting woe! I found only her grave before me. In the same grave nearly all the neighbours were buried, the famine year. They were all cast into the one hole."

"Oh! God of Grace! she dying with hunger by the side of the road, and I far from her, without a gleam of knowledge as to her state! She without anything to put in her mouth, and I beyond in America, my pocket chock-full with money!"

The face of the old man looked wan in the light of the moon. He turned from her a little and gazed out over the sea to the north.

Máire knew that he was thinking deeply of the big grave of the famine year up in County Mayo, and she never let slip a word. Instead, she took hold of his hand. She felt it cold and nerveless and clammy.

The girl was trembling, but not from the coldness of the night. It was not the Cneamhaire who was before her, but a ghost which came to her from the days of his youth.

"Poor Séamas! poor Séamas!" she said softly. The old man did not heed her, but continued to look towards the Twelve Pins without ever stirring.

Thus they remained for a long while.

"Perhaps the reason I have such a desire for money," said the Cneamhaire at last, "is because I paid for it so dearly. Money is like blood before my two eyes—red, red, always. That is how I see it."

Máire bent her head and kissed his hand. Séamas felt a tear falling from her.

They were both silent for a time.

"I shall not leave the island at all," said Máire hastily.

"You will not go, is it, Is that what you say? But do you rightly understand the greatness of the poverty that will weigh on you if you stay?"

"There is no one in the world understands better than I do how heavy want and poverty lie on the people of Aran; but, even so, I shall stay at home, with the help of God."

"It is well," said the Cneamhaire.

\*     \*     \*     \*     \*

The next morning the island folk went eastwards, one by

“Tá go maí, ” ar’ an Cneamáire.”

\* \* \* \* \*

Ar maidin lá ar n-a bárad éuaðdar muinntear an oileáin i n-oidiú a céile roir go dtí an fánán: Uhi na cupaca i gcóir cum na gcalíni do bí le toul ear lear do bheit ar boru an long-  
gáile.

“Tuige go bfuil tura as caoinead?” arfa peadar fada nuair d’árouis Máire Uhan a sut com maí le cá: “Ir muiro-ne a bhear as caoinead in do oiaid.”

“Táim as caoinead i n-oidiú na gcalíni atá ar tí imteact, uaimn,” arfa Máire.

“An d’á pírib atá tú, a Mháire? ‘Ar n-ó,’ ní ceart tuit beit as fonnaid fúm inoiu 7 ualac ar mo éroide.”

“Ní as déanam fonnaid’ fút atáim, mui. Tá m’inntinn rocair asam ar fanaet leat, cibé boet faidhbir tú, nó cibé an faid a cairpimio beit as feiteam le n-a céile.”

Ní éreofead peadar a éluara féin:

“Ir as magad fúm atá tú, tá mé as ceapad:”

“Ní head go deimín! Ní déanpáinn a leitéio ort ar an domán.”

“Creidim tú anoir, mui. Acé ní tuigim an rgeál cor ar bit. Cao a tug ort an t-atharpuad inntinn’ reo?”

“Airling a bí asam aréir, a pheadair, nó bpionglóio, mar adéarad. Shaoilear go raib tura io’ fean-fear éroirda san fuinneam i do gdeasib ná gpad d’éinne’ i do éroide. Uhi tú io’ iargair comporiamail annro. Uhi mire t’éir aimeiricá, clóca fíoda orm 7 hata gléarta go dear le ribíni asur a leitéioi eile, airgead mo dótaint im’ rparán asam 7 ‘c uile cinedl maoin’ im’ feilb. Uhiór-ra as gabáilte ruar an bóitpín i n-aice na roilg’ 7 mé as teact a baile: Capad dam annpín tú, acé níor aitin tú mé, cor ar bit.”

“Mire Máire Uhan,’ adubhar leat.

“Ní tú,’ arfa tura go feargac; ‘ní tú go deimín. Uhi Máire—mo Mháire re—i n-a eail n ós fíactmar, asur cao mar geadl ort-ra? Sean-bean pórtaimail gánnda tú atá córuigce mar péacóis i ngioblaeab rroil. Ní tura Máire go deimín.’

“D’feadar pior i bpoll uirge a bí taoib liom 7 do b’e rin an céad uair d’airugear mé féin aorua gánnda; bí an ceart asat.

“Ir mire Máire Uhan,’ adubhar arir:

“D’fead tú orm annpín ioir an d’á fúil 7 an fad a bíor mar don leat níor dós tú do fúile díom.

“Ir amlaid adéir tú,’ arfa tura, ‘acé ní éreidim tú—ní tura an Mháire a tucgar gpad dí fad ó. Thior ‘ran roilg úo b’fearr

one, towards the slip. The curachs were ready to bring the girls who were going abroad on board the steamer.

"Why are you 'caoining'?" said Peadar Fada, when Máire Bhán raised her voice like the others. "It is we who shall be 'caoining' after you."

"I am 'caoining' for the girls who are about to leave us," said Máire.

"Are you serious, Máire? In troth, it is not right for you to make fun of me to-day and a load on my heart."

"It is not making fun of you I am, maiseadh. I have my mind made up to stay with you, whether you are rich or poor, or however long we must wait for each other."

Peadar would not believe his own ears.

"It is making fun of me you are, I am thinking."

"It is not indeed! I would not do the like on you for the world."

"I believe you now, indeed! But I don't understand the story a bit. What caused you this change of mind?"

"A vision I had last night, Peadar, or a dream, as you might say. I thought that you had become an old, contrary man, without energy in your limbs, or love to anyone in your heart. You were a comfortable fisherman here. I had come back from America. I had a silk cloak on me, and a hat beautifully decked with ribbons and such like things, with plenty of money in my purse and every kind of means in my possession. You were going up the lane near the graveyard when I was on my way home. I met you there, but you did not recognise me at all."

"'I am Máire Bhán,' I said. 'You are not,' you replied angrily; 'not you, indeed. Máire—my Máire—was a fine young girl; and what about you? A proud, ugly, old woman, titivated like a peacock in silken rags! You are not Máire Bhán indeed.'

"I looked down in a pool of water beside me, and that was the first time I noticed myself old and ugly. You were right."

"I am Máire Bhán," I said again.

"You looked at me then between the two eyes, and as long as I was with you you did not lift your eyes from me.

"So you say, but I don't believe," you said. "You are not the Máire I loved long ago. Down in the graveyard yonder I would rather her to be than to resemble you now. I don't know you at all." And saying that, you went off. I was



luom i 'bheit 'nád beit 'mar tura anoir: ní aithníim tú cor ar bit.' Agus 'gá pád rin, ar go brát leat. Unior págta im' donapán go brónac. Sin i an bpionglóir a bí agam: Nac airt-eac é?"

"Ní fuil tú ro' sean-bean fóir, a púin! Do b'ághmarac an bpionglóir dam-ra i, cibé rgeal é. Agus, an n-abrann tú, a Mháire, gur bpionglóir a tug ort panaet 'ra mbaile?"

Níor mear Máire gur ceart ói rgeal an Chneamáire d'innpint san ceao aici uair: Mar rin adubairt ri:—

"É rin agus puadai eile."

"Duirdeacar mór do Dha," arsa Peadar:

\* \* \* \* \*

"Nac mór an t-iongantair nac mbéiteá ag brait le do díol mná 'fagbail?" adubairt aair pheadair leir cúpla lá i n-a díaró rin. "Nac deap datamail an cailín i Máire Chatac, in-gean na baintreabáige tiar i gCionn an Bhaile?"

Chuir Peadar cluar le héirteac air féin. Dá mba gur tuit an spian anuas ar an rpeir ní cuirfead ré níor mó iongantair air

Ní raib ré i n-innim oipead le focal do pád:

"Tá ré i n-am do Chait, freirin, cur fúiti i n-ait ói féin. Ní pacad beirt máigirtreap le céile i n-éin-teac amáin. Cao é do mear ar mhac Uí Dhoonncáda: Ní fuil fóo talman aige, aet mar rin féin, 'ar ndó', ir breag láirir an buacail é. Daoine macánta a b'eao iad a feact rinnirir poime."

Níor féad Peadar focal do cur ar, agus níor tuis ré rtaio na ceirte cuige 'nád ar éan-cór: Go deimhin, níor tuis aet an oipead le ceap bróige, mar adéartá, aet dá mbíod ré do láirir 'ra reompa beag taoib tiar do'n éiríon rgeatam beag i n-a díaró rin ir dóca go dtuigfead ré an t-ionplán go dianmairt. Ir sean-focal é, agus ir ríor, go dtairbeánann tráitnin treó na gaoite.

Ar ball nuair do bí an t-aor óg tíor ar an Muirbeac, reo é an Cneamáire irteac cum aair pheadair agus mála aige i n-a láimh.

Seo é ag carraing lán a glaise do píoráib óir amac ar an mála, agus ag áiream trí píoró punnt ar an gclár or a comair, agus reo é fóir 'gá pád; agus é ag féadain go glinn géar ar an bfeair eile:

"Ní cuirfí Tomár Sheagáin Ruairí barr a méire paláige ar mo cúir airtio go deó. Dar fíad, ní cuirfí: Ir do'n spád agus do'n óige atáim 'gá tabairt:



left alone, deserted and in sadness. That is the dream I had. Is it not strange?"

"You are not an old woman yet, a ruin! It was a lucky dream for me anyhow. And, do you say, Máire, that it was a dream caused you to stay at home?"

Máire did not think herself justified in telling the Cneamhaire's story without leave from him; so she answered: "That and other things."

"Great thanks be to God!" said Peadar.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Isn't it a great wonder you wouldn't be looking out to get a wife to suit you," said Peadar's father to him a couple of days later. "Isn't Máire Chatach, the daughter of the widow over in Cronn-an-Bhaile, a nice, good-looking girl?"

Peadar set himself to listen. If the sun fell down out of the sky it would not surprise him more. He was unable to say as much as a word.

"It is time for Cáit, too, to settle down in a place of her own. Two mistresses would not go well together in one house. What do you think of young Mac Donnchadha? He has not a sod of land, but, even so, he is a fine, strong boy. Honest people they were, his seven generations before him."

Peadar could not get out a word, and he did not understand the state of the question at all. In truth, he did not, any more than a shoemaker's last, as one might say; but if he were present in the little room beyond the kitchen afterwards, it is likely that he would understand the whole matter right well. It is an old proverb, and it is a true one, which says that a straw shows how the wind blows.

By-and-by, when the young people were down in the muirbheach, the Cneamhaire comes in to Peadar's father and a bag in his hand.

He draws the full of his hand of gold pieces from the bag, and counting out sixty pounds on the table before him, he says, looking steadily and sharply at the other man:

"Tomás Sheaghán Ruaidhri will never put the top of his dirty finger on my money. By heavens, he'll not. It is to love and to youth I am giving it."

## AN UAIH.

SIOTA AR AN “NĠIOBLACÁN.”

(Ūirrgéal le tomár O n-Doṁa.)

“**Ūior** aḡ pḡacaint timceall oim an faid do bí pé aḡ caint, aḡ bḡeactnuḡaṁ ar an reompa aḡur an éaoi ‘n-a pail pé cupṁa le céile aḡur ‘ḡá fíapfuige im’ aigneao péin cá bḡuair pé na rḡsáin ar fao nuair toubairt pé:

“**Tá** tú aḡ déanam ionḡantair dem’ tḡaḡlaṁ aḡur dem’ aicill-tḡeact: **Ná**c tḡear-lámáṁ an tḡuine me?”

“‘**Seao**, ar m’ foca; aṁt cá bḡuair na rḡsáin ḡo léir? aḡur má’r uaim aṁa anro, ar nṁóis ní pail éin-cḡeal leir an mbṁtán ro i n-éan-cṁr.”

“**Inneorá**ṁ mire tḡuit ar ball; aṁt an mb’aic leat an uaim ar fao t’ fḡeicint?”

“**B’aic** liom,” arpa mire, “aṁt tá pé rṁó-luat fṁr an cṁr do éur fṁm.”

“**Ní’l**, ploc,” ar reirean, “com faoa ip tá pé reo aḡat,” aḡur tṁs pé maire cṁoire ó’n ḡcúinne aḡur rin pé cṁsam é.

“**Raḡamao**it amaṁ ḡo fṁill ḡo bḡeicirṁ tú mo rṁóḡaṁt-ra ar fao,” ar pé.

“**Aṁt** cá bḡuair an maire cṁoire?” arpa mire leir.

“**Cuip**ear le céile i an faid do bí tú iṁ cṁolaṁ. **ḡab** i leir anro anoir aḡur tabair aipe do’n cṁr.”

Tṁs pé an tḡuillreán ó’n mbṁro aḡur t’ orḡail pé tṁpar beaḡ tṁob leir an tḡeallaṁ aḡur éuaṁmar araon ipṁeac. **Ní** faa mé a leicéirṁ de paṁarc ó’n lá rṁḡaṁ me ḡo tṁt rin aḡur ní faa mé paṁarc mar é ó roin: **Bí** an reṁmpa beaḡ déanta ḡo tṁpeac ḡlan ar an ḡeaoi éaṁna i pail an ceann eile, aṁt do bí pé lionta ruar ḡo tṁt an tṁpar le harpailṁ de ḡac cineál, aḡur bíṁdar ḡo léir com ḡlan aḡur com roillreac roin ip ḡur baimeadar an paṁarc tṁim, naṁ mṁr, nuair do éuaṁar ipṁeac ar tṁr. **Bí**ṁdar ar cṁoacṁ aige ór cionn a céile ar na ballailṁ tṁar timceall an tṁeṁmpa com faoa ip bḡéirṁ leir rṁiḡe t’ fṁḡail tṁóib—ḡunnaí ḡearpa aḡur pṁrtail ḡo leṁr, aḡur a lán de élaíomṁtib aḡur de baigheicṁtib—aḡur bí cur eile aca cṁuaṁta i nḡrṁḡánaib ar an úrlar. **Bí** úirnéir beaḡ, inneṁin aḡur úirlir ḡabann i ḡcúinne, aḡur binnre aḡur úirlir rṁúinéara i ḡcúinne eile. **Bí** an fear aḡur an aic aḡ éirṁḡe níor aipṁḡe ḡac éan-nṁimint.

“**Ip** tṁóis liom ḡo bḡuilm fá ṁpaíṁdeact,” arpa mire, nuair do tṁḡar lán mo fṁl dé’n tṁeṁmpa.

“**Ní’lir**, maire, i n-éan-cṁr,” arpa an “**ḡioblaṁán**.”

## THE CAVERN.

From the Novel "An Gioblachán," by Tomás O h-Aodha,  
(*i.e.*, Thomas Hayes).

I WAS looking round me, while he was speaking, examining the room and the manner in which it was constructed, and asking myself in my own mind where did he get all the hayropes, when he said:

"You are making a wonder of my dwelling and of my skill. Am I not a handy man?"

"You are, on my word; but where did you get all the hayropes? And if this is a cavern, there was certainly no necessity for the cabin at all."

"I'll tell you by-and-by; but would you wish to see the cavern entirely?"

"I would, indeed," I said, "but it is too soon yet to put the foot under me."

"Not a bit," he replied, "while you have this," and he took a crutch from the corner and handed it to me.

"We shall go out awhile," he said, "until you see my entire kingdom."

"But where did you get the crutch?" I said to him.

"I put it together while you were asleep. Come hither now and take care of the foot."

He took the lamp from the table, opened a little door beside the hearth, and we both went in. I did not see a sight like what I saw since I was born till then, nor did I see a sight like it since. The little room was made exactly in the same way as the other one, but it was filled to the door with arms of every description, and they were all so clean and so bright that they almost dazzled me when I entered first. They were hanging above each other, on the walls round the room, as far as he could find room for them—muskets and pistols in plenty, and many swords and bayonets—and others were stacked in heaps on the floor. There was a little furnace, an anvil, and a smith's tools in one corner, and a bench and a joiner's tools in another corner. The man and the place were getting stranger every moment.

"I think I am under some enchantment," said I, when I had taken the full of my eye of the room.

"You are not, indeed," said the Gioblachán.

He took up one of the guns and rubbed it affectionately with his hand.

“Do tóg ré ruar ceann de na gunnaib agur do cuimil ré é go cineálta le n-a láim:

“féac,” ar peirean, “nac deap an úirlir i rin: Táinig sí ó Ameiocrá agur do cuirfeadh sí piléar tré duine nac mói míle ó baile; aet éirimíó an cúro eile aca arís: Sab i leir annro.”

D’forsaíl ré doiar eile agur bagair ré amac oim. Níor féadar mo lám o’ feircint bí ré com doirca poin. Níor cuim-nígear go rabamar inr an uaim agur nuair o’ féadar amac duibhar.

“Ué, nac doirca i an oirde!”

Leis an “Sioblacán” rmut gáire ar:

“Nac doirca i an oirde,” arpa gúc taob amuis díom: “há! há!” arpa gúc eile: Annroin do labair beirt nó tríúr eile i n-éinfeacht níor fuide amac, “Ué! nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—“nac”—“nac doirca”—“há! há!”—“an oirde”—“há! há! há!”—agur mar rin leó ag rsgirfeadh agur ag déanamh magsaib fúm go raib an áit lan ruar de gúcannaib. Dúodar tíor fúm, tuar or mo cionn, ar m’agair amac agur ar gac taob díom: O’ iméigeadar uaim i ndiaib a céile agur o’ írligeadar fá deirfeadh ar nór na raib ionnta aet riorarnac ag creataib i gcúinnib na huama.

Deir mire gur bain ré preab aram. Táinig rsgannrad oim ar otúr agur na diaib rin táinig iongantar agur uadbár an traosail oim, ar nór náir féadar corpuige ar an áit n-a rabar im fearam ar feadh cúig nóiminte. Do bagair an “Sioblacán” irteac oim.

“Mac-alla,” arpa mire, nuair bí an doiar dúnta aige:

“Seadh,” ar ré, “nac breag é?”

“Níor arigear riam poime reo éan-puó mar é aet éan-uair amáin; aet ní raib teact ruar ar bit leir reo aige. Tá an uaim go han-móir ir dóca.”

“Bí cinnte de rin: Táir io’ fearam anoir ar bhuac gáca uadbáraige agur má tá éan-órolac amáin ann, tá ré ór cionn míle trois i ndoimneacht. Ná téigir ró-fada amac nuair a beadh ag cairbeant na huama dúit, nó b’féidir go bfuigead dúdán io’ ceann; coinnis taob tíar díom-ra agur ní beir baogal ar bit ort.”

Tóg ré rúreós giunaire agur cuir ré rgoilt beag na héadan le tuais. Annroin fuair ré rop barrais agur pocruis ré irteac ran rgoilt é agur ear ré an barrac i mbacall mar beadh méarós ar barr na rúreóige. Nuair bí ré pocruisge go daingean aige, túm ré an rúreós agur an barrac i bpota ola agur o’fás ré ann iad go raib an ola rúisge irteac go maic ionnta. Tuair fá ndeara lom-láirfeadh go raib ré ag déanamh cóirre cun na huama do cairbeant dam:



"Look," said he, "is not that a pretty tool? It came from America, and it would put a bullet through a person almost a mile from home; but we'll see the remainder again. Come over here."

He opened another door, and he motioned me out. I could not see my hand it was so dark. I did not recollect that we were in a cavern when I looked out, and I said:

"Ugh! is it not a dark night?"

The Gioblachán let a little laugh out of him.

"Is it not a dark night!" said a voice outside me. "Ha! ha!" said another voice. Then two or three spoke together further out. "Ugh! is it not"—"Ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"Is it not"—"Is it not a dark"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—"night"—"Ha! ha! ha!"—and so on with them, mimicking and making fun of me till the place was filled with voices. They were beneath me and over my head; they were directly in front of me and on both sides. They faded away one after the other, and they lowered at last so that there was not in them but a whisper, trembling in the corners of the cavern.

I say that I was startled. Fright came on me at first, and afterwards the wonder and awe of the world came on me, so that I could not stir from the place in which I was standing for five minutes. The Gioblachán beckoned me inside.

"An echo," said I, when he had closed the door.

"Yes," said he, "is it not fine?"

"I never before heard anything like it except once, but it could not come near this at all. The cavern is very large, I suppose."

"Be sure of that. You are standing now on the brink of an awful chasm, and if it's an inch, it's over a thousand feet in depth. Do not go too far out when I am showing you the cavern, or perhaps you might get a reeling in your head. Keep behind me and there will be no fear of you."

He took a chip of pinewood, and put a split in its end with a hatchet. Then he got a wisp of tow and fixed it into the split, and twisted it into a knob just like a ball on the top of the chip. When it was firmly fixed, he dipped the chip and the tow into a pot of oil, and left them there until the oil was well soaked into them. I observed directly that he was making a torch in order to show me the cavern.

"This will give us sufficient light now," he said, and he



“Tiuðraíð ré seo rolar ar ndóchtaint dúinn anoir,” ar ré, agus cuir ré teine leir. Cuadmar amac go bhuac na gága arís. Sác cor do cuireamar dúinn do cuir an mac-alla preasra ear air eugáinn. O’ áruis an “Sioblaacán” an tóirpe ór a cionn ar nór go bfuiginn raðaric maíe ar an uaim, agus do fear ré go dána amac ar bhuac an puill. Ní déanfaínn féin é dá bfuiginn míle púnt; áct, ar ndóig, mar aoir an sean-focal—“Neatn na taíteise méaduißeann ré an tarceuirne.”

Cé go dtug an tóirpe rolar breas uair níor féadar ruo ar bit o’ feircint áct aindín roinnt beas de’n carraigis ór mo cionn agus ar sác taob’ díom. Amac uainn ní raib ann áct dorcadar trom tiug agus ír dóig liom féin náir deín an tóirpe áct é do méaduigad. Bí ré com tiug roin sup raollear go mb’ féidir liom é gearraí le rgin, no mām de tógaint im’ láim. Bíor as riarruige díom féin, an raio do bíor as féadaint amac, cat do bí roluighe taob’ ear de’n dorcadar, agus do bí ré com diaimair gráineamail rin sup cuir ré uaébar im’ éiríde.

“Ní’l iomarca le feircint amac uainn no taob’ ear dúinn,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “áct tarbeánraíð mé dúit anoir doimneact an puill.” Cuair ré ar a glúimib.

“Luis ríor agus tarraing amac go bhuac na cairrige,” ar feirean, “táim eun an tóirpe do cáiteam ríor.”

Luirear ríor mar o’ óruis ré agus óruidear amac go hairéac go raib mo céann ear bhuac na gága. Do deín ré féin an ruo céadna. Cáit ré an tóirpe amac uair agus ríor agus ríor leir trío an dorcadar. Bíor as brae sác éan-nóimint go mbuail-fead ré an tóin áct níor buail; agus níor tarbeán ré éan-ruo dúinn. Bíor as raire arí go dtí ná raib ann áct rpréac. Táimis pian im’ fáilib agus dúdán im’ céann ó beir as féadaint air, agus do éiríear go ríor. Fá deiread do cáilleamar raðaric arí ar fáo.

“Anoir, cat deir tú,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ éluair nuair bí an tóirpe iméighe ar raðaric.

“Leis dam go fóill,” arra míre, “go scuipíð mé leitead na cairrige roir mé féin agus an poll uaébaraé úo.” Agus do cuadar as lapaóail irteac ran mboctán: Ní leisfead an eagla dām éirge im’ fearam go raðar ircis, agus bíor mar dúine do bead i n-áiríde ar luarsán. Táimis an “Sioblaacán” irteac im’ duiad agus dún ré an dorar.

“Ír airdeac agus ír millteac an áit í seo,” arra míre, “agus tá greim im’ éiríde le huabár.”

“Bíor féin mar rin ar dtúr,” ar’ an “Sioblaacán,” “agus í brao níor meara ná tá turá anoir, mar ír beas náir cuitear irteac ar mullac mo cionn ran gás an tarra huair do tángar

set fire to it. We went out to the brink of the chasm again. Every stir we made the echo sent us back an answer. The Gioblachán raised the torch over his head, so as that I would get a good view of the cavern, and he stood out boldly on the edge of the chasm. I would not do it myself if I got a thousand pounds; but, no doubt, as the proverb says, "Familiarity breeds contempt."

Though the torch gave fine light, I could not see a thing, except a portion of the rock above me and at each side. Out from us there was nothing but a heavy, thick darkness, and I believe myself the torch only increased it. It was so dense that I thought it possible to cut it with a knife, or to take a handful of it in my hand. I was asking myself while I was looking out what was hidden behind the darkness; for it was so hideously gloomy that it filled my heart with terror.

"There is not much to be seen in front of us or above us," said the Gioblachán; "but I shall show you the depth of the chasm now."

He went on his knees.

"Lie down and draw out to the edge of the rock," said he "I am about to fling down the torch."

I lay down as he ordered, and moved out carefully till my head was over the brink of the chasm. He did the same thing himself. He threw the torch out from him and down, down with it through the darkness. I was expecting every moment that it would strike the bottom, but it did not, and it showed us nothing. I was watching it till there was in it but a spark. A pain came in my eyes and a reeling in my head from being looking at it, and I trembled to the marrow. At last we lost sight of it altogether.

"Now what do you say?" said the Gioblachán into my ear when the torch had disappeared.

"Let me be awhile," said I, "until I put the breadth of the rock between myself and that dreadful hole," and I went crawling into the cabin. The fear would not allow me to rise until I was inside, and I felt like one who would be on a swing. The Gioblachán came in after me and shut the door.

"This is a strange and dreadful place," I said, "and there is a 'lite' in my heart with terror."

"I was like that first," said the Gioblachán, "and far worse than you are now, for it is little but I fell head foremost into the chasm the second time I came here; but I am used to it now and do not mind it."

annro; aét tá taitige ašam air anoir ašur ní cuirim ruim ar bit ann."

Tós ré anuar bóga ašur raišeao do bí aige ran mbočán aš o.  
rá

"Tairbeánfaió mé le:teao na gága duit anoir."

Fuair ré máim bairraiš ašur éar ré ar bíor na raišoe é ašur deim ré cóirre de mar do deim ré de'n trípereóis poime rin. Nuair bí a dótaint ola rúigte aš an mbairrac, do cuir ré teine leir ašur d'oršail ré an doirar. "féac amac anoir," ar ré ašur ršaoil ré uair é trío an doiréaoir leir an mbóga. Cuair an traišeao ašur an rop bairraiš ar lapaó go foillreac amac, b'féoiri céao rlat, šan an taoó éall do bualaó; ašur annpoin do élaonuiš ré ríor i ndiair a éile ašur tuit ré mar do tuit an cóirre, ašur i šceann tamail do rluigeao i ndoimneac na gága é šan éan-puo do tairbeánt dúinn. Ní mirre a ráó šur méaoiúš ré reo an méao ionšantair do bí im' érioe céana:

Cuir ré ríol taoó amuiš de'n doirar. "Šuir ríor annro go ríol," ar reiréan, "go šcuirfíó tú aítne ar an šcuiréacšain a bíonn annro ašam go minic."

### an mac alla:

Rug ré ar éeann de na gunnaib ašur cuir ré piléir ann: Sul a raib a ríor ašam cao do bí gá déanaim aige d' áiruiš ré an gunna ašur éait ré uréar ar.

"Comraige Dé eušainn," aira mire, ašur do ppreabar im fearam leir an ngeit do bain ré aram. Šaoilear go raib an rliab aš tuitim irteac opainn. D'éiruiš an mac alla mar blaóm cóirniše, ašur bí an fuaim éom huatbárac poin šur mócuigear an éarraiš aš ériúeo rúm. D'iméiš ré uainn ašur éainiš ré ar air airí ašur airí eile, ar nóš šur b'éigin šam mo méaraca do éur im' éluaraiš éun an "ruaille buaille" do congšáile amac. Ar otúr bí ré éom borb bagarác leir an cóirniš; annpoin bí ré go šarb šlušarac ra mar beao fuaim na fairriše aš bpireao go tróm ar éloéar tráša; ašur n-a óiaró rin bí ré an-éoramail leir an éfuaim do tuicpao ó élaroe aš tuitim, no ó trpucaillib do beao aš gabail éar bóéar šarb; ašur trío an époérom ašur an trurcar go léir éainiš eušainn fuaim mar pléaršao gunnai móir i érao uainn. Éait an "Šioblaéan" a dó nó a trí d'uréaraiš eile ašur bí ponn air leanašaint do'n šnó, aét d'iarrar air a éabairt ruar. Bí an mac alla go han-éreaoš ar rao aét bí mo dótaint ašam de an uair rin go háiríte. Aét ní

He took down a bow-and-arrow, which he had in the cabin, saying :

“I shall show you the breadth of the chasm now.”

He got a handful of tow, and wound it round the point of the arrow, and made a torch of it, as he did of the pinewood chip previously. When it had soaked a sufficient quantity of oil he set fire to it, and opened the door.

“Look out now,” said he, and he sent the torch away through the darkness by means of the bow. The arrow, with the wisp of tow lighting brightly, went out, perhaps, a hundred yards without striking the other side; then it inclined downwards gradually, and fell as the torch did, and after awhile it was swallowed in the depths of the chasm without showing anything to us. It is unnecessary to say that this increased the wonder which was already in my heart.

He placed a stool outside the door.

“Sit down here awhile,” said he, “until you make the acquaintance of the company I have, often here.”

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## THE ECHO.

FROM “AN GIOBLACHÁN,” BY THOMAS HAYES.

He took one of the guns and put a cartridge in it. Before I knew what he was about he raised the gun and fired a shot.

“The protection of God to us!” said I, and I jumped to my feet with the start he gave me. I thought the mountain was falling in on us. The echo arose like a burst of thunder, and the sound was so awful that I felt the rock trembling beneath me. It faded away and came back, again and again, so that it was necessary for me to put my fingers in my ears to keep out the roar of it. At first it was as fiercely threatening as thunder, then it was roughly rumbling, just like the sound of the sea breaking heavily on a stony shore, and afterwards it closely resembled the sound that would arise from the falling of a dry wall, or from carts going over a rough road; and through all the clamour and confusion came a noise like the explosion of big guns far away. The Gioblachán fired two or three other shots, and he was inclined to continue the business, but I asked him to desist. The echo was very fine indeed, but I had got quite enough of it, for this time at all



faib an “Sioblaacán” fáirta fóir: Tós ré anuar fíoil bí ar crioctad, de’n balla, agus cúir ré i gcóir i.

“An taitneann ceól leat?” ar reirean:

“Taitneann go maí,” arfa mife, “tá rpéir móir agam ann i gcomnuide.”

“Má’r mar rin atá an rgeál,” ar ré, “geobair tú ceól anoir nó riain.”

“Má tá ré mar an ceól do tug an mac alla uair ó éianair ná bac leir.”

“Éir,” ar reirean, as leigint gáire ar, “agus tabair do bpeit nuair táim criochnuigte.”

Tornuig ré as reinn, agus dá mbéinn as caint go ceann reáct-maine ní féadfaínn tuaragbáil ceart do tabairt ar an gcomhfeinn d’éirig ran uaim. B’áluinn an beirleatdóir an “Sioblaacán” agus bí ré ’n-a cúmar, “ó neart na taitige,” ir dóca, ceól do buaint ar an mac alla com maí leir an bpeit: Dá mbead gac éin-gléar ceól i n-éirinn bailigte irteac i n-éan-halla amáin agus iad go léir ar riubal i n-éirfeact, ní féadfaí ríad ceól níor binne ná níor áilne ná níor taitneamáige do tabairt uata ná an ceól do tug an fíoil agus an mac alla dúinn an oirde úo: Tós ré an crioide agus an t-anam aram. Níor mothuigear pian ná tuirpe ná eagla ná éinnid eile act amáin doibnear agus ráram aignid an fáir do bí an “Sioblaacán” as reinn agus d’ fanfaínn annroin as éirteact leir ar fead lae agus oirde gan beir tuirfeac de.

Nuair bí ré fáirta cúir ré uair an fíoil agus tornuig ré as caint ar ceól na héireann agus bí cúir ríor móir agáinn mar gheall air. Cainteóir áluinn dob’ ead an “Sioblaacán” agus b’ait leat beir as éirteact leir. Ba líomta agus ba léigeannta na rmaointe do bí aige agus do tuit an gaeóilg ó n-a beal com blaró le ceól. Ní faib ré dall ar éinnid. Do bíor as rmaointeam, anoir agus aríir, an fáir do bí ré as caint, ar an gcaoi ’na faib ré as caiteam a dóca aimpire agus as riarpuige díom réin cao é an fáit bí leir. Bíor veimneac go faib ré leat-éadcpom agus gur b’in é an éiall go faib ré as imteact, mar a déarfá, le haer an tpaogail agus as cúir a muinéil i gcontabairt; act ní faib ríor agam an uair rin ar an méir ar éuair ré ríio.

Níor leig ré dam dul ro-fada leir na rmaointib reo mar éarpaing ré cúige feadós agus tornuig ré as reinn uirri. Dá feabair an ceól do buain ré ar an bpeit, b’feair ná rin react n-uair an ceól do buain ré ar an bpeadós. Do fáruig ré ar gac uile nio d’airuigeir ruar go tci rin. Ní tiubraó éantait na cruinne dá mberóir go léir ’ran uaim as cantain le céile ceól

events. But he was not satisfied yet. He took down a fiddle which was hanging on the wall, and got it ready.

"Do you like music?" said he.

"I do, well," I said. "I always take a great delight in it."

"If that is so," said he, "you'll get music now or never."

"If it is like the music which the echo gave us awhile ago, do not mind it."

"Listen," said he, laughing, "and pass judgment when I am finished."

He began playing, and if I were speaking for a week, I could not give a proper description of the harmony which arose in the cavern. The Gioblachán was a splendid violinist, and he was able, from experience I suppose, to take music from the echo as well as from the violin. If every musical instrument in Ireland was gathered into one great hall, and that they were all playing together, they could not give sweeter, nor more beautiful, nor more delightful, music than the fiddle and the echo gave us that night. It lifted the heart and soul out of me. I felt no pain, no weariness, no fear, no anything but delight and satisfaction of mind, while the Gioblachán was playing, and I would stay there listening to him for a day and a night without being tired.

When he was satisfied he put aside the violin, and began to talk about the music of Ireland, and we had a long chat about it. The Gioblachán was a splendid speaker, and you would like to be listening to him. His ideas and thoughts were refined and learned, and the Irish fell from his lips as sweetly as music. He was not ignorant about anything. I was thinking, now and again, while he was speaking, of the way in which he was spending his time, and asking myself what was the reason for it. I was certain that he was half crazy, and that was why he was drifting, as you might say, with the winds of the world, and putting his neck in danger; but I had no knowledge then of all he had suffered.

He did not let me go too far with those thoughts, for he drew out a flute and began playing on it. Though excellent the music which he extracted from the fiddle, the music which he took from the flute was seven times better. It excelled everything I had heard till then. All the birds of the universe, if they were gathered in the cavern singing together, could not give more heavenly or more delectable music. The flute brought out the echo far better than anything else.

níor neamhda ná níor doibne uata: 'Do tug an fearógs an mac alla amac i bpaó níor fearr agus níor binne ná éan-puó eile:

"Cad veir tú leir rin?" ar' an "Sioblaéán" nuair r'ghur ré dá feinneamaint:

"Ní fearóar fóir," ar'ra mire, "ná fuilim fá dhaoibneáct. Tá mbeinn as caint ar fearó lae agus bliadóna, ní fearófaínn a innhínt duic an méadó doibhíur agus taitnínn agus páraim éiríde do tug an ceól úo dam: Níl éin-teaéct ruar leat."

"Ná bac leir an bplámáir anoir," ar' an "Sioblaéán."

"Nílim as plámáir i n-éan-cóir," ar'ra mire, aéct b'féiríur gur éirte dam a páo ná fuil éin teaéct ruar le deaplámaéct an "fíir i n-áirde."

"Tá tú as caint go ciallmáir anoir," ar reirean, as cur r'ghairte ar.

"b'féiríur é," ar'ra mire, "aéct bíor cún a páo nuair bíor as éirteaéct leat—"

"Agus leir an mac alla," ar reirean:

"Agus leir an mac alla, ar eagla an plámáir—do cuir ré i n-uimhail dam an tuarpargbáil do léigear agus do cular go minic i dtaob ceóil na n-áingéal ir na flaitir."

"Nílim éiríde nuigéte i n-éan-cóir fóir," ar reirean, agus d'éiríur ré 'n-a fearaínn.

Tórnúis ré as amháin. Bí gur breas fonnmaí ceólmáir as an "nSioblaéán" agus níor cáil re éanpuó i dtaob veit iréis ran uaim. Ní fearóar féin cia aca do b'fearr cún an mac alla do tabairt amac—an fíoil, an fearógs nó gur an "Sioblaéán"—nó cia aca a raib an bairr aige i gcóimpeinn; aéct ir dóis liom gur páruis an gur orra go léir. Cular trí céadó daoine as gabáil amháin i n-éinpeaéct éan-uair amáin i halla móir i m'baile-áda-Cliac; aéct cé go raib an ceól agus an cóimpeinn go han-breag ar fáo, ní raib éin-teaéct ruar aige le ceól an "Sioblaéán" nuair tug ré uair "An Raib tú as an gCarraig," agus nuair do bí an mac alla agus an dóir do cuir ré ruar ran uaim as curteaéctain leir:

"What do you say to that?" said the Gioblachán, when he ceased playing.

"I don't know yet, but I am under some spell," said I. "If I were talking for a year and a day, I could not describe to you the amount of pleasure, and delight, and satisfaction of heart, that music gave me. There is no coming near you."

"Do not mind the flattery now," said the Gioblachán.

"I am not flattering at all," I said; "but perhaps it would be more correct to say there is no coming near the handiwork of the Creator."

"You are talking sensibly now," he said, laughing.

"Perhaps so," said I; "but I was about to say when I was listening to you—"

"And to the echo," he said.

"And to the echo—to guard against flattery—it reminded me of the descriptions which I often read and heard about the angel music in heaven."

"I am not finished at all yet," he said, and he stood up.

He began to sing. The Gioblachán had a fine resonant musical voice, and it lost nothing by being in the cavern. I do not know which of them was the best to bring out the echo—the violin, the flute, or the Gioblachán's voice—or which of them excelled in harmony; but I think his singing surpassed the others. I heard three hundred people singing together in a great hall in Dublin at one time, but though the music and the harmony were very, very fine, they could not come near the Gioblachán's singing when he rendered "Were You at the Rock," and when the echo and the musical murmur which he aroused in the cavern were accompanying him.



## C A S A D Æ A N T S U G Á I N .

## D R A M A A O N - G h n í m :

NA D A O I N E :—

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN, fite Connacáe atá ar feachán.  
MÁIRE NÍ RÍOGÁIN, bean an tige.

ÚNA, inígean Máire:

SÉAMUS O h-ANRÁIN, atá luaithe le Úna:

SÍGLE, cómarra do Máire:

Piobaire, cómaranna agus daoine eile:

ÁIT.—

Teac feilméir i gCúige Múman céad bliadhán ó fóin. Tá píobaire agus mná agus tuisoirí a déile in gan tige, no 'na fearaí coir na mballa, amail agus dá mbeir dampra criochnuighe acas. Tá Tomás O h-Annrácin agus caint le Úna i bpiobaire na rtaíde. Tá an piobaire agus pársa a piobaire air, le toruagáir ar feinn arís, áit do beir Séamús O h-Anráin deo d'úige; agus rannann fé. Tagann fear ós go h-Úna le h-a tabairt amac ar an uirlár cum dampra, áit d'úiltann sí d'ó:

ÚNA.—Ná bí m'boobuagáir anoir: Nac bfeiceann tú go bfuil mé agus éirteac le h-a bfuil feirean d'a ráb liom. !Leir an h-Annrácinac: lean leat, cas é rin do bí tú 'ráb ar ball?

TOMÁS O h-ANNRÁCÁIN.—Cas é do bí an boocac rin d'a iarrair óir?

ÚNA.—Ag iarrair dampra oim, do bí fé, áit ní tiúbairinn d'ó é:

MÁC UÍ h-ANIN.—Ir cinnte nac d'úiltac. Ir d'óig, ní meapann tú go leirinn-re do d'úine ar bit dampra leat, com fáir agus tá mife ann ro. Á! a Úna, ní raib rólár ná rócamaíl agam le fáir go d'áinig mé ann ro anóc agus go b'facaíl mé tura!

ÚNA.—Cas é an rólár duit mife?

MÁC UÍ h-ANIN.—Nuair atá mairde leat-d'óighe in gan teime, nac b'fáirinn fé rólár nuair d'óirtear uirge air?

ÚNA.—Ir d'óig, ní'l tura leat-d'óighe.

MÁC UÍ h-ANIN.—Tá mé, agus tá trí ceatramna de mo éiride, d'óighe agus loirghe agus caitte, agus troir leir an rógal, agus an rógal agus troir liom-ra:

ÚNA.—Ní féacann tú com dona rin!

MÁC UÍ h-ANIN.—Ué! a Úna ní Ríogáin, ní'l don eólar agas-ra ar beata an báir boicé, atá gan teac gan téagar gan tóg-

## THE TWISTING OF THE ROPE.

HANRAHAN.—*A wandering poet.*

SHEAMUS O'HERAN.—*Engaged to OONA.*

MAURYA.—*The woman of the house.*

SHEELA.—*A neighbor.*

OONA.—*Maurya's daughter.*

*Neighbors and a piper who have come to Maurya's house for a dance.*

SCENE.—*A farmer's house in Munster a hundred years ago. Men and women moving about and standing round the wall as if they had just finished a dance. HANRAHAN, in the foreground, talking to OONA.*

*The piper is beginning a preparatory drone for another dance, but SHEAMUS brings him a drink and he stops. A man has come and holds out his hand to OONA, as if to lead her out, but she pushes him away.*

OONA.—Don't be bothering me now ; don't you see I'm listening to what he is saying. [*To HANRAHAN*] Go on with what you were saying just now.

HANRAHAN.—What did that fellow want of you ?

OONA.—He wanted the next dance with me, but I wouldn't give it to him.

HANRAHAN.—And why would you give it to him ? Do you think I'd let you dance with anyone but myself as long as I am here. Ah, Oona, I had no comfort or satisfaction this long time until I came here to-night, and till I saw yourself.

OONA.—What comfort am I to you ?

HANRAHAN.—When a stick is half-burned in the fire, does it not get comfort when water is poured on it ?

OONA.—But sure, you are not half-burned ?

HANRAHAN.—I am, and three-quarters of my heart is burned, and scorched and consumed, struggling with the world and the world struggling with me.

OONA.—You don't look that bad.

HANRAHAN.—Oh, Oona ni Regaun, you have not knowledge of the life of a poor bard, without house or home or havings,

b'ar, aét é a*g* imteae*ct* a*g*ur a*g* ríor-imteae*ct* le fá*n* a*g* fuo*an* an trao*gail* mói*ri*, *gan* duine a*g* bi*ct* lei*ri* aét é féin. Ní'l maidin in fan treae*ct*ma*in* nuai*ri* éi*ri*u*gim* fuar na*ct* n-abraim liom féin go mb'feairi d*am* an uai*g* 'ná an reae*ri*án. Ní'l don fuo a*g* reapa*in* d*am* aét an bponntanur do fuai*ri* mé ó Dia—mo cuio a*h*rá*n*: Nuai*ri* topa*igim* o*ppa* rin, im*ti*geann mo b*ri*ón a*g*ur mo bua*ri*peaó d*iom*, a*g*ur ní cuim*ni*u*gim* níor mó a*g* mo g*éar*-é*rá*ó a*g*ur a*g* mo mí-aó. A*g*ur anoir, ó conaie mé t*ura*, a úna, éim go bfuil fuo eile ann, níor binne 'ná na h-a*h*ráin féin!

ÚNA.—Ír ionganta*ct* an bponntanur ó Dia an b*á*ruigea*ct*. Com paó a*g*ur tá rin a*g*ao na*ct* bfuil tú níor pa*ri*ó*ppa* na lu*ct* r*uic* a*g*ur r*uic*, lu*ct* bó a*g*ur eal a*ig*.

MAC UÍ h-ANIL.—A! a úna, ír mói an beanna*ct* aét ír mói an ma la*ct*, lei*ri*, do duine é do be*ct* 'na b*á*ro. Feuc m*re*! bfuil capaio a*g*am a*g* an ra*o*g*al* ro? Bfuil fear b ó a*g* ma*it* lei*ri* mé? Bfuil g*rá*ó a*g* duine a*g* bi*ct* o*ppa*? Bim a*g* imteae*ct*, mo caóan bo*ct* don*rá*na*ct*, a*g* fuo an trao*gail*, ma*g* Oir*in* an*ti*a*ig* na féinne. Bionn fuat a*g* h-uile duine o*ppa*, ní'l fuat a*g*ao-ra o*ppa*, a úna?

ÚNA.—Ná h-abair fuo ma*g* rin, ní féoi*ri* go bfuil fuat a*g* duine a*g* bi*ct* o*ppa*.

MAC UÍ h-ANIL.—Tar liom a*g*ur fuo*ri*u*gim* i gcuinne an t*ig*e le céile, a*g*ur d*éar*paó mé d*uic* an t-a*h*rá*n* do pinne mé d*uic*. Ír o*ppa* ra pinnear é.

[Im*ti*geann r*uic* go t*uic* an coirneull ír pa*ri*o*ppa* ón r*uic*, a*g*ur fuo*de*ann r*uic* anaie le céile.]

[T*ig* Sí*g*le a*re*a*ct*.]

SÍ*g*LE.—Táim*g* mé cu*g*ao com luat a*g*ur o'feuo mé:

MÁIRE.—C*éar* páilte r*uic*mao:

SÍ*g*LE.—Caó tá a*g* r*uic*b*al* a*g* o anoir?

MÁIRE.—A*g* to*pu*g*ao* a*ct*ámuio. B*í* don po*ppa* amáin a*g*ainn, a*g*ur anoir tá an piobaie a*g* ól t*ig*e. To*pu*c*ao* an d*am*pa a*g*ur nuai*ri* b*éir*dear an piobaie p*éir*o.

SÍ*g*LE.—Tá na d*ao*ine a*g* b*ail*u*g*ao a*re*a*ct* go ma*it*, b*éir*o d*am*pa b*re*á*g* a*g*ainn.

MÁIRE.—B*éir*o a Sí*g*le, aét tá fear aca ann a*g*ur b'feairi liom amu*g* ná a*re*a*ct* é! Feuc é.

SÍ*g*LE.—Ír a*g* an b*re*ar paó d*onn* a*ct*á tú a*g* caint, na*ct* eao? An fear rin a*ct*á a*g* com*rá*ó com d*uic* rin le úna in fan gcoirneull anoir. Cá'r b'ar é, no cia h-é féin?

MÁIRE.—Sin é an r*g*h*air*te ír mó táim*g* i n-éi*ri*u*gim* a*g*am, Tomá*g* O h-An*ra*caáin cu*g*ann r*uic* a*g*, aét Tomá*g* Ró*g*aipe buó coir do b*air*teaó a*g*, i g*éar*te. Óra! na*ct* paó an mí-aó o*ppa*, é do tea*ct* a*re*a*ct* cu*g*ainn, coir a*g* bi*ct*, ano*ct*!

but he going and ever going a-drifting through the wide world, without a person with him but himself. There is not a morning in the week when I rise up that I do not say to myself that it would be better to be in the grave than to be wandering. There is nothing standing to me but the gift I got from God, my share of songs; when I begin upon them, my grief and my trouble go from me, I forget my persecution and my ill luck, and now, since I saw you Oona, I see there something that is better even than the songs.

OONA.—Poetry is a wonderful gift from God, and as long as you have that, you are more rich than the people of stock and store, the people of cows and cattle.

HANRAHAN.—Ah, Oona, it is a great blessing, but it is a great curse as well for a man, he to be a poet. Look at me! have I a friend in this world? Is there a man alive who has a wish for me, is there the love of anyone at all on me? I am going like a poor lonely barnacle goose throughout the world; like Usheen after the Fenians; every person hates me. You do not hate me, Oona?

OONA.—Do not say a thing like that; it is impossible that anyone would hate you.

HANRAHAN.—Come and we will sit in the corner of the room together, and I will tell you the little song I made for you: it is for you I made it. [*They go to a corner and sit down together. SHEELA comes in at the door.*]

SHEELA.—I came to you as quick as I could.

MAURYA.—And a hundred welcomes to you.

SHEELA.—What have you going on now?

MAURYA.—Beginning we are; we had one jig, and now the piper is drinking a glass. They'll begin dancing again in a minute when the piper is ready.

SHEELA.—There are a good many people gathering in to you to-night. We will have a fine dance.

MAURYA.—Maybe so, Sheela, but there's a man of them there, and I'd sooner him out than in.

SHEELA.—It's about the long brown man you are talking, isn't it? The man that is in close talk with Oona in the corner. Where is he from and who is he himself?

MAURYA.—That's the greatest vagabond ever came into Ireland; Tumaus Hanrahan they call him, but it's Hanrahan the rogue he ought to have been christened by right. Aurah, wasn't there the misfortune on me, him to come in to us at all to-night.



**SÍGLE.**—Cia'n fóirt duine é? Nac feara déanta abhán ar Connacetaib é? Cúalaib mé caint air, céana, agus veir ríad nac bfuil damróir eile i n-Eirinn com maith leir: buí maith liom a feicint as dampra.

**MÁIRE.**—Sráin go deó ar an mbiteamhac! Tá'r agam-ra go rí maith cia 'n cineál atá ann, mar bí fóirt captanair roir é féin agus an céad-feara do bí agam-ra, agus ip minic cúalaib mé ó Diarmuid boét (go ndéanaib Dia trócaire air!) cia 'n fóirt duine bí ann. Bí ré 'na máisiririr rgoile, fíor i gConnacetaib, áct bíod h-uile cleas aige buí meara ná a céi e. As fíor-déanam abhán do bíod ré, agus as ól uirge beata, agus as cup imuir ar bun ameara na gcómarran le n-a cúro cainte. Veir ríad nac bfuil bean in rna cúis cúisib nac meallpaó ré. Ip meara é ná Dómnall na Sreine fao ó. Áct buí é veirpaó an rgeil gur ruais. n ragaic amac ar an bharráirte é ar fao. Fuair ré áit eile ann rin, áct lean ré do na clearrannaib céadna, gur ruaispaó amac aipir é, agus aipir eile, leir. Agus anoir ní' áit ná teac ná daoraib aige áct é veit as gabail na tíre, as déanam abhán agus as págail lóirtin na h-oirde ó na daoinib. Ní díul-tócaib duine ar bit é, mar tá faicéir orra poime. Ip móir an file é, agus b'éirir go ndéanpaó ré rann orr do gheamócaó go deó díut, dá gcuirpaó feara air.

**SÍGLE.**—Go bfuil Dia orrainn: Áct creao do tug arteaó anocht é?

**MÁIRE.**—Bí ré as tairteal na tíre, agus cúalaib ré go raib dampra le veit ann ro, agus táinib ré arteaó, mar bí eólar aige orrainn,—bí ré móir go leóir le mo céad-feara. Ip iongantac mar tá ré as déanam amac a flige-beata, com ar bit, agus san aige áct a cúro abhán: Veir ríad nac bfuil áit a paóib ré nac otugann na mná sráib, agus nac otugann na fip fuat do.

**SÍGLE** [as bveit ar gualainn máire].—Iompuib do céann, a máire, peuch é anoir; é féin agus o' ingean-ra, agus an dá itoigionn buailte ara céile: Tá ré tar éir abhán do déanam di, agus tá fé o'á múnac di as cogarpuib in a cluair. Óra, an biteamhac! beir ré as cup a cúro pirtmeós ar úna anoir.

**MÁIRE.**—Oé ón! go deó! Nac mi-ádamail táinib ré! Tá ré as caint le úna h-uile móimio ó táinib ré arteaó, trí uaire ó poin. Rinne mé mo díctioll le n-a rgaiaó ó céile, áct teir ré orr. Tá úna boét tugta do h-uile fóirt rean-abhán agus rean-páiméir de rgealtacib, agus ip binn leir an gceatúir veit as éirteaó leir; mar tá beal aige rin do bpeaspaó an rmoíac de'n éraoib: Tá'r agao go bfuil an póraó péirde rocruigte

SHEELA.—What sort of a person is he? Isn't he a man that makes songs, out of Connacht? I heard talk of him before, and they say there is not another dancer in Ireland so good as him. I would like to see him dance.

MAURYA.—Bad luck to the vagabond! It is well I know what sort he is, because there was a kind of friendship between himself and the first husband I had, and it's often I heard from poor Diarmuid—the Lord have mercy on him!—what sort of person he was. He was a schoolmaster down in Connacht, but he used to have every trick worse than another, ever making songs he used to be, and drinking whiskey and setting quarrels afoot among the neighbours with his share of talk. They say there isn't a woman in the five provinces that he wouldn't deceive. He is worse than Donal na Greina long ago. But the end of the story is that the priest routed him out of the parish altogether; he got another place then, and followed on at the same tricks until he was routed out again, and another again with it. Now he has neither place nor house nor anything, but he to be going the country, making songs and getting a night's lodging from the people. Nobody will refuse him, because they are afraid of him. He's a great poet, and maybe he'd make a rann on you that would stick to you for ever, if you were to anger him.

SHEELA.—God preserve us, but what brought him in to-night?

MAURYA.—He was traveling the country and he heard there was to be a dance here, and he came in because he knew us; he was rather great with my first husband. It is wonderful how he is making out his way of life at all, and he with nothing but his share of songs. They say that there is no place that he'll go to that the women don't love him and that the men don't hate him.

SHEELA (*catching MAURYA by the shoulder*).—Turn your head, Maurya, look at him now, himself and your daughter, and their heads together; he's whispering in her ear; he's after making a poem for her and he's whispering it in her ear. Oh, the villain, he'll be putting his spells on her now.

MAURYA.—Ohone, go deo! isn't a misfortune that he came? He's talking every moment with Oona since he came in three hours ago. I did my best to separate them from each other, but it failed me. Poor Oona is given up to every sort of old songs and old made-up stories, and she thinks it sweet to be listening to him. The marriage is settled between herself and

roirp ūna agus Séamur O h-Iapainn ann rin, náite ó'n lá inoird: feuc Séamur boct as an dorpur agus é as faire oipa. Tá bprón agus ceannpaoi air. I r púrur a feicint go mbuó máit le Séamur an rspairde rin do táctas an móimio reo. Tá faicéioir móir oim go mbéir an ceann iompuište ar ūna le n-a cúro blaodaireact. Com cinnite a' r tá mé beó, tiucparó oic ar an oirde reo.

SÍGLE.—Agur nac bpréapá a cúp amac?

MÁIRE.—O'péapainn; ní'l duine ann ro do cúroedóas leir, muna mbeir bean no dó. Áct ir pile móir é, agus tá mallact aise do rgoiltpeas na cpainn agus do réabpas na cloca. Deir rias go lobtann an riol in ran talam, agus go n-imtígeann a gcuro bainne ó na bat nuair tucann pile mar é rin a mallact dóib, má puaiseann duine ar an teac é. Áct dá mbeir ré amuis, uipe mo bannurde nac leirfínn arteach apir é.

SÍGLE.—Dá pacasó ré féin amac go toileamail. ní beir don bprig in a cúro mallact ann rin?

MÁIRE.—Ní beir. Áct ní pacasó ré amac go toileamail, agus ní tís liom-ra a puasasó amac ar eagla a mallact.

SÍGLE.—feuc Séamur boct. Tá ré dul anonn go h-ūna.

[Éirígeann Séamur 7 téirdeann ré go h-ūna.]

SÉAMUS.—An noamrócasó tú an píl reo liom-ra, a ūna; nuair béirdear an píobaire péir.

MAC UÍ h-ANN [as éirge].—Ir mire Tomár O h-Annpacáin, agus tá mé as labairt le ūna ní Riogáin anoir, agus com pas agus béirdear fonn uipe-re beir as caint liom-ra ní leirfó mé d'aon duine eile do teact eapainn.

SÉAMUS [gan aipe ar Mac Uí h-Annpacáin].—Nac noamrócasó tú liom, a ūna?

MAC UÍ h-ANN [go ríocmair].—Nár dubairt mé leat anoir gur liom-ra do bí ūna ní Riogáin as caint? Imtís leat ar an moimio, a bprais, agus ná tós clampar ann ro.

SÉAMUS.—a ūna—

MAC UÍ h-ANN [as béicir].—fás rin!

[Imtígeann Séamur agus tís ré go dtí an beirt fean-mnaoi.]

SÉAMUS.—a máire ní Riogáin, tá mé as iarrasó ceas opt-ra an rspairte mí-ádamail meirgeamail rin do caiteam amac ar an tís. Má leirgeann tú dam, cuirfó mire agus mo beirt deap-brácar amac é, agus nuair béirdear ré amuis rocpócasó mire leir,

Sheamus O'Herin there, a quarter from to-day. Look at poor Sheamus at the door, and he watching them. There is grief and hanging of the head on him; it's easy to see that he'd like to choke the vagabond this minute. I am greatly afraid that the head will be turned on Oona with his share of blathering. As sure as I am alive there will come evil out of this night.

SHEELA.—And couldn't you put him out?

MAURYA.—I could. There's no person here to help him unless there would be a woman or two: but he is a great poet, and he has a curse that would split the trees and that would burst the stones. They say the seed will rot in the ground and the milk go from the cows when a poet like him makes a curse, if a person routed him out of the house; but if he were once out, I'll go bail that I wouldn't let him in again.

SHEELA.—If himself were to go out willingly, there would be no virtue in his curse then?

MAURYA.—There would not, but he will not go out willingly, and I cannot rout him out myself for fear of his curse.

SHEELA.—Look at poor Sheamus. He is going over to her. [SHEAMUS gets up and goes over to her.]

SHEAMUS.—Will you dance this reel with me, Oona, as soon as the piper is ready?

HANRAHAN (*rising up*).—I am Tumaus Hanrahan, and I am speaking now to Oona ni Regaun, and as long as she is willing to be talking to me, I will allow no living person to come between us.

SHEAMUS (*without heeding HANRAHAN*).—Will you not dance with me, Oona?

HANRAHAN (*savagely*).—Didn't I tell you now that it was to me Oona ni Regaun was talking? Leave that on the spot, you clown, and do not raise a disturbance here.

SHEAMUS.—Oona——

HANRAHAN (*shouting*).—Leave that! (SHEAMUS goes away and comes over to the two old women).

SHEAMUS.—Maurya Regaun, I am asking permission of you to throw that ill-mannerly, drunken vagabond out of the house. Myself and my two brothers will put him out if you will allow us; and when he's outside I'll settle with him.



MÁIRE.—O! a Séamair, ná déan: Tá faicéir oim poime! Tá mallacé aige rin do rgoiltead na crainn, deir ríad:

SÉAMAS.—Iy cuma liom má tá mallacé aige do leasrad na rreápta: Iy oim-ra tuitiró pé, agus cuirim mo dúbhlán faoi. Tá marbhóad pé mé ar an móimio ní leigiró mé dó a cuio pír-treós do cup ar úna. A Máire, tabair 'm ceao:

SÍGLE.—Ná déan rin, a Séamuir, tá cómairle níor fearr 'ná rin agam-ra.

SÉAMUS.—Cia an cómairle i rin?

SÍGLE.—Tá rúge in mo ceann agam le n-a cup amac: Má leanann ríu-pe mo cómairle-pe raéaró pe féin amac com rocair le uan, o'a éoil féin, agus nuair geobairó ríu amuis é, buairó an doipur air, agus ná leigiró ardeac air go brát é.

MÁIRE.—Rac ó Dia oir, agus innir dam cao é tá in do ceann:

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoio é com deap agus com rimpl de agus connaic tú ariam: Cuirimio é ag carad rugán go bfuigimio amuis é, agus buairimio an doipur air ann rin.

MÁIRE.—Iy forur a ráo, acé ní forur a déanam. Déanraio pé leat “déan rugán, éu féin.”

SÍGLE.—Déanpamaoio, ann rin, nac bpaioó duine ar bit ann ro rugán féir ariam, nac bfuil duine ar bit an ran tig ar féoir leir ceann aca déanam.

SÉAMUS.—Acé an gceirtoiró pé ruo mar rin—nac bpaamar rugán riam?

SÍGLE.—An gceirtoiró pé, an eao? Ceirtoiró pé ruo ar bit, ceirtoiró pé go raib pé féin 'na rug ar éirinn nuair acá glaine ólta aige, mar acá anoir.

SÉAMUS.—Acé cao é an cpoiceann cuirfeap rinn ar an mbreig reo,—go bfuil rugán féir ag ceartál uainn?

MÁIRE.—Smuáin ar cpoicinn do cup air rin, a Séamuir.

SÉAMUS.—Déanraio mé go bfuil an gaot ag eirge agus go bfuil cúmoac an tige o'a rguabao leir an rtoirm, agus go gcairrimio rugán tarrainge air.

MÁIRE.—Acé má éirteann pé ag an doipur béiró fíor aige nac buil gaot ná rtoirm ann. Smuáin ar cpoicinn eile, a Séamuir.

SÍGLE.—Noir, tá an cómairle ceart agam-ra: Abair go

MAURYA.—Sheamus, do not; I am afraid of him. That man has a curse, they say, that would split the trees.

SHEAMUS.—I don't care if he had a curse that would overthrow the heavens; it is on me it will fall, and I defy him! If he were to kill me on the moment, I will not allow him to put his spells on Oona. Give me leave, Maurya.

SHEELA.—Do not, Sheamus. I have a better advice than that.

SHEAMUS.—What advice is that?

SHEELA.—I have a way in my head to put him out. If you follow my advice he will go out himself as quiet as a lamb, and when you get him out slap the door on him, and never let him in again.

MAURYA.—Luck from God on you, Sheela, and tell us what's in your head.

SHEELA.—We will do it as nice and easy as ever you saw. We will put him to twist a hay-rope till he is outside, and then we will shut the door on him.

SHEAMUS.—It's easy to say, but not easy to do. He will say to you, "Make a hay-rope yourself."

SHEELA.—We will say then that no one ever saw a hay-rope made, that there is no one at all in the house to make the beginning of it.

SHEAMUS.—But will *he* believe that we never saw a hay-rope?

SHEELA.—Believe it, is it? He'd believe anything; he'd believe that himself is king over Ireland when he has a glass taken, as he has now.

SHEAMUS.—But what excuse can we make for saying we want a hay-rope?

MAURYA.—Can't you think of something yourself, Sheamus?

SHEAMUS.—Sure I can say the wind is rising, and I must bind the thatch, or it will be off the house.

SHEELA.—But he'll know the wind is not rising if he does but listen at the door. You must think of some other excuse, Sheamus.

SHEAMUS.—Wait, I have a good idea now; say that there is

bhuil cóirte leagta ag bun an énuic, agus go bhuil ríad ag iarrairí rugáin leir an gcóirte do leasrugáid: ní féicfidh sé comradh rín ó'n dorpur, agus ní beirí síor aige naé síor é.

MÁIRE.—Sin é an ríéal, a Sígle. 'Noir, a Séamuir, gab imearsh na n-daoiné agus leis an rún leó. Inniir dóibh cad tá aca le ríad—naé b'fearaí duine ar b'í rian tír reo rugán féir riam—agus cuir eirícionn maí ar an mbéirí, tú féin.

[Imtígeann Séamuir ó duine go duine ag coşarnais leó. Toraisgeann cuid aca ag gáirí. Tagann an píobaire agus toraisgeann sé ag seinm. Éirígeann trí no ceathair de cúplaí, agus toraisgeann ríad ag damra. Imtígeann Séamur amach.]

MÁC UÍ N-ÁNN. [Ag éiríge tair éir a beir ag féadaint orra ar feara cúpla móimí.]—Pruit! rtopasaid! An t-ugann ríad damra ar an ríaparaíeadt rín! Tá ríad ag bualaí an uirláir mar beir an oiríad rín d'eallad. Tá ríad com t'iom lé builláin, agus com ciotaí le arail. Go t'adair mo píobán dá mb'feara liom beir ag féadaint orraib 'ná ar an oiríad rín laéain bacad, ag léimí ar leat-cóir ar fuo an t'íge! Fágaid an t-uirlár fá úna ní Ríogáin agus fúm-ra.

FEAR [atá tuit ag damra].—Agus cad fát a b'fárfamaoir an t-uirlár fút-ra?

MÁC UÍ N-ÁNN.—Tá an eala ar bhuad na toinne, tá an phoénier Ríogá, tá péarla an b'ollais báin, tá an b'énur amearsh na mban, tá úna ní Ríogáin ag fearaí ruar liom-ra, agus áit ar b'í a n-éirígeann ríre ruar úmliugeann an g'ealad agus an g'rian féin sí, agus úmliócaí ríad-re. Tá rí ríó áluinn agus ríó r'péiríamail le h-aon bean eile do beir 'na h-aice. Adt rian go fóil, ríad tairbeánaim daoib mar g'nídeann an buadail b'eadh Connadad rínnce, d'earraí mé an t-abrán daoib do rínnce mé do Reult Cúige Múman—o'úna ní Ríogáin. Éirí, a g'rian na mban, agus d'earraíam an t-abrán le céile, gac le b'earra, agus ann rín múníimí doib cad é ír rínnce ríreannad ann.

[Éirígeann ríad 7 g'adair abrán.]

MÁC UÍ N-ÁNN.

'Sí úna b'án, na g'ruaige buirde,

An cúlíonon 'érad in mo láir mo éiríde,

Ír íre mo rún, 'r mo éumann go buan,

Ír cuma liom éiríde bean adt í.

ÚNA:

A báirí na rúile duirde, ír tú

Fuar buair in rian r'ogal a' r'clú,

Soirim do béal, a' r' molaím tú féin,

Do éirí mo éiríde in mo éleib amúg.

a coach upset at the bottom of the hill, and that they are asking for a hay-rope to mend it with. He can't see as far as that from the door, and he won't know it's not true it is.

MAURYA.—That's the story, Sheela. Now, Sheamus, go among the people and tell them the secret. Tell them what they have to say, that no one at all in this country ever saw a hay-rope, and put a good skin on the lie yourself. (*SHEAMUS goes from person to person whispering to them and some of them begin laughing. The piper has begun playing. Three or four couples rise up.*)

HANRAHAN (*after looking at them for a couple of minutes*).—Whisht! Let ye sit down! Do ye call such dragging as that dancing? You are tramping the floor like so many cattle. You are as heavy as bullocks, as awkward as asses. May my throat be choked if I would not rather be looking at as many lame ducks hopping on one leg through the house. Leave the floor to Oona ni Regaun and to me.

ONE OF THE MEN GOING TO DANCE.—And for what would we leave the floor to you?

HANRAHAN.—The swan of the brink of the waves, the royal phoenix, the pearl of the white breast, the Venus amongst the women, Oona ni Regaun, is standing up with me, and any place where she rises up the sun and the moon bow to her, and so shall ye. She is too handsome, too sky-like for any other woman to be near her. But wait a while! Before I'll show you how the fine Connacht boy can dance, I will give you the poem I made on the star of the province of Munster, on Oona ni Regaun. Rise up, O sun among women, and we will sing the song together, verse about, and then we'll show them what right dancing is! (*OONA rises*).

HANRAHAN.—She is white Oona of the yellow hair,  
The Coolin that was destroying my heart inside me;  
She is my secret love and my lasting affection,  
I care not for ever for any woman but her.

OONA.—O bard of the black eye, it is you  
Who have found victory in the world and fame;  
I call on yourself and I praise your mouth;  
You have set my heart in my breast astray.



## MÁC UÍ N-ANN:

'Sí úna bán na gnuaise óir,  
 Mo fearc, mo cumann, mo ghrád, mo ród,  
 Raicairt pí féin le n-a báirt i gcéin;  
 Do loit pí a éiríde in a éleib go móir

## ÚNA:

Níor b'fada oirde liom, ná lá,  
 As éirteact le do cómhád breá;  
 I r binne do béal ná reinm na n-éan;  
 Óm' éiríde in mo éleib do fuair ghrád:

## MÁC UÍ N-ANN:

Do riúbaíl mé féin an domán iomlán;  
 Sacra, éir, an f'raic 'r an Spáin,  
 Ní facairt mé féin i mbaile ná 'gcéin  
 Aon ainmí fa'n ngréin mar úna bán.

## ÚNA:

Do éalairt mire an éalirreac binn  
 San trádáin rin éirteact, as reinm linn;  
 I r binne go móir liom féin do glóir,  
 I r binne go móir do béal 'ná rin.

## MÁC UÍ N-ANN:

Do bí mé féin mo éadan boct, trád,  
 Níor léir dam oirde tar an lá,  
 Go b'facairt mé í, do goir mo éiríde;  
 A' r do éiríde díom mo b'pón 'r mo éiríde:

## ÚNA:

Do bí mé féin ar maidin in de  
 As riúbaíl coir coille le fáinne an laé;  
 Bí eun ann rin as reinm go binn;  
 "Mo ghrád-ra an ghrád, a' r nac áluinn é!"

[GLAOD AGUR CORANN AGUR BUAILTEANN SEAMUR O N-IRANN AN  
 DOIR ARTEAC.]

SÉAMUS.—Ob ob ú, oc ón í ó, go deó! Tá an cóirte móir  
 teagta as bun an énuic. Tá an mála a b'fuit liureada na tíre  
 ann pléargta, agus ní' l p'eanas ná téad ná rópa ná daidairt aca  
 le na ceangailt arís. Tá ríad as glaodac amac anoir ar rugán  
 féir do déanam d'óib—cibé ríoc fuir é rin—agus deir ríad go  
 mbéir na liureada 7 an cóirte cailte ar carbuir rugán féir  
 le n-a gceangailt.

MÁC UÍ N-ANN.—Ná bí 's ar mbothrugad! Tá ar n-abrán  
 páirte agann, agus anoir támaoir dul as damra: Ní tagann  
 an cóirte an bealac rin ar aon cor:

HANRAHAN.—O fair Oona of the golden hair,  
My desire, my affection, my love and my store  
Herself will go with her bard afar;  
She has hurt his heart in his breast greatly.

OONA.—I would not think the night long nor the day,  
Listening to your fine discourse;  
More melodious is your mouth than the singing of birds  
From my heart in my breast you have found love.

HANRAHAN.—I walked myself the entire world,  
England, Ireland, France and Spain;  
I never saw at home or afar  
Any girl under the sun like fair Oona.

OONA.—I have heard the melodious harp  
On the street of Cork playing to us;  
More melodious by far did I think your voice,  
More melodious by far your mouth than that.

HANRAHAN.—I was myself one time a poor barnacle goose,  
The night was not plain to me more than the day  
Until I beheld her, she is the love of my heart,  
That banished from me my grief and my misery.

OONA.—I was myself on the morning of yesterday  
Walking beside the wood at the break of day;  
There was a bird there was singing sweetly  
How I love love, and is it not beautiful.

*(A shout and a noise, and SHEAMUS O'HERAN rushes in).*

SHEAMUS.—Ububu! Ohone-y-o, do deo! The big coach is  
overthrown at the foot of the hill! The bag in which the  
letters of the country are is bursted, and there is neither tie  
nor cord nor rope nor anything to bind it up. They are  
calling out now for a hay sugaun, whatever kind of thing that  
is; the letters and the coach will be lost for want of a hay  
sugaun to bind them.

HANRAHAN.—Do not be bothering us; we have our poem  
done and we are going to dance. The coach does not come this  
way at all.

SÉAMUS.—Tasann ré an bealaé rin anoir—áéé ir uóigḡ sup rḡrainḡear tupa, aḡur naé bḡuil eólar aḡao air. Naé uḡasann an cóirte tḡar an ḡenoc anoir a cómarḡanna ?

1Aḡ uile.—Tasann, tasann ḡo cinnte.

MAC UÍ N-ANN.—Ir cuma liom, a tḡaéé no ḡan a tḡaéé: áéé bḡearr liom fice cóirte beít bḡirte ar an mbóḡan ná ḡo ḡcuirḡeá pḡarla an bḡollaigḡ báin ó ḡamḡa uóinn. Abair leir an ḡcóirteoir pḡpa uo cḡapḡ uó fḡin.

SÉAMUS.—O murḡer, ní tḡis leir, tá an oirḡeḡo rin uo fḡinneam aḡur uo tḡar aḡur uo rḡpḡeacḡo aḡur uo lúé in rḡa cḡplaib aigḡanta rin ḡo ḡcḡitḡo mo cóirteoir boéé bḡeít ar a ḡcinn. Ir ar éigín-báir ir fḡeoir leir a ḡcḡapḡ ná a ḡcongḡáil: Tá fḡitḡoir a anam' air ḡo n-eirḡóḡar pḡao in a mullaé, aḡur ḡo n-imḡeóḡar pḡao uairḡ uo rḡuagḡ. Tá ḡac uile fḡeirḡeacḡ arḡa, ní fḡacḡar tú rḡam a leitḡeḡo uo cḡplaib fḡaḡáine !

MAC UÍ N-ANN.—Má tá, tá uaoine eile inḡ an ḡcóirte a uéanḡar pḡpa má'r éigín uo'n cóirteoir beít aḡ ceann na ḡcḡapḡ: fḡḡ rin aḡur leigḡ uóinn uamḡa.

SÉAMUS.—Tá ; tá tḡiúr eile ann, áéé marḡir le ceann aca, tá ré ar leat-lám, aḡur fḡar eile aca,—tá ré aḡ cḡit aḡur aḡ cḡaḡḡo leir an rḡannḡarḡ fḡair ré, ní tḡis leir fḡarḡam ar a uá cóir leir an eagla atá air ; aḡur marḡir leir an tḡiḡmḡarḡ fḡar ní'l uaine ar bié rin tḡir uo leigḡeḡo an fḡocal rin “pḡpa” ar a beul in a fḡaḡnuirḡ, mar naé le pḡpa uo cḡoḡḡo a atair fḡin anurḡaigḡ, mar ḡeall ar éaoirḡḡ uo ḡoio.

MAC UÍ N-ANN.—Capḡo fḡar aḡaib fḡin rḡḡán uó, mar rin, aḡur fḡḡarḡ an t-uḡlár fḡinn-ne. [le šna] 'Nnoir, a fḡeít na mban tairbeán uóib mar imḡeigḡeann lúno imearḡ na nḡeíte, no helen fḡá'r rḡmḡarḡo an tḡraoi. Uar mo lám, ó u'éag uéirḡe, fḡá'r cuirḡeḡo nḡoirḡ mac Uirḡigḡ cum báir, ní'l a horḡe i nḡirḡnn inoiú áéé tú fḡin. Topócamaoio.

SÉAMUS.—Ná tḡarḡigḡ, ḡo mbéirḡo an rḡḡán aḡainn. Ní tḡis unn-ne rḡḡán cḡapḡ. Ní'l uaine ar bié annḡo ar fḡeoir leir pḡpa uo uéanam !

MAC UÍ N-ANN.—Ní'l uaine ar bié ann ro ar fḡeoir leir pḡpa uéanam !!

1Aḡ uile.—Ní'l.

SÍḡLE.—Aḡur ir fḡior uaoib rin. Ní uéarḡarḡo uaine ar bié inḡ an tḡir fḡeo rḡḡán fḡeir arḡam, ní imearḡim ḡo bḡuil uaine in ran tḡis fḡeo uo cḡonnaic ceann aca, fḡin, áéé mḡre. Ir marḡ cunḡnigḡim-re, nuair naé rḡaib ionnam áéé ḡirḡeacḡ beag ḡo bḡacḡarḡ mé ceann aca ar ḡabḡar uo rḡḡ mo fḡean-atair leir ar Connao-

SHEAMUS.—The coach does come this way now, but sure you're a stranger and you don't know. Doesn't the coach come over the hill now, neighbors?

ALL.—It does, it does, surely.

HANRAHAN.—I don't care whether it does come or whether it doesn't. I would sooner twenty coaches to be overthrown on the road than the pearl of the white breast to be stopped from dancing to us. Tell the coachman to twist a rope for himself.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, murder, he can't. There's that much vigor and fire and activity and courage in the horses that my poor coachman must take them by the heads; it's on the pinch of his life he's able to control them; he's afraid of his soul they'll go from him of a rout. They are neighing like anything; you never saw the like of them for wild horses.

HANRAHAN.—Are there no other people in the coach that will make a rope, if the coachman has to be at the horses' heads? Leave that, and let us dance.

SHEAMUS.—There are three others in it, but as to one of them, he is one-handed, and another man of them, he's shaking and trembling with the fright he got; it's not in him now to stand up on his two feet with the fear that's on him; and as for the third man, there isn't a person in this country would speak to him about a rope at all, for his own father was hanged with a rope last year for stealing sheep.

HANRAHAN.—Then let one of yourselves twist a rope so, and leave the floor to us. [*To OONA*] Now, O star of women, show me how Juno goes among the gods, or Helen for whom Troy was destroyed. By my word, since Deirdre died, for whom Naoise, son of Usnech, was put to death, her heir is not in Ireland to-day but yourself. Let us begin.

SHEAMUS.—Do not begin until we have a rope; we are not able to twist a rope; there's nobody here can twist a rope.

HANRAHAN.—There's nobody here is able to twist a rope?

ALL.—Nobody at all.

SHEELA.—And that's true; nobody in this place ever made a hay sugaun. I don't believe there's a person in this house who ever saw one itself but me. It's well I remember when I was a little girsha that I saw one of them on a goat that my



taib: "Bíod na daoine uile ag ráð, "Ara! cia 'n róirt nuid é rin éor ar bit?" agur dubairt reirean sur rugán do bi' ann, agur go gnuoir na daoine a leicéir rin fíor i gConnacetaib. Dubairt ré go raead fear aca ag congbdail an féir agur fear eile o'a carad. Congbdóid mife an fear anoir, má téirdeann tura o'a carad.

SÉAMUS.—Béarfaid mife glac féir arteaé:

[Imtígeann ré amac.]

MÁC UI N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Déanfaid mé cáinead cúige Múman;

Ni fásann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;

Ni'l ionnta carad rugáin, féin!

Cúige Múman san rnar san reun!

Gráin go deó ar cúige Múman,

Nac bfrásann ríad an t-uilár fúinn;

Cúige Múman na mbailireóir mbhéan;

Nac otis leó carad rugáin, féin!

SÉAMUS [ar air].—Seó an fear anoir:

MÁC UI N-ANN.—Tabair 'm ann ro é: Tairbeánfaid mife daoib cad déanfar an Connacetaé deag-múinte deaplámaé, an Connacetaé cóir clirte ciallmair, a bfuil lút agur lán-rtuaim aige in a láim, agur ciall in a céann, agur coráirte in a énoirde, aet sur feól mi-ad agur mórbuairdead an traozail é amearz leibidini cúige Múman, atá san doirde san uairle, atá san eólar ar an eala ear an laéain, no ar an ór ear an bhrár, no ar an lile ear an bprotánán, no ar reult na mbán óz, agur ar péarla an brollaiz báin, ear a gcuid rtraoille agur siobac féin: Tabair 'm cipín!

[Sineann fear maide dó, cuirteann ré rop féir timéioill air; toraigeann ré o'a carad, agur Sígle ag tabairt amac an féir dó.]

MÁC UI N-ANN [ag gabáil].—

Tá péarla mná 'tabairt foluir dúinn,

Ir i mo grád, ir i mo pún,

'S i úna bán, an iug-bean éuin,

'S ní tuigro na Muimnis leat a rtuaim;

Atá na Muimnis reo dallta ag Dia,

Ni aithnigro eala ear laéa liaé,

Aet tiucfaid pí liom-ra, mo helen bpeáz

Mar a molpar a pearra 'r a rseim go brát.

Ara! muire! muire! muire! Nac é reo an baile bpeáz lázad, nac é reo an baile ear bárr, an baile a mbíonn an oipead rin

grandfather brought with him out of Connacht. All the people used to be saying: Aurah, what sort of thing is that at all? And he said that it was a sugaun that was in it, and that people used to make the like of that down in Connacht. He said that one man would go holding the hay, and another man twisting it. I'll hold the hay now, and you'll go twisting it.

SHEAMUS.—I'll bring in a lock of hay. [*He goes out.*]

HANRAHAN.—I will make a dispraising of the province of Munster:  
They do not leave the floor to us,  
It isn't in them to twist even a sugaun;  
The province of Munster without nicety, without  
prosperity.  
Disgust for ever on the province of Munster,  
That they do not leave us the floor;  
The province of Munster of the foul clumsy people.  
They cannot even twist a sugaun!

SHEAMUS (*coming back*).—Here's the hay now.

HANRAHAN.—Give it here to me; I'll show ye what the well-learned, handy, honest, clever, sensible Connachtman will do, who has activity and full deftness in his hands, and sense in his head, and courage in his heart, but that the misfortune and the great trouble of the world directed him among the *lebidins* of the province of Munster, without honor, without nobility, without knowledge of the swan beyond the duck, or of the gold beyond the brass, or of the lily beyond the thistle, or of the star of young women and the pearl of the white breast beyond their own share of sluts and slatterns. Give me a kippeen. [*A man hands him a stick. He puts a wisp of hay round it, and begins twisting it, and SHEELA giving him out the hay.*]

HANRAHAN.—There is a pearl of a woman giving light to us;  
She is my love; she is my desire;  
She is fair Oona, the gentle queen-woman.  
And the Munstermen do not understand half her courtesy.  
These Munstermen are blinded by God.  
They do not recognise the swan beyond the grey duck,  
But she will come with me, my fine Helen,  
Where her person and her beauty shall be praised for ever.

Arrah, wisha, wisha, wisha, isn't this the fine village, isn't this the exceeding village! the village where there be that

mósaíre croícta ann naé mbíonn don earbuid móra ar na daoimib;  
leir an méad móra goirdeann ríad ó'n gcroísaíre. Cráíodteacáin  
atá ionnta: Tá na móraib aca agus ní tugann ríad uata iad—  
aéit go gcuirfeann ríad an Connaéctae boét as carad rugáin dóib!  
Níor car ríad rugáin féir in ran mbaile reo ariam—agus an  
méad rugán cnáibe atá aca de bárr an croísaíre!

Shníveann Connaéctae ciallmair

Rópa d'ó féin,

Aéit goirdeann an Muimneac

Ó'n gcroísaíre é!

Go bfeicid mé móra

Breágh cnáibe go fóill

D'a fársad ar ríóisib

Sac doinne ann ro!

Mar gheall ar don mnáoi amáin d'ímtigeadar na Spéasaigh, agus  
níor ríopaídar agus níor móir-cómnuiigeadar no sup rímuíopaídar  
an Traoi, agus mar gheall ar don mnáoi amáin béir an baile reo  
damanta go deo na ndéir agus go bfuinne an bráta, le Dia na  
ngár, go ríorruide rúctain, nuair nár cuigeadar sup ab i ūna  
ní Ríogáin an dara Helen do rugad in a mears, agus go rúg  
rí bárr áille ar Helen agus ar Vénur, ar a dtáinig poimpir agus  
ar dtuicpar 'na diais.

Aéit tuicpar rí liom mo péarla mná

Go cúige Connaéct na ndaoine breágh;

Seobair rí féarta fion a'r ceóil,

Rinnceanna ársa, ríorrt a'r ceól.

O! múire! múire! nár éirgid an grian ar an mbaile reo, agus  
nár lairid réalta air, agus nár—

[Tá ré ran am ro amuis éar an doir. Éirigeann na ríir uile  
agus dúnair é d'aon ruais amáin air. Tugann ūna léim cum  
an doir, aéit beirid na mná uirir. Téirveann Séamur anonn  
cuici.]

ŪNA.—O! O! O! ná cuigirde amac é. Leis ar air é. Sin  
Tomár O h-Annpacáin, ir ríle é, ir báro é, ir fear iongantac  
é! O leis ar air é, ná déan rin air!

SÉAMUS.—A ūna bán, agus a cuirle díleap, leis dó. Tá  
ré imtígte anoir agus a cuir pirtreós leir. Béir ré imtígte  
ar do ceann amárac, agus béir túra imtígte ar a ceann-ran.  
Ná bfuil ríor asat go maí go mb'fearr liom tu 'ná céad míle  
Déiríre, agus sup túra m'aon péarla mná amáin d'a bfuil in  
ran doían.

MAC UÍ h-ANN [amuis, as buata ar an doir].—Forsail!  
forsail! forsail! Leigid ardeac mé. O mo feac gcead míle  
mallaéit oppaib,

many rogues hanged that the people have no want of ropes with all the ropes that they steal from the hangman!

The sensible Connachtman makes  
A rope for himself;  
But the Munsterman steals it  
From the hangman;  
That I may see a fine rope,  
A rope of hemp yet  
A stretching on the throats  
Of every person here!

On account of one woman only the Greeks departed, and they never stopped, and they never greatly stayed, till they destroyed Troy; and on account of one woman only this village shall be damned; go deo, na ndeór, and to the womb of judgment, by God of the graces, eternally and everlastingly, because they did not understand that Oona ni Regaun is the second Helen, who was born in their midst, and that she overcame in beauty Deirdre and Venus, and all that came before or that will come after her!

But she will come with me, my pearl of a woman,  
To the province of Connacht of the fine people,  
She will receive feast, wine and meat,  
High dances, sport and music!

Oh wisha, wisha, that the sun may never rise upon this village, and that the stars may never shine on it, and that——. [*He is by this time outside the door. All the men make a rush at the door, and shut it. OONA runs towards the door, but the women seize her. SHEAMUS goes over to her.*]

OONA.—Oh, oh, oh, do not put him out, let him back, that is Tumaus Hanrahan; he is a poet, he is a bard, he is a wonderful man. Oh, let him back, do not do that to him.

SHEAMUS.—Oh, Oona bawn, acushla deelish, let him be, he is gone now, and his share of spells with him. He will be gone out of your head to-morrow, and you will be gone out of his head. Don't you know that I like you better than a hundred thousand Deirdres, and that you are my one pearl of a woman in the world.

HANRAHAN (*outside, beating on the door*).—Open, open, open, let me in! Oh, my seven hundred thousand curses on you, the curse of the weak and of the strong, the curse of the poets and of the bards upon you! The curse of the priests on you



[Buailteann sé an doimhir ariú agus ariú eile:]

Mallaé na las oiríab 'r na láirí,  
 Mallaé na rígarí agus na mbíáí,  
 Mallaé na n-earbail agus an plápa,  
 Mallaé na mbaintreabac 'r na n-earlaí:  
 fíorí! fíorí! fíorí!

SÉAMUS.—Tá mé buideac díb a cómaranna, agus bíod éna buideac díb amaraí: Buail leat, a rígarí! déan do damra leat féin amuig ann sin, anoir! Ní bfuigíó tú ardeac ann ro! Óra, a cómaranna nac bpeáí é, tuine do beic ag éirteac leir an ríorim taob amuig, agus é féin go rícarí ríarta corí na teim-eaó: Buail leat! Sreao leat: Cá 'uile Connac anoir?

and the friars! The curse of the bishops upon you and the Pope! The curse of the widows on you and the children! Open! [*He beats at the door again and again.*]

SHEAMUS.—I am thankful to ye, neighbors, and Oona will be thankful to ye to-morrow. Beat away, you vagabond! Do your dancing out there by yourself now! Isn't it a fine thing for a man to be listening to the storm outside, and himself quiet and easy beside the fire? Beat away, storm away! Where's Connacht now?



*EARLY IRISH AUTHORS, TRANSLATIONS OF  
WHOSE WORKS OCCUR IN VOLUMES ONE  
TO NINE OF IRISH LITERATURE.*

MAURICE DUGAN.

(About 1641.)

MAURICE DUGAN, or O'DUGAN, lived near Benburb, in County Tyrone, about the year 1641, and he wrote the song to the air of "The Coolin," which was even in his time old, and which is, as Hardiman says, considered by many "the finest in the whole circle of Irish music." He was supposed to be descended from the O'Dugans, hereditary bards and historians, one of whom wrote the "Typography of Ancient Ireland," which was extensively used by the Four Masters in their "Annals." O'Reilly, in his "Irish Writers," mentions four other poems, the production of O'Dugan, namely, "Set your Fleet in Motion," "Owen was in a Rage," "Erin has Lost her Lawful Spouse," "Fodhla (Ireland) is a Woman in Decay." The translation of "The Coolin" will be found among the works of Sir Samuel Ferguson.

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MAURICE FITZGERALD.

(About 1612.)

MAURICE FITZGERALD lived in Munster in the time of Elizabeth. He was the son of David *duff* (the black) Fitzgerald, and he seems to have been a man of considerable education and of refined taste. Several of his works exist, but the facts of his life are shrouded in darkness. It is supposed that he died in Spain, where many of the most eminent Irishmen of his time found an exile's home. His journey thither probably suggested the "Ode on his Ship," though as Miss Brooke says in her "Reliques of Irish Poetry," it is possible the third ode of Horace deserves that credit. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" is a list of seven poems by Fitzgerald which were in O'Reilly's possession in 1820. The translation of his "Ode on his Ship" will be found with the work of Miss Brooke.

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THOMAS FLAVELL

Is the supposed author of "County Mayo" or "The Lament of Thomas Flavell," the English translation of which by George Fox will be found in its place under that author's name. He was a



native of Bophin, an island on the western coast of Ireland, and lived in the seventeenth or eighteenth century. Hardiman says of the poem that "it is only remarkable for being combined with one of our sweetest native melodies—the very soul of Irish music."

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## GEOFFRY KEATING.

(1570—1650.)

"GEOFFRY KEATING, the Herodotus of Ireland," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "the Four Masters, and Duaid MacFirbis were men of whom any age or country might be proud, men who, amid the war, rapine, and conflagration that rolled through the country at the heels of the English soldiers, still strove to save from the general wreck those records of their country which to-day make the name of Ireland honorable for her antiquities, traditions, and history in the eyes of the scholars of Europe.

"Of these men, Keating, as a prose writer, was the greatest. He was a man of literature, a poet, professor, theologian, and historian, in one. He brought the art of writing limpid Irish to its highest perfection, and ever since the publication of his 'History of Ireland,' some two hundred and fifty years ago, the modern language may be said to have been stereotyped. . . . I consider him (Keating) the first Irish historian and trained scholar who . . . wrote for the masses, not the classes, and he had his reward in the thousands of copies of his popular history made and read throughout all Ireland."

He was born at Tubbrid, near Clogheen, in County Tipperary, about the year 1570. At an early age he was sent to Spain, and he studied for twenty-three years in the College of Salamanca. On his return he was received with great respect by all classes of his countrymen, and after a tour through the country was appointed to the ministry of his native parish. Here he soon became famous for his eloquence, and crowds came to hear him from the neighboring towns of Cashel and Clonmel. Owing to his plain speaking in the pulpit, he was in danger of being arrested, and he fled for safety into the Galtee mountains.

Here he caused to be brought to him the materials he had been collecting for years, and here wrote his well-known and important "History of Ireland," ultimately completed about the year 1625. It begins from the earliest period (namely, the arrival of the three daughters of Cain, the eldest named Banba, who gave her name to Ireland, which was called "the Isle of Banba"), and extends to the Anglo-Norman invasion. In 1603, Keating was enabled to return to his parish, where he found a coadjutor, with whom he lived and labored peacefully for many years. One of the joint works of the two men was the erection of a church in 1644, over the door of which may yet be seen an inscription speaking of them as founders, and beside which was placed afterwards the following epitaph on the poet-historian:

"In Tybrid, hid from mortal eye,  
A priest, a poet, and a prophet lie;  
All these and more than in one man could be  
Concentrated was in famous Jeffry."

Of the other works of Keating many were a few years ago, and possibly still are, well known traditionally to the peasantry of Munster. Among them are "Thoughts on Innisfail," which D'Arcy Magee has translated; "A Farewell to Ireland," a poem addressed to his harper; "An Elegy on the Death of Lord de Decies," the "Three Shafts of Death," a treatise in Irish prose, which Irish soldiers, we are told, have long held in admiration. He died about 1650.

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### TEIGE MACDAIRE.

(1570—1650.)

TEIGE MACDAIRE, son of Daire MacBrody, was born about 1570. He was principal poet to Donogh O'Brian, fourth Earl of Thomond, and held as his appanage the Castle of Dunogan, in Clare, with its lands. In accordance with the bardic usage, he wrote his elegant "Advice to a Prince" to his chief when the latter attained to the title. This is the most elaborate of his poems. Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland" tells us that his poetry is all written in elaborate and highly wrought classical meters, and that there are still extant some 3,400 lines.

We give among the selections from the work of Dr. Hyde a few of the verses translated by him into the exact equivalent of the meter in which they are written.

MacDaire was assassinated by a marauding soldier of Cromwell's army, who, as he treacherously flung the poet over a precipice, mocked him in Irish, crying: "Go, make your songs now, little man!" This was one of MacDaire's own countrymen.

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### JOHN MACDONNELL.

(1691—1754.)

JOHN MACDONNELL, "perhaps the finest poet of the first half of the eighteenth century," says Dr. Douglas Hyde, was born near Charleville, in the County Cork, in the year 1691. He has generally been called MacDonnell Claragh, from Claragh, the name of the residence of his family. O'Halloran in his "History of Ireland" speaks of him as "a man of great erudition, and a profound Irish antiquarian and poet," and says that he "had made valuable collections, and was writing in his native tongue a 'History of Ireland,'" which failing health, however, prevented him completing. He also proposed translating Homer's *Iliad* into Irish, and had at least proceeded so far as to produce several highly praised specimens of what his work would be. But this, as well as the "History of Ireland,"

was put a stop to by his illness and death, and MacDonnell's fame must now rest on his poems alone. He died in the year 1754.

Hardiman ranks him in Irish as equal to Pope in English, and believes that had he lived to complete his translation of the *Iliad* it would have been as successful in a literary sense as was that of Pope. "If," he continues, "the latter had been an Irishman, and had written in the language of the country, it would be a matter of difficulty to determine which would be entitled to the prize. But, fortunately for his genius and fame, Pope was born on the right side of the Channel."

MacDonnell was, it seems, a "rank Jacobite" in politics, and, poet and genius though he was, had often by hasty flights to save his life from the hands of the "hunters of the bards." We give a translation of one of his poems by an anonymous hand. Others, by D'Alton, will be found among the examples of his work.

#### GRANU WAIL AND QUEEN ELIZABETH.<sup>1</sup>

Mild as the rose its sweets will breathe,  
Tho' gems all bright its bloom enwreathe;  
Undeck'd by gold or diamond rare,  
Near Albion's throne stood Grana fair.

The vestal queen in wonder view'd  
The hand that grasp'd the falchion rude—  
The azure eye, whose light could prove  
The equal power in war or love.

"Some boon," she cried, "thou lady brave,  
From Albion's queen in pity crave:  
E'en name the rank of countess high,  
Nor fear the suit I'll e'er deny."

"Nay, sister-queen," the fair replied,  
"A sov'reign, and an hero's bride  
No fate shall e'er of pride bereave—  
I'll honors give, but none receive.

"But grant to him—whose infant sleep  
Is lull'd by rocking o'er the deep—  
Those gifts, which now for Erin's sake  
Thro' pride of soul I dare not take."

The queen on Grana gazed and smil'd,  
And honor'd soon the stranger child  
With titles brave, to grace a name  
Of Erin's isle in herald fame.

<sup>1</sup>This ballad celebrates a real historical scene, the visit of the famous Grace O'Malley to Queen Elizabeth. In the "*Anthologia Hibernica*" the visit is thus described: "The Queen, surrounded by her ladies, received her in great state. Grana was introduced in the dress of her country: a long, uncouth mantle covered her head and body; her hair was gathered on her crown, and fastened with a bodkin; her breast was bare, and she had a yellow bodice and petticoat. The court stared with surprise at so strange a figure."—"Granu Wail" or "Grana Uile" was one of the typical names of Ireland, and, as Lover remarks, the mere playing of the air with that name has still a political significance. (See also the examples of the work of Cæsar Otway.)

## DUALD MACFIRBIS.

(1585—1670.)

THIS famous scholar was born in County Sligo. He was the author of "The Branches of Relationship," or "Volumes of Pedigrees." The autograph copy of this vast compilation, generally known as "The Book of MacFirbis," is now in the library of the Earl of Roden. He assisted Sir James Ware by transcribing and translating from the Irish for him. His "Collection of Glossaries" has been published by Dr. Whitley Stokes. His autograph "Martyrology," or "Litany of the Saints" in verse, is preserved in the British Museum. The fragment of his Treatise on "Irish Authors" is in the Royal Irish Academy. His transcription of the "Chronicum Scotorum" was translated by the late Mr. W. M. Hennessy, and published in 1867. His "Annals of Ireland" has been translated and edited by O'Donovan, and published by the Irish Archaeological Society. A transcript of his catalogue of "Extinct Irish Bishoprics," by Mr. Hennessy, is in the collection of the Royal Irish Academy. In the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archaeological Society may be found his English version of the "Registry of Clonmacnoise," compiled in the year 1216. Some extracts from his works translated by Professor O'Donovan will be found among the examples from that gentleman's work.

## ANDREW MAGRATH.

(1723 —)

ANDREW MAGRATH was born in Limerick about 1723. He was one of the most gay, careless, and rollicking of the Jacobite poets, and one of the last who wrote in his native tongue. He wrote many songs and poems, of politics, of love, and of drinking. He was, like so many of his fellows, a wild liver; and his name survives yet among the peasantry of his native Munster, among whom he is remembered as the Mangaire Sugach, or Merry Monger. The date of his death is not known, but he is said to lie buried in Killmallock Churchyard.

We append anonymous translations of two of his poems. None of them have, however, been adequately rendered into the English language.

## THE COMING OF PRINCE CHARLIE.

Too long have the churls in dark bondage oppressed me,  
 Too long have I cursed them in anguish and gloom;  
 Yet Hope with no vision of comfort has blessed me—  
 The cave is my shelter—the rude rock my home.  
 Save Doun<sup>1</sup> and his kindred, my sorrow had shaken  
 All friends from my side, when at evening, forsaken,  
 I sought the lone fort, proud to hear him awaken,  
 The hymn of deliverance breathing for me.

<sup>1</sup> The ruler of the Munster fairies.



He told how the heroes were fallen and degraded  
 And scorn dashed the tear their affliction would claim ;  
 But Phelim and Heber,<sup>1</sup> whose children betrayed it,  
 The land shall relume with the light of their fame.  
 The fleet is prepared, proud Charles<sup>2</sup> is commanding,  
 And wide o'er the wave the white sail is expanding,  
 The dark brood of Luther shall quail at their landing,  
 The Gael like a tempest shall burst on the foe.

The bards shall exult, and the harp-strings shall tremble,  
 And love and devotion be poured in the strain ;  
 Ere " Samhain " <sup>3</sup> our chiefs shall in Temor<sup>4</sup> assemble,  
 The " Lion " protect our own pastors again.  
 The Gael shall redeem every shrine's desecration,  
 In song shall exhale our warm heart's adoration,  
 Confusion shall light on the foe's usurpation,  
 And Erin shine out yet triumphant and free.

The secrets of destiny now are before you—  
 Away ! to each heart the proud tidings to tell :  
 Your Charles is at hand, let the green flag spread o'er you !  
 The treaty they broke your deep vengeance shall swell.  
 The hour is arrived, and in loyalty blending,  
 Surround him ! sustain ! Shall the gorged goal descending  
 Deter you, your own sacred monarch defending ?  
 Rush on like a tempest and scatter the foe !

#### MY GRAND RECREATION.

I sell the best brandy and sherry,  
 To make my good customers merry ;  
 But at times their finances  
 Run short, as it chances,  
 And then I feel very sad, very !

Here's brandy ! Come, fill up your tumbler ;  
 Or ale, if your liking be humbler ;  
 And, while you've a shilling,  
 Keep filling and swilling—  
 A fig for the growls of the grumbler !

I like, when I'm quite at my leisure,  
 Mirth, music, and all sorts of pleasure ;  
 When Margery's bringing  
 The glass, I like singing  
 With bards—if they drink within measure.

Libation ! I pour a libation,  
 I sing the past fame of our nation ;  
 For valorous glory,  
 For song and for story,  
 This, this, is my grand recreation.

<sup>1</sup> Renegade Irish who joined the foe.    <sup>2</sup> The Pretender.

<sup>3</sup> The 1st of November, the festival of Baal-Samen, so called by the Druids.    <sup>4</sup> Tara.



## GERALD NUGENT.

(About 1588.)

GERALD NUGENT was one of those Irishmen of English descent of whom it was complained that they became more Irish than the Irish themselves. In the reign of King John the barony of Devlin in Meath was granted to Gilbert de Nugent. By the time of Elizabeth the Nugents had taken to the Irish language, like many other inhabitants of the Pale, and Gerald Nugent was a bard and harpist. He composed in Irish, and flinging aside his harp he joined with the Irish in their attempt to throw off the yoke of the conquerors. Of course the result was failure, and Nugent became an exile. In his grief at leaving the land of his birth, he composed the ode or lamentation, a translation of which by the Rev. W. H. Drummond is given under that gentleman's name. This is the only one of his poems that has been preserved. When and where Gerald Nugent died we have been unable to discover.

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## TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN.

(1670—1738.)

TURLOUGH CAROLAN, or O'CAROLAN, commonly called the last of the bards, was born in the year 1670 at the village of Baile-Nusah, or Newton, in the County Westmeath, and went to school at Cruisestown, County Longford. When about fifteen (some say eighteen and others twenty-two) he lost his sight through an attack of smallpox. While at school he made the acquaintance of Bridget Cruise, whose name he made famous in one of his songs.

Many years later Carolan went on a pilgrimage to what is called St. Patrick's Purgatory, a cave in an island on Lough Dearg in County Donegal. While standing on the shore he began to assist some of his fellow-pilgrims into a boat, and chancing to take hold of a lady's hand he suddenly exclaimed, "By the hand of my gossip! this is the hand of Bridget Cruise!" So it was, but the fair one was still deaf to his suit.

Carolan moved with his father to Carrick-on-Shannon, and there a Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe had him carefully instructed in Irish and also to some extent in English. She also caused him to learn how to play the harp, not with the view to his becoming a harper, but simply as an accomplishment. In his twenty-second year he suddenly determined to become a harper, and, his benefactress providing him with a couple of horses and an attendant to carry the harp, he started on a round of visits to the neighboring gentry, to most of whom he was already known; and for years he wandered all over the country, gladly received wherever he came, and seldom forgetting to pay for his entertainment by song in praise of his host.

In about middle life he married Miss Mary Maguire, a young lady

of good family. With her he lived very happily and learned to love her tenderly, though she was haughty and extravagant. On his marriage he built a neat house at Moshill in County Leitrim, and there entertained his friends with more liberality than prudence. The income of his little farm was soon swallowed up, and he fell into embarrassments which haunted him the rest of his life. On this he took to his wanderings again, while his wife stayed at home and busied herself with the education of their rather numerous family. In 1733 she was removed by death, and a melancholy fell upon him which remained until the end. He did not survive his wife long. In 1738 he paid a visit to the house of his early benefactress, Mrs. M'Dermott-Roe, and there he fell ill and died.

Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "He composed over two hundred airs, many of them very lively, and usually addressed to his patrons, chiefly to those of the old Irish families. He composed his own words to suit his music, and these have given him the reputation of a poet. They are full of curious turns and twists of meter to suit his airs, to which they are admirably wed, and very few are in regular stanzas. They are mostly of Pindaric nature, addressed to patrons or to fair ladies; there are some exceptions however, such as his celebrated ode to whisky, one of the finest bacchanalian songs in any language, and his much more famed but immeasurably inferior 'Receipt for Drinking.' Very many of his airs and nearly all his poetry with the exception of about thirty pieces are lost."

Examples of his poetry will be found in translations by John D'Alton, Arthur Dawson, Sir Samuel Ferguson, Thomas Furlong, and Dr. George Sigerson.

There is a well-known portrait of him by the Dutch painter, Vanderhagen, which bears some resemblance to the portraits of Shakespeare.

## MICHAEL O'CLERY.

(1580—1643.)

REFERRING to "The Annals of the Four Masters," Dr. Douglas Hyde says in his "Literary History of Ireland": "This mighty work is chiefly due to the herculean labors of the learned Franciscan brother, Michael O'Clery," who was born in Donegal about the year 1580. He was descended from a learned family who had been for centuries hereditary historians to the O'Donnells, princes of Tyrconnell, and at an early age became distinguished for his abilities. While yet young he retired to the Irish Franciscan monastery at Louvain, where he soon attracted the attention of the learned Hugh Ward, a native of his own country and a lecturer at the Irish College. His perfect knowledge of the Irish language and history caused him to be employed by Ward to carry out a project that enthusiastic monk had formed for rescuing the annals and antiquities of his country from oblivion.

O'Clery then returned to Ireland, where for many years he busied himself collecting manuscripts and other works and transmitting them to Louvain. In 1635 Ward died, but some time before he managed to publish from O'Clery's materials "The Life of St. Rumold," "Irish Martyrology," and a treatise on the "Names of Ireland." John Colgan, also a native of Donegal, afterwards made large use of O'Clery's manuscripts in his works on the Irish saints, "Trias Thaumaturga" and "Acta Sanctorum Hiberniæ." Even before Ward's death, however, O'Clery had commenced his great work, which at first went by the name of "The Annals of Donegal," then by the title of "The Ulster Annals," and is now known over the world as "The Annals of the Four Masters," as he and his assistants, Peregrine O'Clery, Conary O'Clery, and Peregrine O'Duigenan, a learned antiquary of Kilonan, were named. He had also some little help from the hereditary historians to the kings of Connaught, two members of the old and learned family of the O'Maolconerys.

The work states that it was entirely composed in the convent of the Brothers of Donegal, who supplied the requirements of the transcribers while their labors were in progress. Fergal O'Gara, a member for Sligo in the Parliament of 1634, is also said to have liberally rewarded O'Clery's assistants, while it was his advice and influence that prevailed on O'Clery to bring them together and proceed with the work. In the "Testimonials" are also stated the names of the books and manuscripts from which the "Annals" were compiled, and there also we find the information that the first volume was begun on the 22d January, 1632, and the last finished on the 10th August, 1636. To the "Testimonials," which is a kind of guarantee of the faithfulness of the work, are subscribed the names of the Superior and two of the monks, together with the countersignature of O'Donnell, Prince of Tyrconnell.

After the completion of the "Annals" O'Clery returned to Louvain, where in 1643 he published a "Vocabulary of the Irish Language." This seems to have been the last of his works, and this year the last year of his life.

"The Annals of the Four Masters" begin at the earliest period of Irish history, about A.D. 1171, and end A.D. 1616, covering a period of 444 years. The "Annals" were published in Dublin by Bryan Geraghty in 1846.

Examples of the translations by Owen Connellan and O'Donovan will be found among the work of these writers, also a translation by O'Donovan from the "Annals."

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### DIARMUD O'CURNAIN.

(1740—1825.)

DIARMUD O'CURNAIN was born in Cork in 1740, and died in Modeligo, Waterford, in the first quarter of the present century. He was a tall, handsome farmer. He traveled to Cork to purchase wedding presents for his betrothed, but was met on his way home by the news that she had married a wealthy suitor. He flung

all his presents into the fire, and from the shock lost his reason, which he never recovered.

A translation of an Irish poem of his by Dr. Sigerson is given among the examples of the work of that gentleman.

## JOHN O'NEACHTAN.

(1695 ?—1720 ?)

JOHN O'NEACHTAN was still alive in 1715. He was a native of County Meath, but beyond this little is known about him. "He was," says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "one of the earliest writers of Jacobite poetry, and perhaps the most voluminous man of letters of his day among the native Irish. One of his early poems was written immediately after the battle of the Boyne, when the English soldiery stripped him of everything he possessed in the world, except one small Irish book. Between forty and fifty of his pieces are enumerated by O'Reilly, and I have seen others in a manuscript in private hands. These included a poem in imitation of those called 'Ossianic,' of 1,296 lines, and a tale written about 1717 in imitation of the so-called Fenian tales, an amusing allegoric story called the 'Adventures of Edmund O'Clery,' and a curious but extravagant tale called the 'Strong-armed Wrestler.'

"Hardiman had in his possession a closely written Irish treatise by O'Neachtan of five hundred pages on general geography, containing many interesting particulars concerning Ireland, and a volume of 'Annals of Ireland' from 1167 to 1700. He also translated a great many church hymns, and, I believe, prose books from Latin. His elegy on Mary D'Este, widow of James II., is one of the most musical pieces I have ever seen, even in Irish :

"SLOW cause of my fear  
NO pause to my tear,  
The brightest and whitest  
LOW lies on her bier.

FAIR Islets of green,  
RARE sights to be seen,  
Both highlands and Islands  
THERE sigh for the Queen."

A translation by Thomas Furlong of O'Neachtan's famous song "Maggy Laidir" is given with the examples of the writings of that gentleman.

## OSSIAN.

"SIDE by side with the numerous prose sagas which fall under the title of 'Fenian,'" says Dr. Douglas Hyde in his "Literary History of Ireland," "there exists an enormous mass of poems, chiefly



narrative, of a minor epic type, or else semi-dramatic *épopées*, usually introduced by a dialogue between St. Patrick and the poet Ossian. Ossian<sup>1</sup> was the son of Finn mac Cúmhail, vulgarly 'Cool,' and he was fabled to have lived in Tír na n-óg, the country of the ever-young, the Irish Elysium, for three hundred years, thus surviving all his Fenian contemporaries and living to hold colloquy with St. Patrick. The so-called Ossianic poems are extraordinarily numerous, and were they all collected would probably (between those preserved in Scotch-Gaelic and in Irish) amount to some 80,000 lines. . . . The most of them, in the form in which they have come down to us at the present day, seem to have been composed in rather loose metres . . . and they were even down to our fathers' time exceedingly popular, both in Ireland and in the Scotch Highlands, in which latter country Ian Campbell, the great folk-lorist, made the huge collection which he called *Leabhar na Féinne*, or the Book of the Fenians.

"Some of the Ossianic poems relate the exploits of the Fenians; others describe conflicts between members of that body and worms, wild beasts, and dragons; others fights with monsters and with strangers come from across the sea; others detail how Finn and his companions suffered from the enchantments of wizards and the efforts made to release them; one enumerates the Fenians who fell at *Cnoc-an-áir*; another gives the names of about three hundred of the Fenian hounds; another gives Ossian's account of his three hundred years in the Land of the Young and his return; many more consist largely of semi-humorous dialogues between the saint and the old warrior; another is called Ossian's madness; another is Ossian's account of the battle of *Gabhra*, which made an end of the Fenians, and so on. . . .

"There is a considerable thread of narrative running through these poems and connecting them in a kind of series, so that several of them might be divided into the various books of a Gaelic epic of the *Odysseic* type, containing, instead of the wanderings and final restoration of Ulysses, the adventures and final destruction of the Fenians, except that the books would be rather more disjointed. There is, moreover, splendid material for an ample epic in the division between the Fenians of Munster and Connacht and the gradual estrangement of the High King, leading up to the fatal battle of *Gabhra*; but the material for this last exists chiefly in prose texts, not in the Ossianic lays. . . .

"The Ossianic lays are almost the only narrative poems which exist in the language, for although lyrical, elegiac, and didactic poetry abounds, the Irish never produced, except in the case of the Ossianic *épopées*, anything of importance in a narrative and ballad form, anything, for instance, of the nature of the glorious ballad poetry of the Scotch Lowlands.

"The Ossianic meters, too, are the eminently epic ones of Ireland. . . .

"Of the authorship of the Ossianic poems nothing is known. In the Book of Leinster are three short pieces ascribed to Ossian

<sup>1</sup> In Irish *Oisín*, pronounced "Esheen," or "Ussheen."



himself, and five to Finn, and other old MSS. contain poems ascribed to Caoilte, Ossian's companion and fellow survivor, and to Fergus, another son of Finn ; but of the great mass of the many thousand lines which we have in seventeenth and eighteenth century MSS. there is not much which is placed in Ossian's mouth as first hand, the pieces, as I have said, generally beginning with a dialogue, from which Ossian proceeds to recount his tale. But this dramatic form of the lay shows that no pretense was kept up of Ossian's being the singer of his own exploits. From the paucity of the pieces attributed to him in the oldest MSS. it is probable that the Gaelic race only gradually singled him out as their typical pagan poet, instead of Fergus or Caoilte or any other of his alleged contemporaries, just as they singled out his father Finn as the typical pagan leader of their race ; and it is likely that a large part of our Ossianic lay and literature is post-Danish, while the great mass of the Red Branch saga is in its birth many centuries anterior to the Norsemen's invasion."

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#### A. RAFTERY.

(1780?—1840?)

THE story of the discovery of the writings of Raftery by Dr. Douglas Hyde and Lady Gregory is one of the most curious and interesting in the annals of literature. We have not space for it in detail ; in brief it was on this wise : Some time in the seventies Dr. Hyde heard an old man singing a song at the door of his cottage. The old man, at his request, taught Dr. Hyde the song and the latter went away.

Twelve years after, when Dr. Hyde was working in the Royal Irish Academy, he came across some old manuscript containing a number of poems ascribed to a man named Raftery, and among them the very song that he had learned on that morning long ago.

Seven years more elapsed, and Dr. Hyde one day met an old blind man begging. He gave him a penny, and passed on, when it suddenly occurred to him that he should have spoken to him in Irish. He did so and conversed with him for an hour. Among other things they talked about was Raftery, and Dr. Hyde learned much about the poet from the old man.

This set him upon the track of the poet, and the final result was the recovery of most of his poems and considerable material for his biography, which would otherwise have been absolutely lost. Had it not been for the fact that the poems were so well known up and down the country, it would have been impossible to recover many of them.

Raftery was born about 1780 or 1790 at Cilleaden, County Mayo, of very poor parents. He was early in life deprived of his sight by smallpox, so that he never had any better occupation by which to make a living than that of a fiddler. Though he was absolutely destitute and practically dependent upon alms, no poet of the people

ever exercised so widespread an influence upon those among whom he lived. He was never taught either to read or to write; he had no access to books of any kind, or any form of literature, except what he was able to pick up through his ears as he traveled from cottage to cottage, with his bag over his shoulder, picking up his day's meals as he went.

Lady Gregory in her "Poets and Dreamers" deals very fully with his work, and from the examples which she gives we are justified in claiming for this, the last of Irish bards, the name of an inspired one. It is said that he spent the last years of his life in making prayers and religious songs, of which Lady Gregory gives some interesting examples, and of which "The Confession," printed in the present volume, is typical.

He died at an advanced age, about 1840, and is buried at Killeenan, County Mayo, where there is a stone over his grave, and where the people from all parts round about gather in August of every year to do honor to his memory.

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### RICHARD STANIHURST.

(1545—1618.)

RICHARD STANIHURST was born in Dublin, and in his eighteenth year went to University College, Oxford. He studied law at Furnival's Inn and Lincoln's Inn; and, returning to Ireland, married a daughter of Sir Charles Barnewell. About 1579 he took up his residence in Leyden, entered holy orders, and became chaplain to Albert, Archduke of Austria and Governor of the Spanish Netherlands. A great portion of his writings are in Latin. His first work, which was published in London in 1570, in folio, is entitled "Harmonia, seu catena dialectica Porphyrium," and is spoken of with particular praise by Edmund Campion, then a student at St. John's College, Oxford. His other works are "De rebus in Hibernia gestis" (Antwerp, 1584, 4to); "Descriptio Hiberniæ," which is to be found in "Holinshed's Chronicle," of which it formed a part of the second volume; "De Vita S. Patricii" (Antwerp, 1587, 12mo); "Hebdomada Mariana" (Antwerp, 1609, 8vo); "Hebdomada Eucharistica" (Douay, 1614, 8vo); "Brevis premonitio pro futura commentatione cum Jacobo Usserio" (Douay, 1615, 8vo); "The Principles of the Catholic Religion"; "The First Four Books of Virgil's *Æneid* in English Hexameters" (1583, small 8vo, black letter); with which are printed the four first Psalms, "certayne poetical conceites" in Latin and English, and some epitaphs.

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### OWEN WARD.

(About 1600 or 1610.)

LITTLE is known of Owen Roe Mac an Bhaird, or Red Owen Ward, beyond the fact that he was the bard of the O'Donnells, and

accompanied the princes of Tyrconnell and Tyrone when they fled from Ireland in 1607. In O'Reilly's "Irish Writers" the names of nine lengthy and still extant poems of his are given. The "Lament," translated by J. Clarence Mangan, will be found among that author's contributions to this work; it is addressed to Nuala, sister of O'Donnell, the Prince of Tyrconnell, who died in Rome, and was interred in the same grave with O'Neill, Prince of Tyrone. Ward was the descendant of a long line of bards and poets of the same name.

MODERN IRISH AUTHORS, WHOSE WORK, ORIGINAL AND TRANSLATED, APPEARS IN  
VOLUME TEN OF IRISH LITERATURE.

FATHER DINNEEN.

FATHER DINNEEN is a native of the district adjoining Killarney, in East Kerry, a district that has produced a crop of distinguished poets such as Egan O'Rahilly, Geoffrey O'Donoghue, Eoghan Ruadh O'Sullivan, Finneen O'Scannell. He drank in the traditional lore of this region during his boyhood, and always held the Irish language in special veneration. University and ecclesiastical studies, however, engrossed the best years of his youth and early manhood, and it was only when the enemies of Ireland's honor came forward at the Intermediate Education Commission, held in Dublin a few years ago, and sought to vilify Irish literature, to show that whatever little of it survived was either "silly" or "indecent," that he set seriously to work to lay before the world the collected works of several modern Irish poets, including those named above.

Besides collecting from manuscripts and editing for the first time the works of some six distinguished poets, Father Dinneen has in three or four years written several prose works in Irish, including an historical novel, "Cormac Va Conaill," a description of Killarney, and several plays. He has also finished a dictionary of the modern Irish language, with explanations in English. He is perhaps the most earnest writer of the Gaelic movement, and his *editiones principes* of the Munster poets are of the greatest value.

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JAMES J. DOYLE.

MR. JAMES J. DOYLE, the most unwearying worker and, with the single exception, perhaps, of Father O'Leary, the raciest writer of Irish dialogue living, was born at Cooleanig, Tuogh, County Kerry, forty-five years ago. The son of a well-connected, well-disposed, well-to-do farmer, he had the advantage of spending his boyhood in a singularly bilingual atmosphere; but it was only on leaving the local National school to enter the Revenue Service at the age of nineteen that he commenced to study the literature of his race. To Mr. David Connyn he attributes much of his earlier interest in Ireland's hallowed literature, an interest which has been steadily deepening for upwards of a quarter of a century.

Owing to circumstances with which our readers are unhappily only too familiar, Mr. Doyle remained unknown as a writer until the Oireachtas of 1898. On this occasion, however, he leisurely carried off a prize for three humorous Irish stories, and again at the



Oireachtas of 1900 he won the "Independent" prize for a story of modern Irish life. Still later, at the "Feis Uladh," he received first prize for a paper on "Ulster Local Names." This latter is one of his pet subjects, and has constituted the theme of many a lecture delivered in the interest of the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle also won first prize in the "Irish Phrase-Book Competition" at the recent Oireachtas, 1901, and though not a teacher was fourth in the competition (open to all Ireland) for Archbishop Walsh's prize of £25 (\$125) for a bilingual school programme.

In 1881 he married Miss Mary A. Joyce, sister to Dr. King Joyce, of Dublin. She, like her devoted husband, is also bilingual, and it is not to be wondered at that they are, as the *Claidheamh* is wont to say, "bringing up seven sturdy, enthusiastic young bilingualists."

His numerous relatives and friends in the United States will share his own manifest gratification at the fact that his parents are still hale and hearty, and, as he himself is practically in the prime of life just now, there seems every hope that the readers of *An Claidheamh*—and probably of other Irish journals—will have access to his inimitable contributions for many a year to come.

As in the case of several of the most active members of the Gaelic League, his position of Supervisor in the Inland Revenue does not prevent him from rendering very efficient, if undemonstrative, service to his country. He resides at present in Derry, and is possibly the most energetic organizer in all Ulster. His assistance to Mr. Concannon has been simply invaluable.

"Cathair Conroi," children's stories, won the first prize at 1902 Oireachtas.

He was one of the original founders of the Society for the Preservation of the Irish Language in 1876, and subsequently of the Gaelic Union, which founded the *Gaelic Journal* in 1882, and which might be said to have paved the way for the Gaelic League.

Mr. Doyle is the author of the following books, published by the Gaelic League: "Beert Fhear o' n-Tuaith," or "Two Men from the Country," a series of snapshots of Irish rural life in the form of dialogue; "Taahg Gabha," "Tim the Smith," a racy story of Kerry life; "Cathair Conroi," and other stories suitable for children; an "Irish-English Phrase Book."

## AGNES O'FARRELLY.

MISS AGNES O'FARRELLY, or in Irish Una ni Thearghaille, comes from one of the oldest and most respected families in the County Cavan. She was born at Kiffenny House, East Breffin. She was the first lady candidate to take up Irish as subject for the M.A. examination in the Royal University, which she passed with the highest honors. She has spent much time in the Arran Islands learning to speak the language colloquially, and in 1899 she attended a course of lectures in Old Irish by Monsieur de Jubainville in Paris at the Collège de France. She has been for years one of the most prom-



inent members of the Coisde Griotha, or Executive of the Gaelic League. She is chief examiner in Celtic to the Board of Intermediate Education. Her principal writings are a propagandist tract in English called "The Reign of Humbug," and two stories in Irish, one called "Grádh agus Crádh," the other an Arran story called "The Cneamhaire," from which we give an extract, and, lastly, the splendid "Life of Father O'Growney," which has just been published and which is full of interest and information about the rise of the Irish Revival. She has nearly completed the collecting and editing of the text of John O'Neachtan's poems, and the editing of a very difficult text from the library of the Franciscans, containing an account of the wanderings of O'Neill and O'Donnell in Spain. She is an indefatigable worker in the cause of Irish Ireland.

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### THOMAS HAYES.

THOMAS HAYES was born in Miltown Malbay on Nov. 2, 1866, where his father was a master cooper in comfortable circumstances.

He was educated in the National school. Both his parents were very good Irish speakers, and his home language was Irish. His house was always a great rendezvous for the neighbors, who used to meet there to tell stories, and the boy with mouth, and eyes, and ears open drank in a great many of the local tales and legends. Indeed, the house during this period was more like a branch of the Gaelic League than anything else.

His father was a member of the Fenian Brotherhood, and his mother was intensely Irish.

In 1886 he was appointed as assistant teacher in Harold's Cross National School, Dublin. He went through a course in St. Patrick's Training College, Drumcondra, in 1891-92, and in 1895 was appointed principal of St. Gabriel's Boys' School, Aughrim Street.

He is a good amateur musician, and carried off two first prizes at the R. I. A. M. School Choirs competitions in 1898 and 1901; the Oireachtas Gold Medal for singing, and also the prize for the best original air to "Caoinead An Guinn" at the Oireachtas, besides several second prizes at the R. I. A. M. Oireachtas and Leinster Feis.

In 1893 he joined the Gaelic League, and was soon after co-opted on the Executive Committee, of which he has since remained a member. He threw himself enthusiastically into the work of the League, and devoted a considerable portion of his spare time for several years to teaching Irish and singing in different branches of the League. He was the first teacher in Ireland to apply the Tonic Sol-Fa system to the teaching of Irish songs. His first attempt at Irish prose composition was published in the *Gaelic Journal* in 1894, and since then he has been in evidence more or less over his own name; but much of his work in Irish in the shape of articles, etc., has been unsigned.

## PATRICK O'LEARY.

PATRICK O'LEARY, like his friend, Donnchallh Pleinnionn of Cork, was one of the first martyrs of the Irish Revival. He died early, to the great loss of the movement, chiefly from overwork connected with it. His principal effort was the collection of Munster folk tales, called *Sgeuliugheacht Chírige Mumham*, chiefly from his native place near Eyeries, in the extreme south of Ireland. He was the first to collect the folk tales of Munster, having been incited thereto, as he says in his preface, by the Connaught collections of the "Craoibhín." He published many excellent things in the *Gaelic Journal*, and possibly elsewhere. He was a complete master of the language, and if he had lived would have undoubtedly become one of our ablest writers.

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## FATHER PETER O'LEARY.

FATHER PETER O'LEARY was born in the year 1840, in the middle of a wild and mountainous district, about midway between Mill-street and Macroom, in the County Cork. Irish was at that time the language of that district. The people spoke scarcely any English. In that way it happened that Father O'Leary's childhood and youth were impregnated with Irish. He was fortunate in another way also. His mother was a highly educated woman, as well as a very talented one. When she spoke English to her children it was the best and the most correct English, and when she spoke Irish to them it was the best and the purest and the most correct Irish. His father had not received an English education, but the mastery which he had of the Irish language and the force and power with which he could use it were exceptional, even in a district where the language was, at that time, very copious and very powerful.

It is not to be wondered at that a person whose childhood and early youth were passed in the midst of such opportunities should have now the knowledge of the Irish language which Father O'Leary has. During that childhood and early youth he often passed considerable periods of time without ever speaking an English word.

The chief part of his English education was obtained at home from his mother. Having gone to a classical school in Macroom and learned some Latin and Greek, he went to the newly established College of St. Colman in Fermoy. Then he went on to Maynooth, and was ordained in 1867.

He never thought there was the remotest danger of the death of the Irish language until he went into Maynooth. When he got among the students in Maynooth he was astonished to find that there were many of them who could not speak a word of Irish. Not only that, but that there were large districts of the country where no word of Irish was spoken, and that such districts were growing larger each year, while those districts where Irish was

spoken were growing each year smaller. It was easy to see where that would end, and that the end was not very far off.

He then turned his attention to the study of Irish, determined to keep alive at least one man's share of the national speech.

Having been ordained and sent on the mission, he made it a point to preach in Irish and to speak Irish to the people whenever and wherever it was possible to do so.

But the Irish-speaking districts continued to grow small, and the English-speaking districts continued to expand, and the case continued to grow more and more hopeless every day and every hour.

At last the Gaelic League made its appearance. The moment it did Father O'Leary went into the work, determined to do at least one man's share. He has continued to do so.

Father Peter is the "good old man" of the Munster Revival. His influence in that province is unbounded. Two of his plays, the "Ghost" and "Tadhg Saor," are constantly acted in Munster, and his writings, of which "Seadhna" is perhaps the best known, are acknowledged to be the most idiomatic of those of any Irish writer. He is very prolific, and every week sees something new from his pen, either in the Cork papers or in the Dublin *Leader*. He is one of the two vice-presidents of the Gaelic League.

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#### P. J. O'SHEA.

MR. P. J. O'SHEA is a Kerry man, from the parish of An Team-pole Nuadh. He worked for many years as a Custom House officer in Belfast, and is at present in England. Over the signature of "Conán Maol," he has contributed an immense quantity of fine idiomatic Irish to the *Claidheamh Solnis* and other papers. He is of splendid physique and immense personal strength, and is descended from a race famous for their prowess and bravery in old times. His sketch of O'Neill in this library is a fair specimen of his style.





# GLOSSARY.

A BOCHAL ( <i>A bhuachail</i> )	Boy, my boy.
ABOO, ABÚ !	To victory ! Hurrah !
A CHARA, A CHORRA	Friend, my friend.
A COOLIN BAWN ( <i>a chuilin ban</i> )	her fair-colored flowing hair.
ACUSHLA ( <i>a chuisle</i> ) vein—ACUSHLA MA-CHREE	Pulse of my heart.
A CUSHLA AGUS ASTHORE MACHREE ( <i>a chuisle agus a stoir mo chroidhe</i> )	O pulse and treasure of my heart !
A CUSHLA GAL MO CHREE ( <i>a chuisle geal mo chroidhe</i> )	O bright pulse of my heart.
AGRA, AGRADH ( <i>a ghradh</i> )	Love, my love.
A-HAGUR ( <i>a theagair</i> )	O dear friend ! Comforter.
AILEEN AROON ( <i>Eibhlin a ruin</i> )	Ellen, dear.
ALANNA ( <i>a leinbh</i> )	child.
ALAUN	a lout.
ALPEEN ( <i>alpin</i> )	a stick.
AN CHAITEOG	The Winnowing Sheet (name of Irish air).
ANCHUIL-FHIONN ( <i>an chuileann</i> )	the white or fair-haired maiden.
ANGASHORE ( <i>aindiseoir</i> )	a stingy person, a miser.
AN SMACHTAOIN CRON	the copper-colored stick of tobacco.
AN SPAILPIN FANACH	wandering laborer, a strapping fellow.
A'RA GAL ( <i>a ghradh geal</i> )	O bright love !
ARON ( <i>a ruin</i> )	O secret love ! beloved, sweet-heart.
ARRAH ( <i>ar' eadh</i> )	(literally, Was it ?) Indeed !
ARTH-LOOGHRA ( <i>arc tuachra or arc-sleibhe</i> )	a lizard.
ASTHORE ( <i>a stoir</i> )	Treasure.
A-STOIR MO CHROIDHE ( <i>a stoir mo chroidhe</i> )	Treasure of my heart.
ASTOR GRA GEAL MACHREE ( <i>a stoir gradh geal mo chroidhe</i> )	Treasure, bright love of my heart.
A SULISH MACHREE ( <i>a sholais mo chroidhe</i> )	Light of my heart.
A THAISGE	Treasure, my darling, my comfort.
AULAGONE ( <i>ullagon</i> ). See HULLAGONE.	
AVIC ( <i>a mhic</i> )	Son, my son.
AVOURNEEN ( <i>a mhuirnin</i> )	Darling.
BAITHERSHIN ( <i>b'fheidir sin</i> )	That is possible ! Likely, indeed ! Perhaps.
BALLYRAGGIN	scolding, defaming.
BAN-A-T'GEE ( <i>bean-an-tighe</i> )	woman of the house.
BANSHEE ( <i>bean-sidhe</i> ) (literally, fairy-woman)	the death-warning spirit of the old Irish families.

- BANSHEE (*bean sídhe*).....fairy woman.  
 BAUMASH, *raimeis*.....nonsense.  
 BAWN (*ban*).....fair, white, bright, a park.  
 BAWN, BATHUN.....cattle-yard or cow-fortress.  
 BEAL-AN-ATHA-BUID (*beal an atha buidhe*).....Mouth of the Yellow Ford.  
 BEAN AN FHIR RUAIDH.....the red-haired man's wife.  
 BEANNACT DE LA T'ANAM (*beanacht De le d'anam*).....The blessing of God on your soul!  
 BEAN SHEE (*bean sídhe*). See BANSHEE.  
 BEINNSIN LAUCHRA.....little bunch of rushes (Irish air).  
 B'EDER SIN (*B'fheidir sin*). See BAITHERSHIN.  
 BIREDH (*baireadh*).....a cap.  
 BLADDHERANG—BLATHERING (from *bladder*).....flattering.  
 BLASTHOGUE (*blastog*).....persuasive speech, a sweet-mouthed woman.  
 BOCCAGH (*bacach*).....a cripple, a beggar.  
 BOCCATY (*bacaide*).....anything lame.  
 BODACH (*bodagh*).....a churl; also a well-to-do man.  
 BOLIAUN BWEE (*buachallan bhuidhe*).....ragwort.  
 BOLIAUN DHAS (*buachallan deas*).....the ox-eye daisy.  
 BOLLHOUS.....rumpus.  
 BONNOCHT (*buanadh*).....a billeted soldier.  
 BOREEN (*boithrin*).....a little road, a lane (a diminutive of *bothar*, a road).  
 BOSTHOON (*bastamhan*).....a blockhead; also a stick made of rushes.  
 BOTHERED (*bodhar*).....deaf, bothered.  
 BOUCHAL (*buachail*).....a boy.  
 BOUCHELLEN BAWN (*buachallin ban*).....white (haired) little boy.  
 BREHONS (*breitheamhain*).....the hereditary judges of the Irish Septs.  
 BRIGHDIN BAN MO STORE (*brighidin ban mo stor*).....White (haired) Bridget, my treasure.  
 BRISHE (*brisheadh*).....breaking; a battle.  
 BROCHANS (*brochan*).....gruel, porridge.  
 BROGUE (*brog*).....a shoe.  
 BRUGAID (*brughaidh*).....a keeper of a house of public hospitality.  
 BRUIGHEAN.....a fair mansion, a pavilion, a court.  
 BRUSHNA (*brosna*).....broken sticks for firewood.  
 BUNNAUN (*buinnean*).....a stick, a sapling.  
 CAILIN DEAS.....a pretty girl.  
 CAILIN DEAS CRUIDHE NA MBO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.  
 CAILIN OG.....a young girl.  
 CAILIN RUADH.....a red (haired) girl.  
 CAIRDERGA (*caoirde dearga*).....a red berry, the rowan berry.  
 CAISH (*ceis*).....a young female pig.  
 CAISTLA-NA-KIRKA.....Castlekerke.  
 CALLIAGH (*cailleach*).....a hag, a witch.  
 CANATS.....a term of supreme contempt.  
 CANNAWAUN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton.  
 CAOCH.....blind, blind of one eye.  
 CAOINE (*caoineadh*).....a keen, a wail, a lament.

- CAPPAIN D'YARRAG (*caipin dearg*).....a red cap.  
 CASADH AN TSUGAIN.....the twisting of the straw rope.  
 CAUBEEN (*caibin*).....a hat, literally "little cap," the diminutive of *caib*, a cape, cope, or hood.  
 CEAD MILE FAILTE.....A hundred thousand welcomes!  
 CEANBHAN (*ceanna-bhan*).....bog cotton. See *Cannawaun*.  
 CEAN DUBH DEELISH (*acheann dubh dhilis*)..Faithful black head, dear dark-haired girl.  
 CLAIRSEACH.....harp.  
 CLEAVE (*cliabh*).....a basket, a creel.  
 CLOCHAUN (*clochan*).....a stone-built cell, stepping-stones.  
 COATAMORE (*cota mor*).....a great coat, an overcoat.  
 CODHLADH AN TSIONNAIGH.....The Fox's Sleep (name of Irish air). Pretending death.  
 COLLAUNEEN (*coileainin*).....a little pup.  
 COLLEAGH CUSHMOR (*cailleach cos-mor*)...a big-footed hag.  
 COLLEEN BAWN (*cailin ban*).....a fair-haired girl.  
 COLLEEN DHAS (*cailin deas*).....pretty girl.  
 COLLEEN DHAS CROOETHA NABO (*cailin deas cruidhte na m-bo*).....the pretty milkmaid.  
 COLLEEN DHOWN.....a brown-haired girl. "Dhown" is the Munster pronunciation of *down*, brown.  
 COLLEEN RUE (*cailin ruadh*).....a red-haired girl.  
 COLLIOCH (*cailleach*).....an old hag, a witch.  
 COLLOQUE.....collogue, whispering; probably from colloquy.  
 COLLOGUIN.....talking together, colloquy.  
 COLUM CUIL (*St. Columbeille*).....St. Columba of the cells. The dove of the cell.  
 COMEDHER (*comether*).....Come hither.  
 CONN CEAD CATHA.....Conn of the hundred battles, King of Ireland in the second century.  
 COOLIN (*cuilin*).....flowing tresses, or back hair. From *cul*, back.  
 COOM (*cum*).....hollow, valley.  
 COTAMORE. See COATAMORE.  
 COULAAN (*cuileann*).....a head of hair.  
 CREEPIE.....a three-legged stool, a form or bench.  
 CREEVEEN EEEVEN (*Chraoibhin aoibhinn*)..Delightful Little Branch.  
 CROMMEAL (*croimheal*).....a mustache.  
 CRONAN.....the bass in music, a deep note, a humming.  
 CROOSHEENIN.....whispering.  
 CROPIES.....the democratic party—alluding to their short hair, or round heads.  
 CROSSANS (*crosan*).....gleeman, gleemen.  
 CROUBS (*erub*).....a paw, clumsy fingers.  
 CRUACH.....a conical-topped mountain, stack.  
 CRUACHAN NA FEINNE.....Croghan of the Fena of Erin.  
 CRUADABHILL.....Dabhilla's rock, a lookout on the coast of Dublin.

- CRUISKEEN (*cruisein*).....a flask, a little jar, a cruet.  
 CRUISTIN.....throwing.  
 CRUIT.....a harp.  
 CUBRETON (*cu-Breatan*).....a man's name, the hero of Britain.  
 CUR CODDOIGH.....comfortable.  
 CURP AN DUOUL (*corp o'n diabhal*).....Body to the devil!  
 CUSHLA MACHREE (*a chuisle mo chroidhe*)..Pulse of my heart.  
 CUSSAMUCK (*cusamuc*).....leavings, rubbish, remains.  
  
 DALTHEEN (*dailtin*).....a foster child; also a puppy.  
 DAR-A-CHREESTH (*Dar Críost*).....By Christ!  
 DAUNY (*dona*).....puny, weak.  
 DAVNSHEE (*from damhainsí*).....acuteness.  
 DEESHY.....small, delicate.  
 DEOCH AN DORAIS.....the parting drink, the stirrup-cup.  
 DEOCH SHLAINTE AN RIOGH.....Health to the King!  
 DHUDEEN (*duidín*).....a short pipe, what the French call *brûle-gueule*.  
 DHURAGH (*duthracht*).....a generous spirit, something extra.  
 DILSK, DULSE (*duileasc*).....sea-grass, dulse.  
 DINA MAGH (*Daoine maithe*)... ..the good people, the fairies.  
 DOONY. See DAUNY.  
 DRAHERIN O MACHREE (*Dreabhraithrin o!*  
*mo chroidhe*).....O little brother of my heart.  
 DRIMIN DON DILIS (*Dhruimeann donn dhi-*  
*leas*).....Dear brown cow.  
 DRIMMIN (*dhruimeann*).....a white-backed cow.  
 DRIMMIN DHU DHEELISH (literally, the dear  
 cow with the white back, but used figur-  
 atively in Ireland).....name of a famous Irish air.  
 DRIMMIN DUBH DHEELISH (*Dhruimeann*  
*dubh dhileas*).....white-back cow.  
 DRINAWN DHUNN (*droighnean donn*).....brown blackthorn.  
 DROLEEN (*dreoilín*).....the wren.  
 DROOTH.....thirst (*cf.* "drought").  
  
 EIBHLIN A RUIN.....Dear Ellen.  
 EIBHUL (*uibeal*).....clew.  
 ERENACH (*airchinneach*).....a steward of church lands, a caretaker.  
 ERIC (*eiric*).....a compensation or fine, a ransom.  
 ERIN SLANGTHAGAL GO BRAGH (*Eire Sláinte*  
*geal go brath*).....Erin, a bright health forever.  
  
 FADH (*fada*).....tall, long.  
 FAG-A-BEALACH (*Fag an Bealach*).....Clear the way! Sometimes  
*Faugh a Ballagh!*  
 FAUGHED.....despised.  
 FAYSH (*feis*).....a festival.  
 FEADAIM MA'S AIL LIOM.....I Can if I Please (name of Irish  
 air).  
 FEASCOR (*feascar*).....evening.  
 FEURGORTACH (*fear gortach*).....hungry-grass; a species of  
 mountain grass, supposed to  
 cause fainting if trod upon.  
 FLAUGHOLOCH (*flaitheamhlach*).....princely, liberal.



- FOOSTHER.....fumbling.  
 FOOTY.....small, mean, insignificant.  
 FOSGAIL AN DORUS.....Open the Door (name of Irish air).  
 FRECHANS (*fraochan*).....a mountain berry; huckle-berries.  
 FUILLELUAH (*fuil a liugh*).....an exclamation.  
 FUIRSEoir.....a juggler, buffoon.
- GAD.....withe, etc., for attaching cows.  
 GANCANERS. See GEAN-CANACH.  
 GARNAVILLA (*Gardha an bhile*).....The Garden of the Tree; a place near Caher.  
 GARRAN MORE (*gearran mor*).....Garran, a hack horse, a gelding; more, "big."  
 GARRON (*gearan*).....hack or gelding, a horse.  
 GEALL.....a pledge, a hostage.  
 GEAN-CANACH.....a love talker; a kind of fairy appearing in lonesome valleys.  
 GEASA.....an obligation, vow, bond.  
 GEERSHA (*girseach*).....a little girl.  
 GEOCACH.....a gluttonous stroller.  
 GILLY (*giolla*).....servant; hence the names Gilchrist, Gilpatrick, Kilpatrick, Gilbride, Kilbride, etc. (*Giolla-Chriosda*, servant of Christ; *giolla-Phaidrig*, servant of Patrick, etc.).
- GIRSHA. See GEERSHA.  
 GO-DE-THU, MAVOURNEEN SLAUN (*Go dteith tu mo mhuirnin slan*).....May you go safe, my darling; i.e. Farewell.  
 GO LEOR.....plenty, a sufficiency, enough.  
 GOLLAM (*Golamh*).....a name of Milesius, the Spanish progenitor of the Irish Milesians.  
 GOMERAL.....a fool, an oaf.  
 GOMMOCH (*gamach*).....a stupid fellow.  
 GOMSH.....otherwise "gumption"—sense, acuteness.  
 GORSOON, GOSsoon (*garsun*).....a boy; an attendant (cf. French *garçon*).  
 GOSTHER (*gastuir*).....prate, foolish talk.  
 GOULOGUE (*gabhalog*).....a forked stick.  
 GRACIE OG MO CHROIDHE.....Young Gracie of my heart.  
 GRAH (*gradh*).....love.  
 GRAMACHREE (*gradh mo chroidhe*).....Love of my heart.  
 GRAMACHREE MA COLLEEN OGE, MOLLY ASTHORE (*gradh mo chroidhe mo cailin og, Molly a stoir*).....Love of my heart is my young girl, Molly, my treasure.
- GRAMMACHREE MA CRUISKEEN (*gradh mo chroidhe*, etc.).....Love of my heart my little jug.  
 GRAWLS.....children.  
 GREENAN (*grianan*).....a summer house, a veranda, a sunny parlor.  
 GUSHAS. See GEERSHA.

HULLAGONE ( <i>Uaill a chan</i> ).....	an Irish wail, grief, woe.
IAR CONNAUGHT.....	Western Connaught.
INAGH ( <i>An-eadh</i> ) .....	Is it? Indeed.
INCH ( <i>inse</i> ).....	an island.
IRISHIAN.....	(English word) one skilled in the Irish language.
JACKEEN.....	a fop, a cad, a trickster.
KATHALEEN BAWN ( <i>Caitlin ban</i> ) .....	Fair-haired Kathleen.
KEAD MILLE FAULTE ( <i>cead mile failte</i> ).....	A hundred thousand welcomes!
KEEN. See CAOINE.....	the death-cry or lament over the dead.
KIERAWAUN ABOO.....	Kirwan forever! Hurrah for Kirwan!
KIMMEENS .....	sly tricks.
KINKORA ( <i>Cionn Coradh</i> ).....	"The Head of the Weir," the royal residence of Brian Boru.
KIPEEN ( <i>cipin</i> ) .....	a bit of a stick.
KISH ( <i>ceis</i> ).....	a large wicker basket.
KISHOGUE ( <i>cuisseog</i> ).....	a wisp of straw, a stem of corn, a blade of grass.
KITCHEN.....	anything eaten with food, a condiment.
KITHOGUE ( <i>ciotog</i> ).....	the left hand.
KNOCKAWN ( <i>cnocan</i> ) .....	a hillock.
KNOCK CUTHIE ( <i>cnoc coise</i> )....	the mountain-like foot.
LAN .....	full.
LANNA.....	i.e. <i>alanna</i> , child (which see).
LAUNAH WALLAH ( <i>Lan an Mhala</i> ).....	the full of the bag.
LEANAN SIDHE.....	Fairy sweetheart.
LEIBHIONNA.....	a platform or deck.
LENAUN ( <i>leanan</i> ) .....	a sweetheart, or a fairy lover.
LEPRECHAUN.....	a mischievous elf or fairy. <sup>1</sup>
LONNEYS.....	expression of surprise.
LULLALO ( <i>Liúigh liúigh leo</i> ).....	Scream, scream with them! (Burthen-words in lullaby.)
LUSMORES ( <i>lus mor</i> ) .....	a foxglove, fairy-finger plant.
MA BOUCHAL ( <i>Mo bhuachaill</i> ).....	My boy.
MACHREE ( <i>mo chroidhe</i> ).....	My heart.
MA COLLEEN DHAS CRUTHEEN NA MBHO.....	"The Pretty Girl Milking her Cow," a famous Irish air.
MAGHA BRAGH ( <i>amach go bragh</i> ).....	out for ever.
MAHURP ON DUOUL ( <i>Mo chorp on deabhal</i> )..	My body to the devil!
MALAVOGUE.....	to trounce, to maul.
MAVOURNEEN ( <i>Mo mhuirnin</i> ).....	My darling.
MERIN ( <i>meirín</i> ).....	a boundary, a mark.
MILLE MURDHER ( <i>míle murder</i> ) .....	A thousand murders!
MILLIA MURTER.....	A thousand murders (a common ejaculation).
MO BHRON. ....	My sorrow.
MO BHUAICHAILIN BUIDHE.....	My yellow-haired little boy.
MO BOUCHAL ( <i>Mo bhuachaill</i> ).....	My boy.
MO CRAIBHAN CNO ( <i>Mo chraoibhin cno</i> ) ..	My little branch of nuts.

<sup>1</sup> The popular idea in Ireland is that if you catch one working at his usual occupation (behind a hedge) of shoemaking, and do not take your eyes off him, which he endeavors to induce his captor by various ruses to do, he will discover where treasure is hidden.

- MO CROIDHE (*Mo chroidhe*).....My heart.  
 MOIDHERED.....same as "bothered."  
 MO LEUN (*Mo lean*).....My sorrow.  
 MO MHUIRNIN.....My darling.  
 MONADAUN (*monadan*).....a bog berry.  
 MONONIA (MUNSTER).....Latinized form of Irish *Mumhan*, pronounced "Moo-an."  
 MOREEN (*morrin*).....the diminutive of *Mor*, a woman's name, now obsolete. Grandmother.  
 MORYAH (*mar 'dh eadh*).....but for.  
 MOY MELL (*Magh meall*).....The Plain of Knolls—a druidic paradise.  
 MULVATHERED.....worried.  
 MUSHA (*Ma is eadh*).....well (in such phrases as "Well, how are you?" "Well, how are all?") Also, If it is! Well indeed!  
  
 NACH MBAINEANN SIN DO.....(him) whom that does not concern (Irish air).  
 NEIL DHUV (*Niall Dubh*).....black-haired Neil.  
 NHARROUGH (*narrach*).....cross, ill-tempered.  
 NIGI (*naoi*).....nine.  
 NI MHEALLFAR ME ARIS.....I shall not be deceived again.  
 NORA CREINA (*Nora chriona*).....Wise Norah (an Irish air).  
  
 OCH HONE.....exclamation expressing grief.  
 OCHONE MACHREE (*Ochon mo chroidhe*).....Alas, my heart!  
 OGE (*og*).....young.  
 OH, MAGRA HU, MA GRIENCHREE HU (*O mo ghradh thu! Mo ghraidhin croidhe thu!*).....O my love thou art! My heart's loving pity thou art!  
 OLLAVES (*ollamh*).....a doctor of learning, professor.  
 OMADHAUN (*amadan*).....a fool, a simpleton.  
 ORO.....an exclamation.  
 OWNA BWEE (*Amain bhuidhe*).....Yellow river.  
 OWNY NA COPPAL (*Eoghan na capall*).....Owen of the horses.  
  
 PADHEREENS (*paidrin*, from *paidir*, the pater).....the Rosary beads.  
 PASTHEEN FINN (*paistin fionn*).....little fair-haired child.  
 PATTERN.....(English word) a gathering at a saint's shrine, well, etc.; festival of a patron saint.  
  
 PAUDAREENS. See PADHEREENS.  
 PAUGH.....flutter, panting.  
 PEARLA AN BHROLLACH BHAIN.....Pearl of White Breast (Irish air).  
 PHAIDRIG NA PÍB (*Pudraig na bpiop*).....Patrick of the pipes; Paddy the piper.  
 PHILLALEW (*fuil el-luadh*).....a ruction, hullabaloo.  
 PINCIN. See PINKEEN.  
 PINKEEN (*pinicin*).....a very small fish, a stickleback.  
 PLANKTY (*plaingstigh*).....Irish dance measure.  
 POGUE (*pog*).....a kiss.  
 POLSHEE.....diminutive of Polly.  
 POLTHOGE (*palltog*).....a thump or blow.  
 POREENS (*poirin*, a small stone).....small, applied to small potatoes.

POTEEN ( <i>poitin</i> ).....	(literally, a little pot) a still ; hence illicit whisky.
RANN .....	a verse, a saying, a rhyme.
RATH .....	a circular earthen mound or fort, very common in Ire- land, and popularly believed to be inhabited by fairies.
REE SHAMUS ( <i>Rígh Seamus</i> ).....	King James.
RHUA ( <i>ruadh</i> ).....	red or red-haired.
ROISIN DUBH.....	Black Little Rose.
ROSE GALB ( <i>Roise Geal</i> ).....	Fair Rose.
RORY OGE ( <i>Ruaidhri og</i> ).....	young Rory.
SALACHS ( <i>salach</i> ) .....	dirty, untidy people.
SALLIES ( <i>saileog</i> ).....	a willow, willows.
SAVOURNEEN DHEELISH ( <i>'Samhuirín dhílis</i> )	And my faithful darling.
SCALPEEN (from <i>scalp</i> ).....	a fissure, a cleft.
SCUT ( <i>scud</i> ).....	a thing of little worth.
SEAN VON VOCHT ( <i>sean bhean bhocht</i> ).....	poor old woman.
SHAMOUS ( <i>Seamus</i> ) ..	James.
SHAN DHU.....	dark John.
SHAN MORE.....	big John.
SHANE RUADH.....	red-haired John.
SHAN VAN VOGH ( <i>an Tsean Bhean Bhocht</i> )	Poor Old Woman.
SHARROOSE ( <i>Searbhas</i> ) .....	bitterness.
SHEBEEN ( <i>sibín</i> ).....	a place for sale of liquor, gen- erally illicit.
SHEEIN .....	young pollack, or of any fish.
SHEELAH ( <i>Sighle</i> ).....	Celia.
SHEE MOLLY MO STORE ( <i>Si Molly mo stor</i> )..	It's Molly is my treasure.
SHEILA NI GARA ( <i>Sighle ní Ghadhra</i> ).....	Celia O'Gara (an allegorical name of Ireland).
SHEMUS RUA ( <i>Seamus Ruadh</i> ).....	red (haired) James.
SHILLALY, SHILLELAH.....	an oak stick, a cudgel. From the wood of Shillelagh in County Wicklow.
SHILLOO.....	a shout.
SHOHEEN HO, SHOHEEN SHO ( <i>Scoithín scoidh</i> )	Burthen words of lullaby. Hush-a-by.
SHOOLING.....	strolling, wandering. From the word <i>siubhal</i> , tramping.
SHOUGH ( <i>seach</i> ).....	a turn, a blast or draw of a pipe.
SHUGUDHEIN ( <i>'Seadh go deimhin</i> ).....	Yes, indeed !
SHULE AGRA ( <i>Siubhail a ghradh</i> )... ..	Walk, love ; i.e. Come, my love.
SHULERS ( <i>siubhalóir</i> , a walker) .....	tramps.
SÍOS AGUS SÍOS LIOM.....	Up with me and down with me.
SLAINTE GEAL, MAVOURNEEN .....	Bright health, my darling.
SLAINTE GO BRAGH ( <i>Slainte go bhrath</i> )....	Health forever !
SLAN LEAT !.....	Adieu ! Farewell !
SLEEVEEN.....	a sly, cunning fellow. From <i>sliobh</i> , sly.
SLEWSTHERING.....	flattering.
SLEABH NA M-BAN.....	The Mountain of the Women.
SMADDHER.....	to break. From <i>smíot</i> , a frag- ment.
SMIDDEREENS .....	small fragments. Probably from <i>smíot</i> , as above.



SMULLUCK (*smullog*) ..... a fillop.  
SOGGARTH AROON (*Shagairt a ruin*) ..... Dear Priest!  
SONSY ..... happy, pleasant. Probably  
from *sonas*, happiness.  
SOOTHER ..... to wheedle. From the English.  
SOWKINS ..... soul.  
SPAEMAN ..... fortune-teller.  
SPALPEEN (*spailpin*) ..... a common laborer; also a conceited fellow with nothing in him.  
SPARTH (*spairt*) ..... wet turf.  
SPIDHOGUE (*spideog*) ..... a puny thing or person.  
SPRAHAUNS (*spreasan*) ..... an insignificant fellow.  
THREEL (*straileadh*) ..... a slut, a sloven.  
STOOKAWN (*stuacan*) ..... a lazy, idle fellow.  
STRAVAINGING ..... rambling.  
STRONSHUCK (*stroinse*) ..... a big lazy woman.  
SUANTRAIGHE ..... a sleeping or cradle song.  
SUGGAWN (*tsugan*) ..... a rope of hay or straw.  
  
TARBH. .... bull.  
TH' ANAM AN DHIA (*D'anam do Dhia*) .... My soul to God!  
THE CRUISKEEN LAWN (*Cruisgin lan*) .... Full little flask or jar.  
THRANEEN, TRANEEN (*traithlin*) ..... a little; a trifle; a stem of grass.  
THUCKEENS (*tuicin*) ..... an ill-mannered little girl.  
TILLOCH (*tulach*) ..... small plot of land, a hillock.  
TIR FA TONN (*Tir fa Tonn*) ..... Land under the wave--Holland.  
TIR-NA-MBOO (*Tir na m-beo*) ..... Land of the live (beings).  
TIRNANOGE (*Tir nan og*) ..... Land of the young.  
TRUMAUNS (*troman*) ..... a reel on a spindle.  
TUG ..... the middleband of a flail.  
  
UCHLUAIM ..... the breast or front hem of a sail.  
  
ULICAN. See HULLAGONE.  
ULLAGONE (*ullagon*). See HULLAGONE.  
USHA. See MUSA (*mhuisse*).  
  
Vo. .... Alas! Oine, ay de mi!  
  
WEENOCK (*'mhaoineach*) ..... O treasure.  
WEESHEE (*weeshy*) ..... little. From *wee*.  
WEIRA, WIRRA. See WURRA.  
WHAT *Holly* IS ON YOU? ..... What are you about?  
WIRRASTHUE (*O Mhuire is truagh*) ..... O Mary, it is sad! (an ejaculation to the Virgin).  
WIRRASTRUE (*'Mhuire is truagh*) ..... Mary! 't is a pity!  
WISHA. See MUSA.  
WOMMASIN ..... strolling.  
WURRA (*A Mhuire*) ..... O Mary! (*i.e.* the Blessed Virgin).  
  
YEOS. .... (English word) yeomen.



# GENERAL INDEX.

THIS consists of an Index of Authors, books quoted from, titles of stories, essays, poems, subjects dealt with, of which the library consists, and first lines of the poetry. And these are each indicated by different kinds of type as set forth below.

As 'IRISH LITERATURE' touches upon Irish life at every point, the index has been made as full as practicable without overweighting it, and the entries are cross-referenced as fully as may be needed by those interested in any phase of it.

As the arrangement of the library is according to the authors' names, and as the biographies contain a full bibliography of each author, we have not indexed the whole of their works, but only those represented in 'IRISH LITERATURE.'

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